

The Earl of Rosebery K.G.

An Illustrated Biography



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J.H.B.

June 1900.



LORD ROSEBERY SPEAKING AT THE TABLE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

(From the portrait by Mr. Sydney P. Hall, by kind permission of the proprietors of the "Graphic.")

THE
EARL OF ROSEBERY
K.G. AN ILLUSTRATED
❧❧❧❧ BIOGRAPHY ❧❧❧❧
BY JANE T. STODDART



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Ancestry and Boyhood



From Photo by

LORD ROSEBERY'S MOTHER AS SHE IS TO-DAY.

[Thomas Ball, 9, Baker Street, W.]

CHAPTER I

Ancestry and Boyhood

A DISTINGUISHED London editor said not long ago that the correspondence he received at his office convinced him that the one thing in English political life which the public really cares about is the future of Lord Rosebery. It is a great national interest, independent of party. Since Lord Rosebery's retirement from party politics, his influence, far from diminishing, has steadily increased. His speeches have become rarer, and the country has learned to watch for them. Every word and act of his is closely scrutinized, and as his own character is many-sided, the phases of opinion with regard to him often succeed each other as rapidly as ripples on a pool. Anger, admiration, bewilderment, gratitude—each of these has been, in the course of a few brief months, the prevailing mood of the moment, but indifference—never. So strong is the interest in his personality that it is reflected on his family, and even on his remotest predecessors. The Mayor of Carlisle wrote last autumn that the controversy about the grave of the Jacobite Sir Archibald Primrose had brought him many letters. No apology is therefore needed, I hope, for a glance at some of his ancestors, for there is hardly one of whom we know anything whose character does not throw light upon his own.

In the museum of the Hawick Archæological Society there was preserved, until recently, a bronze mortar, bearing the inscription, "Gilbert Primros, Chirurgien, 1569." This mortar belonged to an ancestor who was a well-known physician in France in the middle of the sixteenth century, and wrote several books on medicine. As Lord Rosebery possesses nothing connected with his family of so early a date, he was naturally anxious to acquire the mortar by purchase or exchange. The Hawick Archæological Society met in October, 1899, and decided to present it to his lordship, retaining a cast in the museum. They put it on record that this action was exceptional, and was not to be taken as a precedent.

If we wonder why Gilbert Primrose practised in France instead of in Scotland, we must remember not only the close relations that existed between the two countries in his time, and for a century afterwards, but also the fact that the French school of medicine was then at the head of the world. Ambroise Paré, the father of modern surgery, was a contemporary of Gilbert Primrose.

The founder of the family was Duncan Primrose, of Culross, in Perthshire, who lived in the reign of Queen Mary. He had two sons—Gilbert, who became

principal surgeon to James I., and Archibald, who distinguished himself by his clever management of the revenues of Culross Abbey. The grandson of Archibald was the first baronet, and a half-sister of Sir Archibald married George Heriot, the famous jeweller.

The name of Gilbert Primrose (sometimes spelt Gillebert Primerosse) was distinguished in the clerical, as well as in the medical profession. In the reign of James I., a Gilbert Primrose was pastor of the French Church in London. He was a courtly preacher, and in 1623 published a *Panegyrique à très-grand et très-puissant Prince Charles, Prince de Galles.* This was dedicated to the "très-haut et très-puissant monarque, Jaques I.," in a style of eulogy which recalls the dedication in the authorized version of the Bible. The address to the King occupies twelve pages, and is full of Scriptural and classical allusions; the panegyric of the Prince fills seventeen chapters. No English monarchs ever received such elaborate compliments as the early Stuarts. If an able and excellent clergyman like Dr. Gilbert Primrose exhausted the language of flattery in addressing his king and his prince, the courtiers must indeed have taxed their wits to find every day fresh incense. Dr. Primrose published at Sedan, in the following year (1624), a volume of sermons, entitled *Six Sermons de la Réconciliation de l'Homme avec Dieu.* They are dedicated to the Duke of Buckingham, whose name is spelt "Bouquingam." The sermons are well worth reading, even in the dim and faded type of a seventeenth-century French printing-press. The first has for its text, "For it pleased the Father that in Him should

all fulness dwell"; and this thought is worked out through the entire course. In three sermons he expounds Col. i. 20: "Having made peace through the blood of His Cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself." Deeply interesting are the medical and scientific allusions, and the illustrations drawn from the procedure of the French Courts of Justice and the Inquisition. Dr. Primrose was as familiar with English as with French, although he preferred the French language for his own chief works. His son, David Primrose, went to Oxford, and decided to enter his father's profession. He became minister of the French Protestant Church of Rouen. In 1633 he wrote a treatise on the Sabbath and the Lord's Day, which his father translated into English, and which was published in 1636, at Richard Badger's shop, "The sign of the Glove in Corne-hill." The book aimed at refuting the very severe and narrow Sabbatarianism which the Puritans of the time inculcated, and the line taken was not very different from that of Dr. Dale, in his book on the Ten Commandments. Mr. Primrose argued that the Christian Sunday was not the Jewish Sabbath, but that Christians should use the Lord's Day for religious exercises in public and private, making it a delight, as well as a means of spiritual profit. The tone throughout was courageous, frank, and independent; and Dr. Primrose evidently thought his son's boldness might offend some of the narrower Puritans, for in his preface he urges Christians to "put off anger, wrath, and malice, and put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."

It is worth while to linger over these

clerical Primroses, as so much less is known of them than of the Earl's actual predecessors, whose history is in every peerage. Lord Rosebery has shown by his interest in the Hawick mortar that he himself takes great pride in his relatives of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The baronetcy already mentioned came into the family in 1651. From that time the Primroses have gradually risen in rank, and the honours that fell to them were well earned by devoted service to their King and country. Archibald Primrose, the fourth son of Sir Archibald, the

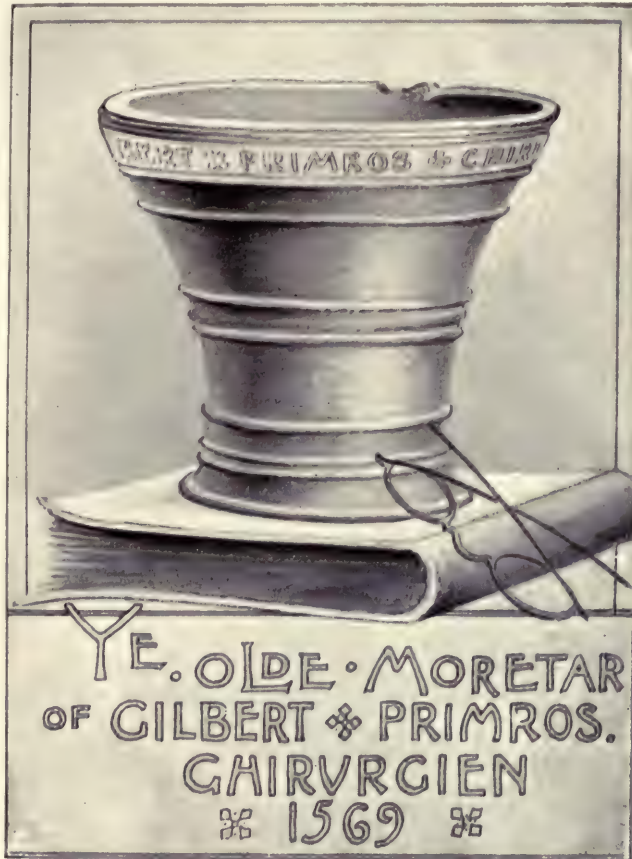
first Baronet, was member for Edinburgh and a Commissioner for the Union, and he was created, in 1703, Baron Dalmeny and Primrose, Viscount Inverkeithing, and Earl of Rosebery (peerage of Scotland). The peerage of the United Kingdom, without which Lord Rosebery would have no place in Parliament, except in the dubious position of a Scottish

representative peer, was conferred upon his grandfather in 1828. It is curious, indeed, to think that without this distinction Lord Rosebery would probably have been shut out of politics all his life; for it is hardly likely that as a Liberal he would have commanded the suffrages

of the Scottish peers. He sits in the House of Lords as Baron Rosebery of Rosebery, in the county of Edinburgh.

The first Earl must have been a man of wide reading and varied culture. There is a rare catalogue in existence enumerating the books which at his death were sold by auction in

Edinburgh. A note prefixed to the catalogue says that he married, in February, 1690, Dorothea Cressy, of Birkin, in Yorkshire, and had six sons and six daughters. He died October 20th, 1723, aged fifty-nine. The books were sold at the house of Mr. William Adams, printer, over against the General Post Office, Edinburgh. As will be seen from our



A PRIMROSE RELIC OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

facsimile, the name "Rosebery" in those days was spelt with two "rs." This spelling was finally abandoned by Lord Rosebery's grandfather, but even he is sometimes referred to in Hansard and elsewhere as "Lord Roseberry." The catalogue describes a valuable collection of historical and religious works, private memoirs, pamphlets, old scientific treatises, and poetry.

The second Earl of Rosebery died in 1755. Nine years earlier his unhappy kinsman, Sir Archibald Primrose, suffered death at Carlisle for his adhesion to the cause of the Pretender. The Primroses had from the first been devoted adherents of the Stuarts, and followed their fortunes in adversity as in honour. Lord Rosebery's recent visit to Carlisle revived the memory of this tragic event. Sir Archibald was buried in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard; but his grave cannot now be identified, as a new church has been built, and the position of the older burial places is unknown. Lady Mary, widow of Sir Archibald, died within a month of her husband. Lord Rosebery has reason to be proud of this heroic ancestor, who sacrificed everything for the cause he believed to be right, and said, in the crisis of his fate, "I am to suffer for my religion, my Prince, and my country. For each of these I wish I had a thousand lives to spend."

The third Earl, Neil, after whom Lord Rosebery's second son is named, sat in Parliament as a Scottish representative peer from 1768 till his death in 1814. His successor, Archibald John, grandfather of the future Premier, was a member of the Privy Council, and a well-known Liberal politician, who acted as

political manager for Earl Grey. In his younger days he was member for Helston and Cashel. He was a favourite with Her Majesty, and the ladies of the family were often about the Court in the earlier years of the reign. Baroness Bunsen, writing in March, 1847, says: "We dined at Buckingham Palace on Monday, where there was a ball in the evening; that is, a small dancing party, only Lady Rosebery and the Ladies Primrose coming in the evening in addition to those at dinner. The Queen danced with her usual spirit and activity, and that obliged other people to do their best."

In the House of Lords the fourth Earl spoke from time to time on Scottish questions. His speeches, though never eloquent, are full of good sense and of sturdy Liberalism. One wonders whether he was not even a keener Liberal than his son, Lord Dalmeny, who represented the Stirling Burghs in Parliament from 1832 to 1847. Lord Dalmeny, who was one of the Lords of the Admiralty under the Melbourne Government, rarely addressed the House, but his contributions to debate have a marked flavour of originality. He opposed the Ballot Act and the principle of secret voting, and argued strongly against the imposition of an Income Tax in 1842. His abilities were well brought out in a pamphlet he wrote in 1848, under the title "An Address to the Middle Classes upon the subject of Gymnastic Exercises." It runs to fifty-three pages, and was published by James Ridgeway, of Piccadilly. Nothing I have ever read shows more strikingly the change that has come over the habits of the English people

during the last half - century. The middle classes, as Lord Dalmeny knew them, were stagnant, sedentary beings, confined to their shops and their counting-houses, taking little or no exercise. In a closely-reasoned and forcible argument Lord Rosebery's father shows the danger of such habits. His first sentence occupies seven-teen lines, a contrast to the epigrammatic prose of his son. He urges that health cannot be secured by Act of Parliament : "Such are the habits of the middle classes that they would be far from possessing it, if they enjoyed the air of the Grampians. It is not so much additional air as additional exercise that they require. Their defective sanitary condition may be ascribed less to the atmosphere they breathe than to the physical inaction in which they indulge. In this metropolis the revenues of the physician and the profits of the druggist are not derived from any circumstances which the law can control, but from the intemperance and indolence

of the inhabitants." Lord Dalmeny thinks that the aristocracy need his injunctions less than the commercial classes. Although "there are many gentlemen whose sole exercise consists in crawling from their sofa to their dinner-table, and from their dinner-table

to their bed, still the habits of the upper classes as a whole are active and healthy." He draws a picture of the ordinary life of the British tradesman :—

"He rises early and begins business at eight o'clock, having opened his shop before the majority of his customers have opened their eyes. At nine he eats a hasty breakfast, and immediately returns to

A

CATALOGUE

Of valuable

BOOKS,

Belonging to the late Earl of Rosebery, consisting of Divinity, History, Law, Architecture, Husbandry, Gardning, Travels, &c. with a great many Volumes of curious Pamphlets. To be sold by Way of Auction the 7th Day of December 1874, at the House of Mr. William Adams, Printer, over against the General Post-office,

The Auction will begin every Day except Saturday, at 3 of the Clock in the Afternoon, and continue to 6, till all the Books are sold.

The common Rules of Auctions will be observed.

Catalogues are to be had at the Place of Sale, Price 6d, which will be discounted to those who buy Books to the Value of 20 s.

The Books may be seen 3 Days before the Beginning of the Auction.

EDINBURGH:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXIV.

business. By business he is engrossed till two, when he swallows a beef-steak, and again returns to business. At five he withdraws from business for a brief interval for tea, when, having gulped down some cups of Souchong, he returns again to business. He continues immersed in business till eight or nine, when he be-

gins to think that business may yield the place to relaxation or amusement. What is the nature of this relaxation or amusement? Does he brace his nerves, reanimate his spirits, or circulate his blood by any gymnastic exercise, any invigorating game? Nothing of the

spent in active exercise. The pamphlet is picturesquely written, and deserves a better fate than to be buried between two musty German treatises in the British Museum. Lord Dalmeny recommends fencing for those who have little time for recreation.



A Drawing by Lord Rosebery's mother, from "*The Spanish Lady's Love*."

kind. If fond of literature or politics, he retires to read the last review, or study the leading article in the *Times*. If he be convivial, he strives, with a few boon companions, to relieve the pressure of anxiety and escape the persecution of care. If he be domestic, he seeks on the household hearth the solace of conversation and repose." His lordship urges that the hours of leisure should be

"I have brought down the heathcock in Braemar, I have stalked the deer on Ben Macdhui, I have trod the Alpine solitudes of Switzerland, but never have I felt greater exhilaration of spirits or a more genial glow of health, more buoyancy of mind or greater vigour of body, than after an animated set-to with the foils at Messrs. Angelo's or Hamon's."

This pamphlet is of value to a biographer of Lord Rosebery, for it shows that he inherited his love of sport and his interest in the amusements of the people. How happy his father would have felt, could he have seen Lord Rosebery presenting the cup at the great

enthusiasm for his relative, William Pitt. Lady Wilhelmina was perhaps the most brilliant Court beauty at the time of the Queen's accession. She was one of the maids of honour at the Coronation, and afterwards one of her Majesty's bridesmaids. Though the Duchess of Cleve-



Another Drawing from "The Spanish Lady's Love."

Crystal Palace contests, or his grandson, a younger Lord Dalmeny, winning laurels as a cricketer and football player.

Lord Rosebery's mother, Lady Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina Stanhope, was the only daughter of Philip John, fourth Earl Stanhope. Her great-grandfather married Hester Pitt, the eldest daughter of the famous Chatham, a fact which helps to explain Lord Rosebery's

land has now passed the age of eighty, her brilliant life seems scarcely to have known decline; it has been a summer day, with the sun lingering long above the horizon. The present generation knows her as a traveller and a leader of society, whose presence gives distinction to any gathering. She appeared wonderfully vigorous at the marriage of her granddaughter, Lady Peggy Primrose,

and a journal which is by no means too friendly to Lord Rosebery remarked that those who saw how he left the care of the Prince of Wales to others that he might look after his mother, fitting his steps to hers and anticipating her slightest wish, could well understand how he has won his enormous popularity.

Turning back to the early forties, we find that the wedding of Lord Rosebery's parents took place in September, 1843. Their two elder children were daughters, Lady Mary (married in 1885 to Mr. Hope, of Luffness) and Lady Constance, who at the age of 21 became the wife of Lord Leconfield, and who has now a married daughter of her own. The fourth and youngest child, the Hon. Everard Henry Primrose, whose untimely death occurred in Egypt in 1885, inherited in a remarkable degree his mother's literary and artistic gifts. When a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, he delivered a charming and very lively address on "The History, Progress, and Recent State of Art Education in England." It is full of out-of-the-way information, and might have come from a Slade Professor.

Lord Rosebery was born on Friday, May 7th, 1847, at No. 20, Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Charles Street is on the west side of the square, and runs parallel with Hill Street and Mount Street. Lansdowne House, the palace which Bute began and Shelburne completed, and which Lord Rosebery rented for some years while Lord Lansdowne was in Canada, occupies, with its gardens, the south of the square, from the point where Charles Street ends. There are quaint streets in Mayfair—long and rambling, with houses of

all shapes and sizes, some wedged narrowly between tall buildings, others low and spacious—streets that twist, and wind, and lose themselves at last in a dark passage or in mews. Charles Street is a typical specimen of the class. By its irregularities you can tell that it belongs to Georgian London. A few doors from No. 20 is Berkeley Chapel, one of the most fashionable of West End churches. The street contracts to a mere alley, and seems to taper away into nothing; but an opening gives access to Hill Street and Park Lane.

The birth was announced in a single line in the *Times* of Saturday, May 8th:—

"On the 7th inst., in Charles Street, Lady Dalmeny of a son and heir."

Exactly the same announcement appeared in the *Morning Post* and the Scotch papers. The number of the house was not given. A few days later there was a further bulletin:—

"Lady Dalmeny and her infant son and heir are progressing as favourably as could be desired."

It is interesting to glance over the *Times* for the week of Lord Rosebery's birth. Irish debates occupied both Houses on Friday, the 7th. In the House of Lords there was a long and acrimonious discussion on the Irish Poor Law; in the Commons the subject was the importation and sale of firearms in Ireland. One of the members whom the *Times* reported rather fully was Mr. Labouchere; not, of course, the editor of *Truth*, who was sixteen at this time, and did not enter Parliament till 1865, but his uncle, afterwards Lord Taunton. On the same day, the *Times*

had a long and very able leader on the over-crowding and misery of London, and the terrible condition of its poorer population. "Such destitution, dirt, and squalor would not be tolerated in the by-streets of Toledo or the Trastevere."

place in the early summer are worthy of notice. Daniel O'Connell passed away in the same month that saw the birth of the future Premier. Sir Walter Scott's eldest son and last surviving child died at the Cape, on his way home from



LORD ROSEBERY'S MOTHER AS A BRIDESMAID OF THE QUEEN.

After Sir John Hayter.

There is something not inappropriate in the appearance of this article on the birthday of London's greatest County Councillor, who has done all that one man could to brighten the lives of her citizens.

The weeks that followed were crowded and eventful. Three deaths which took

Madras. In the beginning of June, before the General Assemblies had risen, Scotland was startled by the sudden death of Dr. Chalmers. When the mourning for Dr. Chalmers was over, the General Election was almost at the doors. Lord Dalmeny's constituents desired him to stand again. He had

been the first honorary burgess admitted to Stirling after the great Reform Bill, and was long held in affectionate remembrance in the town. When Lord Rosebery was presented with the freedom of Stirling, he said that no honour he had ever received had the tender associations of this, because it was largely bestowed upon him for the services of a father whom he never knew, and who had been the single pathetic link in his memory with the Burgh of Stirling. Lord Dalmeny did not again contest the Burghs, and during the brief remainder of his life was outside Parliament. The defeat of Macaulay for Edinburgh was the chief event of the election, so far as Scotland was concerned.

It was a gloomy summer and autumn in Edinburgh, for typhus fever was raging, and by the end of the year the deaths numbered eleven daily. The Edinburgh Infirmary acknowledged a gift of £10 from the Earl of Rosebery, and £2 from Lady Rosebery, in aid of its funds. But these troubles did not come near the happy home in which Lady Dalmeny was rejoicing over her firstborn son. No young mother was ever prouder of her baby; all her artistic gifts were called forth to illustrate his perfections. She drew him in his perambulator and out of it, and made him the centre of the lovely scenery round Dalmeny. His names of Archibald Philip were taken from his two grandfathers. Perhaps he was not the most fêted of English babies, for his succession to the family titles and estates seemed a long way off in those days, and curiosity was less keen than now, when the portrait of the baby Marquis

of Blandford electrifies America, and a continent is bidden to "look at his toes." The great world was less curious about Lord Rosebery than it has been about his own boys and girls. Through the death of his father he was to become, only too soon, the immediate heir to the earldom.

No. 20, Charles Street, was his London home during his babyhood. The house had been tenanted before 1843 by his grandfather, Earl Stanhope, and after Lord Dalmeny's wedding the two families occupied it together. When more nursery room was required, Earl Stanhope moved out, and the house was retained by his son-in-law until his death, in 1851.

In December, 1850, Lord Dalmeny, who was spending Christmas at his father's home on the banks of the Forth, became seriously ill with pleurisy. The first public announcement of his condition appeared in the *Scotsman* for January 1st, 1851:—

"We regret to learn that early last week Lord Dalmeny was dangerously attacked with pleurisy, and lies extremely ill at Dalmeny Park, near Queensferry, the seat of his father, the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery.

"We had much pleasure in learning in the course of yesterday that his lordship is greatly better, and is considered by his medical attendants to be going on favourably."

During the next few days Lord Dalmeny continued to improve, and the papers said he was recovering rapidly. On Wednesday, January 22nd, he was so much better that he took a drive in the grounds; but on the Thursday he passed suddenly away, probably from

failure of the heart, following undue exertion. The notice of his death was surprisingly brief, merely a paragraph at the head of a column in the *Scotsman* for January 25th:—

"*Death of Lord Dalmeny.*—It is with

arisen from aneurism. He was born in 1809, and was consequently in his forty-first year. In 1843 he married the only daughter of Earl Stanhope, who survives him, along with several children, one of whom is a son, now, of course,



LORD ROSEBERY'S MOTHER AS A MAID OF HONOUR AT THE CORONATION.

After C. R. Leslie, R.A.

much pain that we announce the death of this nobleman, which took place suddenly at Dalmeny Park on Thursday. His Lordship was considered in danger from an attack of pleurisy some weeks ago, but had so far recovered that he was able to drive out on Wednesday. His sudden death is supposed to have

heir to the earldom of Rosebery. His Lordship, who was a steady Liberal in politics, sat in Parliament for the Stirling Burghs from 1832 to 1847, standing several contests, and was a Lord of the Admiralty from 1835 till the fall of the Melbourne Ministry in 1841. Lord Dalmeny possessed excellent abilities,

and strong literary tastes, and wrote with grace and power."

The funeral took place on the following Friday week at Dalmeny Church. The family preferred to keep it as private as possible, and the invitations were limited to the relatives and near connections, to immediate neighbours, and to the tenantry of the estate belonging to the parishes of Dalmeny and Cramond. The *Scotsman* gives the following description of the ceremony:—

"A little after twelve o'clock the Psalms and lessons of the Church of England Service appointed for the burial of the dead were read in the dining room of Dalmeny House by Dean Ramsay, assisted by the Rev. E. B. Field, chaplain to the Earl of Rosebery, at which his Lordship, the family, and the household attended. Before the mournful procession left the house, a solemn and impressive prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Muir, minister of the parish; the remainder of the burial service was read at the place of sepulture, and the body was deposited in the family vault attached to the church of Dalmeny. The death of Lord Dalmeny has left a blank in his family and in society which must be long and deeply felt. His amiable disposition and agreeable manners, the excellent moral and religious principle which marked his whole character, the great attainments and high cultivation of his enlarged mind, have endeared his memory to all who had an opportunity of knowing his real worth and of estimating his high qualities."

It is a point worth notice that the *Scotsman's* writer is uncertain how many children Lord Dalmeny left, and

says that one only was a boy. The small space accorded to family events at Dalmeny in those days contrasts strikingly with the elaborate descriptions of the smallest incidents in the life of the present Earl.

The *Spectator* for February 1st had the following brief notice of the event:—"The death of Lord Dalmeny, eldest son of the Earl of Roseberry (*sic*), is much regretted, especially by Northern politicians of the Liberal school. Lord Dalmeny took an active part in the great Reform struggles of 1830-32, and afterwards for several years represented the Stirling district and Burghs in the reformed Parliament."

In the early months of her widowhood Lady Dalmeny lived much at her father's beautiful home, Chevening Park, near Sevenoaks. She devoted herself to the education of her four little ones, and happy were the children who were in daily contact with so bright an intelligence. Even in the nursery they learned something of the events that went on in the wider world. Lord Rosebery remembers Kossuth's visit to London, and the excitement of the Crimean War, when Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden were so unpopular with the Jingo mob. He has told how he was once taken to see Hatfield, and met in the library a tall thin figure carrying a huge volume. The house-keeper paused with awe, saying, "That is Lord Robert Cecil." The present Prime Minister went from Eton to Oxford in the year of Lord Rosebery's birth.

In August, 1854, Lady Dalmeny went to a new home as the wife of Lord Harry Vane, afterwards Duke of Cleve-

land. The wedding took place very quietly at Chevening Park.

I may mention here that Lord Rosebery eleven years later opened a debate in the Eton Society on "Was Sir Harry Vane's an estimable character?" He took the affirmative side, but out of nineteen members found only three to agree with him.

His first schoolmaster was Mr. W. R. Lee, of 8, Norfolk Terrace, Brighton, who passed away not long ago.

Mr. Lee was a man of remarkable gifts, and his school was considered one of the best for younger boys. In his speech at the presentation to Professor

Masson, Lord Rosebery made a brief reference to his time at Brighton. His remarks showed that even at ten years old he had a taste for serious literature, and found his chief happiness in studies lying outside the usual school curriculum. The late Lord Elibank first lent and then gave him a volume of

essays by Professor Masson, of which the principal was the well-known appreciation of Chatterton. "I suppose," said Lord Rosebery, "that every appetite for books finally finds something which is absolutely congenial to it, and at that time and in constant re-readings

ever since that book of Professor Masson's has had a charm and an inspiration for me that very few books have ever had." The word "finally" is very amusing when we consider the age of the reader.

In 1862 Lord Dalmeny was sent to Eton, where he had among his contemporaries Lord Halifax, Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Lord Minto,

"better known as Melgund, and to some of us as Rowley," the present Lord Esher, Sir Stafford Northcote, the Earl of Pembroke, Bishop Kennion, Canon Scott Holland, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Lord Randolph Churchill. The last two were lower down in the school. Mr. Balfour was his junior in age by a



From Photo by]

[Russell & Sons, 17, Baker St., W.]

LORD ROSEBERY'S BIRTHPLACE, NO. 20, CHARLES STREET,
BERKELEY SQUARE.

year, and Lord Randolph Churchill by two years.

When Lord Rosebery finds himself on a platform along with an Eton schoolfellow, he generally contrives to bring in some allusion to old days. Not long ago he was chaffing Mr. Arthur Balfour about their mutual horror of examinations; and when Canon Scott Holland, at Sir Walter Besant's lecture on London, referred to their Eton experiences as far off in the past, Lord Rosebery replied that when he visited Eton College Chapel, as he had done on the previous Sunday, the time seemed to him quite near.

The school magazine in the sixties was the *Eton College Chronicle*. It is not till 1864 that we find the name of Lord Dalmeny appearing. It occurs nearly always in connection with boating, for in his last two years he was a noted "wet-bob," and formed one of the crew of the *Britannia* and the *Monarch*. He still likes to take an oar occasionally, and when he was Prime Minister the papers described how he and the Duke of Sutherland, when crossing a Highland ferry, surprised the ferrymen by rowing themselves. In October, 1864, he had the honour of being elected a member of the Eton Society, and in the following spring introduced the discussion on the character of Sir Harry Vane.

Stories of his doings at Eton are somewhat shadowy. Already his love of horse-racing had declared itself, and a former schoolfellow told at the Gimcrack Club dinner how he and Lord Dalmeny had gone to see the Ascot races, getting back with desperate efforts before closing time.

The master who influenced him most at Eton was Mr. William Johnson, who afterwards took the name of Cory. The "Letters and Journals of William Cory," privately printed for the subscribers and little noticed by the press at the time of their appearance, give a picture of Lord Dalmeny as he was between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. We possess no such illuminating details of the youth of any statesman of our time. For the boy who is revealed in Mr. Cory's pages a great career was already foreshadowed. In 1862 he was described by his master as "a budding bibliomaniac." He was taken to Lilly's, and at once inquired for rare tracts printed by his ancestor Primrose. At another shop he picked out a print representing the Primrose whose sermons we have noticed. "At Holloway's he bought autographs, and finally went and made acquaintance with my brother and sister, and showed as much interest in a live child as in dead books."

Mr. Cory speaks approvingly of Lord Dalmeny's Latin verses. On one occasion he put the peroration of a speech by Lord Dufferin into "flowing, simple, dignified Latin."

"Looked over Dalmeny's verses; to alter them was a long, delicate job, as they were not commonplace *pro forma* things, but an honest attempt at turning (of his own accord) some rhymes of mine which he had read in manuscript." In the French class he outshone most of his companions, pains having been taken with his French before he was sent to Eton. "Boys like F. Wood and Dalmeny learn a little by hearing me talk over the mistakes. I appeal to

them when in doubt." In the evenings Mr. Cory read to his pupil the finest passages from English and classical poetry, and was delighted with his enthusiastic appreciation. "I am doing all I can to make

reading than of the dull grind of study. When Mr. Cory was absent from Eton through illness, he wrote to a colleague:



him a scholar ; anyhow, he will be an orator, and if not a poet, such a man as poets delight in."

From time to time we have hints that the brilliant boy was fonder of desultory

rather a circuitous reason. I would give you a piece of plate if you would get that lad to work ; he is one of those who like the palm without the dust. He writes me word that he got 'fair' for his lyrics."

Lord Rosebery is a Brontë enthu-

siast, and there is no doubt that this early love was fostered at Eton. Mr. Cory used to correspond with him during the holidays, giving hints and suggestions from his own reading and advising him about books. He writes to his pupil in almost all respects as to an equal. "Mrs. Gaskell," he says in one letter, "promised my brother a set of her books, and gave him half a letter with the signature of C. Brontë. Her writing is not good enough for the author of *Villette*; she turns her *d* over, but she writes a very good *s*, which I mean to take up (a Greek *s*), and she makes *a* in the Greek manner, or something like it." The next paragraph tells about a Kentish dog called Bob, who disappeared while his owner was at chapel; the last deals with election riots and the Emperor Napoleon. Tickell's "Elegy on Addison" is recommended for its description of Westminster Abbey. The boy's patriotism and pride in England were strongly encouraged by his master, in some of whose letters there is a decided Rule Britannia flourish, and the people who nowadays so absurdly describe Lord Rosebery as a Jingo must give some of the blame to his early instructors.

Lord Dalmeny was sixteen when he visited Italy under the charge of Mr. Cory. They went to Rome, where the boy's energy must almost have worn out his companion. He was taken to St. Peter's and St. John Lateran on one afternoon, and made a vain attempt at the Sistine. "At the Lateran we were happy, reading the inscriptions on the monuments." They finished the day with a visit to the grave of Keats. Two days were spent in Paris on the

homeward journey, of which there is the following record: "We saw the tomb of Napoleon, which is a poor concern; we went to a review of 3,000 cavalry, which was beautiful; we heard some fine, brilliant music, Gounod's *Mireille*; we shopped; we talked politics and history. Dalmeny is a strong but wise admirer of both Napoleons. Altogether he must be the wisest boy that ever lived—and full of fun, too."

Charles Wood, the future Lord Halifax, was perhaps Mr. Cory's favourite pupil; but his affection for "Dalmeny" was scarcely less deep and enduring. In 1870, two years after his correspondent had become Lord Rosebery, we find him entering with great zest into a proposal of the young Earl for a water party to Marlow, with dinner at the Angler's Rest. "If you don't come," he writes, "I shall expect a telegram, and I shall fill up with boy flesh lacking your soul of wit and mirth probably; but there are some festive lads still here, and some that like ducks and one or two that like me. . . . Make an effort. You can go to a ball after it, but don't ask me to let you catch a train in time for dinner. . . . Those who come should be altogether *boys* in their ways that day; tractable as well as merry, strictly obedient to discipline, tender of the roses, etc., etc. I expect you."

An important event, which comes between Lord Dalmeny's Brighton and Eton schooldays, was the delivery of his first speech on September 5th, 1861. His grandfather was growing old, and liked the young heir to be as much as possible at Dalmeny during the holidays. This beautiful estate had been

purchased from the Earl of Haddington in 1662, but the ancient Barnbogle Castle had fallen into ruins and, in 1861, was covered with ivy. The present Dalmeny House dates from 1815. On the 5th of September the Linlithgow company of rifle volunteers arrived by invitation at Dalmeny Park and lunched with the Earl of Rosebery. A record of the time says that on 'the right of the aged host was the captain of the company, and next to him Lord Dalmeny and Mr. Ramsay of Barnton. On the left was Mr. Dundas of Dundas, Vice-Lieutenant of Linlithgowshire. The Countess of Rosebery, Lady Emily Primrose, and other ladies were present. Various toasts were proposed, among them the health of the heir, to which Lord Dalmeny replied without a trace of nervousness.

Dundas of Dundas, in a later speech, uttered the famous prophecy that in that young man they had seen one of Britain's future Prime Ministers. He had been corresponding with Lord Dalmeny, and had been greatly impressed by the boy's letters.

Apropos of first speeches, we were reminded not long ago by the late Mr. Cox, M.P. for South Edinburgh, that Lord Rosebery's first after-dinner speech—a branch of oratory in which he was afterwards to attain unrivalled eminence—was made at the Scott celebration in 1871. He was twenty-four at the time, and had been entrusted with the toast of "The Ladies." The speech

came on at a very late hour of the evening, the previous oratory having already filled nine columns of the *Scotsman*. Lord Rosebery gave such an alarming account of this dinner to the Edinburgh "Philosophical" that I turned to the papers of the time to see if there were any symptoms of "gentlemen falling backwards over a bench which had no backwork, and clutching hold of the tablecloth for support, with consequences which can rather be imagined than described." A flavour of conviviality does certainly linger about the pages which describe the Corn Exchange banquet. Lord Rosebery's own speech was short, but amusing. He had wished to speak on Scott's heroines, but abandoned the idea owing to the lateness of the hour. Incidentally he gave his views on women's franchise. "It may fairly be argued that no rights are required by those who possess an inherent prerogative to govern men, and that no legislature can give them a suffrage worth having who are accustomed to receive the suffrages of all mankind." He hoped no gentleman would drink the toast without having the name of one, "or at most two," of the other sex in his heart. No wonder that the ladies went away well pleased with themselves, and that the clever young bachelor Earl was complimented warmly by the lovers and husbands. The strange thing is that Lord Rosebery says he cannot remember having ever again been asked to propose the toast of "The Ladies"

Lord Rosebery as a Young Man



CHAPTER II

Lord Rosebery as a Young Man

"OXFORD, ancient mother," exclaimed De Quincey, "heavy with ancestral honours, time-honoured and haply, it may be, time-shattered power, I owe thee nothing. Of thy vast riches I took not a shilling." It would be wrong to say that Lord Rosebery owes nothing to Oxford, for the statesman, like the poet, is, to quote his own words, "the product, not of one climate, but of all," and many influences must combine to ripen his genius. But we never think of Lord Rosebery as a typical son of Oxford, like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Asquith, or Sir Alfred Milner. If his years at Christ Church could be cut out of his life, he would still be the same man. Already his thoughts and sympathies were with the people; the dream of closer brotherhood between rich and poor, which he expressed so eloquently in some of his earlier speeches, was taking shape in his imagination, and there was little in the society of his College to inspire a Liberal. Critics said that the air at Christ Church was sickly with the affectation of an intellectual superiority, that the taint of toadyism was everywhere. One reason for this may have been that Christ Church was the favourite Royal College. The Prince of Wales matriculated there in 1859, living at Frewin Hall, but frequently dining at the high table. The Crown Prince of Denmark and Prince

Leopold carried on the Royal tradition into the sixties and seventies. Clever young noblemen were surrounded by would-be satellites, and no little strength of character was needed to repel the advances of flatterers. The rules of the College encouraged snobbery. The old mediæval regulations as to precedence at table were still in force when Lord Dalmeny matriculated in January, 1866. The high table on the days in the dining-hall, where the Dean and Canons sat twice a year upon the annual gaudy-days, was given upon ordinary occasions, not to the tutors, but to the undergraduate noblemen. They were known as "Tufts," from the gold tassel which was the badge of their order. Dean Liddell, who went to Christ Church in 1855, had set his heart on getting rid of this antiquated custom, which permitted some of the dullest men in the University to sit above their preceptors at the common meals. There are amusing stories in the Dean's life of the easy indulgence with which noblemen and their sons were permitted to slip through their academic course. Gentlemen commoners would appear at "Collections" for examination in Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," which represented their whole term's work. One young man, who seemed to be doing nothing in classics, was sent by his tutor to a

course of lectures on the atmosphere. When they were over, his tutor tried to find out how far he had profited. "Of what is the atmosphere composed?" he asked. After long hesitation, the undergraduate replied, "The atmosphere is composed of zinc." The dons themselves were to blame if these gentlemen commoners had degenerated into a lazy clique, whose presence was a discredit to the University, and the Act which abolished social distinctions in 1867 did not come a day too soon.

Lord Dalmeny was one of the last of the "noblemen" recognised at Christ Church, and wore a black silk gown adorned with gold lace, and on gaudy-days a gown of violet and gold. (Prince Leopold in 1872 was distinguished only by a gentleman commoner's cap.) The dons decided to abolish the gaudy-days, but omitted to make the fact publicly known; and when Lord Dalmeny entered the hall on St. Andrew's Day, fully dressed and carrying two bottles of wine, Mr. C. W. Sandford, the Censor, hurried forward to meet him, with the depressing announcement that there was no gaudy-day. Some wag suggested that Lord Rosebery should commission a great artist to paint the historic scene.

In his Eton days it was said that Lord Dalmeny was a man of the world in miniature, and the characteristics that had marked him as a schoolboy can be traced in all the stories of his undergraduate life. Contemporaries speak of the "gravity with which he would lie by while others talked, and wait for a chance of saying at his ease something unexpected and *sec.*" His simple and unaffected manners made

him universally popular. On one occasion he was drawn in a sedan chair, amid enthusiastic cheering, by a band of undergraduates round Peckwater Quad. It would be folly to pretend that he was a model student, or that he burned much midnight oil. He liked to go his own way, and follow his own pursuits. No incident is recorded like that which Lord Esher tells of his Eton days, when his tutor found him so difficult of access that he resorted to the device of tearing up his verses in order to compel his attendance. But we cannot doubt that his preceptors at Oxford, who recognised his remarkable abilities, and considered his First Class certain, must often have wished, like Mr. Cory, that they could "get that lad to work." Happily, he had opportunities for a wider culture than the University could give. In the spring of 1867 he was again in Italy. Mr. Cory, whose kind letters followed him from place to place, advised him to read all he could about St. Francis and to visit Assisi. "Tell the Italians, with my love, that I have subscribed fifty francs to Manin's monument. Insult Antonelli for me."

A magazine called *The Dark Blue* was published in 1867 at Oxford. It was a very handsome publication, beautifully printed in large type. The first number contains an article on the Derby of 1867, which shows that horse-racing interested the University in these days. Its language is as different as possible from that of the sporting press. To the lads who read that serious disquisition on the merits of the various horses, racing may well have seemed the most harmless

and innocent of amusements. Lord Dalmeny, we may be sure, read the first number of *The Dark Blue*. Young as he was, he had already formed the idea of winning the Derby, and it is matter of history that he preferred the loss of his degree to the giving up of his race-horses. The Dean regarded the keeping of a stud as an unsuitable pastime for an undergraduate, and Lord Rosebery chose to leave Oxford rather than comply with his wishes. The horse from which he hoped so much was the first Ladas. It ran in the Derby of 1869, but acquitted itself ignominiously, "trotting in last," as *The*

Times remarks, "some distance in the rear of everything."

Brief announcements in the newspapers for March 5th, 1868, informed the world of the death of the fourth Earl of Rosebery, which took place at his town house, No. 139, Piccadilly. He had lived to the great age of eighty-five. For many years the Earl had been com-

pletely withdrawn from politics, and had taken only an intermittent interest even in Scotch affairs. Still, it is remarkable that the *Scotsman* should have contented itself with a thirty-line paragraph, such as would be given nowadays to a country farmer or doctor. We are told

that the deceased nobleman "possessed talents which, if actively exercised, would have won him a high place in the State." Only one event of his public career is noted. In 1834, at the dinner to Earl Grey, he was called at short notice, in consequence of the illness of the Duke of Hamilton, to take the chair, and discharged "the somewhat delicate duties

with great ability and good taste." The fourth Earl was a Knight of the Thistle, an honour which the Queen conferred on his successor at his resignation in 1895.

The coffin was brought from London to Dalmeny, that the Earl might rest with his ancestors and with the son who had passed away seventeen years before.



From the photo by

[Elliott & Fry

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

The funeral took place on Friday, March 13th. It was a beautiful spring day, and the event attracted much interest in Edinburgh and Queensferry. The mourning coaches started from Princes Street shortly before noon. At Dalmeny Park a large company had assembled. Tenants and old servants, as well as relations and friends, had been invited. The coffin was placed in the drawing-room, where Dean Ramsay and Mr. Field, the same clergymen who had officiated on the mournful occasion in 1851, read the service of the Church of England in private. The guests were received in the library by Lord Dalmeny, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Robert Muir. As many of the mourners had come from a distance, luncheon was served before the procession started. Over eighty tenants and the chief servants of the late Earl walked at the head of the *cortège*, led by Mr. Glendinning, the much-respected factor of the estate. The *Scotsman* notes that "Mr. Walker, one of the most respected of the late Earl's retired servants, was also present, and received kind attentions from Lord Dalmeny." The chief mourners who accompanied the heir were the Hon. Everard Primrose, his brother, and the Hon. Bouverie Primrose, his uncle. The procession passed between lines of waiting people along the Queensferry Road until the "grey church of Dalmeny" came in sight. The remainder of the ceremony was brief and simple. All the titles of the aged Earl were duly recorded on his coffin. To write them out afresh would be to imitate the dreary mockery by which Garter King-at-Arms rehearses the style and titles of departed Royalties while the dust is falling on

the coffin lid. They were passing now, with the burdens and responsibilities of great position, to the young fair-haired grandson, who was to make the name of Rosebery a household word throughout the world. What must have been his thoughts when the crowd of guests had departed, and the people who had known him from a child were talking in their cottages of the events of the day? Family affection has always been one of the strongest features in Lord Rosebery's character, and it is possible that the thought of his own future was obscured for the time by tender recollections of the grandfather who would never again walk in the flowery woods of Dalmeny by the Forth, and of the father he had lost so long ago. But as the Forth widens out below Dalmeny into a grey expanse of waters:

"Freshening its current, and spotted with foam,
As it draws to the ocean,"—

so perhaps the remembrance of his ancestors, and of the honourable work with which they served their generation, may have broadened into a dream of the years to come.

It is certain, at any rate, that he did not intend to be a selfish occupant of his home. The poorest citizen of Edinburgh may at one time or other have passed happy days in Dalmeny woods, which the Queen described in 1842 as "beautiful, with trees growing down to the sea." The estate is in a quite unusual sense the people's playground. One of my first recollections of Edinburgh is of visiting it on a school excursion. Political clubs, Sunday schools, day schools, and private parties have all been permitted to picnic in the grounds.



From Photo by

CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

[L. Frith & Co.]

How many people now scattered over every part of the world can look back to the day when they travelled to Cra-mond on the top of the coach from Edinburgh, and crossed the River Al-mond in Lord Rosebery's boat, for which no charge is allowed to be made. On the other side is the ferryman's cottage, and then comes the walk by woodland paths that skirt the shore, and then the entrance upon open ground as the house is approached. There are, within a short distance of each other, two stately homes; for Barnbougle Castle was rebuilt by Lord Rosebery, and there he constantly studies, and, looking out on winter nights from his window on the world of glistening waters, sees reflected in its depths "the eternal lights and lamps of heaven." The visitor will find in the wall of the castle a stone with the Biblical quotation, "Remove not the

ancient landmark which thy fathers have set." The modern house is roomy and comfortable, and is full of reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone. Some think that the scenery round Dalmeny has been spoiled by the Forth Bridge, and all would agree that the bridge, however admirable as a triumph of engineering, does not add to the charms of the landscape. Neither Dalmeny House nor Barnbougle Castle can be seen from the train, as they are hidden in a deep crescent bay.

Although the public are so generously made welcome to the grounds, there are times when Lord Rosebery demands absolute seclusion, and the most important of these times is when he happens to be entertaining Royal visitors. There is a story that when Royal guests were staying at Dalmeny some years ago, a party of reporters in cabs managed to

elude the vigilance of the lodge-keepers ; and when his lordship returned from a morning walk with his visitors, he found the cabs drawn up before the door. Needless to say, he was none too well pleased, and he remarked to one of the reporters, "How would you like it, if you were entertaining friends in your garden, and people kept gazing over the wall?"

Lord Rosebery took the first opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of his tenants, in whose homes he was from the beginning a welcome guest. They were accustomed to see him drop in at lunch-time after a morning's shooting in the "policies." He would bring his own sandwiches, trusting to casual hospitality for the provision of plate, knife and fork. On these visits he would carefully inquire after the health of every member of the family. He has an excellent memory for faces and names. Lord Rosebery still shoots a great deal at Dalmeny and Mentmore. He keenly enjoys this sport, and is such a capital shot that 634 rabbits have been known to fall to his guns in four hours.

He came of age in the May following his grandfather's death ; but as the family were in mourning, the event was quietly celebrated. He was well aware that before he could make his mark in public life much remained for him to see and learn, and to the task of seeing and learning he set himself with all the energy of his nature. Principal Donaldson, of St. Andrews, could tell how the hardest studies of his life were carried on between the years 1868 and 1878. He read history, politics, biography, classics, making up by the steady-

ness and regularity of his work for any slackness he had shown at school and college. He has always been an early riser, and in these days would often be at his books by sunrise. The friends who met him at gay parties in the afternoon or evening little dreamt of the hours of application by which he had earned his pleasure. He corresponded, too, with many of the ablest scholars of his time ; and as his masters at school unconsciously thought of him as an intellectual equal, so in his early twenties he gradually acquired a reputation which explains his appointment to the Presidency of the Social Science Congress.

In the bookshops of Edinburgh he was then, as now, a familiar figure. Sometimes he would walk all the seven miles from Dalmeny and back again in order to see an old volume or curious manuscript. On a winter night not long ago, a friend of mine was conversing in one of the shops of Edinburgh, when a gentleman, muffled in a big greatcoat and with his hat pulled down over his forehead, came in to arrange for the purchase of a rare old manuscript. "Do you know who that was?" said the bookseller when the stranger had disappeared into the snowy night. "It was Lord Rosebery ; he often drops in unexpectedly of an evening." From his earliest days he was a book collector, and his library of modern works is one of the finest in the kingdom.

His first long tour on the Continent was made in the company of the Marquis of Bute, and after their return he set out alone on a visit to America. At one time he spent nearly every autumn recess in the United States or in Canada.

He formed many friendships, and was a society idol. At New York he made the acquaintance of Sam Ward, described as "the king of the Lobby in Washington, and the king of *bons vivants* in New York."

Lord Rosebery had a remarkable gift for verse improvisation. He would sit down at a drawing-room table, and while chatter went on all around him, turn out page after page of clever rhymes. One of his poems was addressed to Sam Ward, and the young ladies of New York were so delighted that they copied it as a classic into their scrap-books. At Boston he visited frequently at the house of Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, where he met Oliver Wendell

both sides of the ocean, but it was at an early period of his life, when so distinguished a future could hardly have been confidently predicted for him."

In 1873 he went to Canada, rumour said on a secret mission from Lord Kimberley. There was great excitement over the Pacific Railway scandals, which later on led to the defeat of Sir John Macdonald. Lord Rosebery employed his time well at Montreal and Ottawa. He saw the leading politicians, and made so favourable an impression that one of them is reported to have said: "If that young man lives, he will be Prime Minister of England." He met, among others, the Hon. Edward Blake, whom he invited long afterwards to meet Mr. Gladstone at Dalmeny.

There were frequent rumours of the young peer's engagement in America. Soon after he came of age it had been whispered that he was thought of for a Royal alliance, but from this embarrass-



Holmes and many other literary men. Long years afterwards, when Lord Rosebery was Prime Minister, Mr. Winthrop wrote in his reminiscences: "Of the new Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, I have seen something on



From Photos by

TWO VIEWS OF BARBBOUGLE CASTLE.

[Valentine, Dundee.]

ment, as a writer of the time observed, "he retired with prudence and modesty." The following paragraph, from the *World* of February 24th, 1875, shows that society had formed its own conclusions about his visits to the States: "Lord Rosebery has returned in excellent health. The report of his engagement in America would seem to be premature, though the young lady and her family are now in the north of England." In the following year, eighteen months before his marriage, other papers gave the first hint of the truth, by announcing, though without authority, that a marriage had been arranged between Lord Rosebery and Miss Hannah Rothschild. "I understand," says one writer, "that there is no truth in the report that this marriage is arranged." The talk died away for a time, to be revived, as we shall see, by a definite announcement.

The year 1871 is memorable in Lord Rosebery's history, for it marked his real entrance on public life. He had already attracted the favourable notice of Mr. Gladstone, and, although he was too young for political office, there is no doubt he might, had he chosen, have served in one of the positions about the Court. An old friend warned him not to "take plush," and he replied: "I have been offered plush tied up with red tape, and have refused it." He was chosen by Mr. Gladstone to second the reply to the speech from the Throne in the session which opened on the 9th of February. The Queen was present at the earlier sitting, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Teck, and Princess Helena. The Royal speech, which was read by

the Lord Chancellor, was the longest in living recollection. During the reading Her Majesty sat with her eyes cast down, motionless except for a single slight flutter of her fan. Mr. Gladstone stood not far from the throne, "looking," says a gossip of the time, "as if his rest had been of no small service to him." At the close the Queen kissed the Princess of Wales, gave her hand to the other Princesses, spoke for a moment with the Prince of Wales, and then retired from the House, the brilliant assemblage melting away immediately afterwards. There was again a crowded attendance of peeresses when the sitting was resumed at five o'clock. The Marquis of Westminster moved the Address. His speech occupies a column and a half of *The Times*; Lord Rosebery's about three-quarters of a column. The young Earl wore the uniform of the Royal Scottish Archers. A recent writer on Lord Rosebery says that the Duke of Richmond, then the leader of the Conservative peers, alluded, by way of compliment, to his "conspicuous manner"; but this awkward remark, though quoted from *The Times*, is obviously incorrect. Hansard gives the phrase as "conspicuous ability" — a much more likely expression. There are signs of nervousness in the address, which begins with a plea for indulgence "on account of my extreme youth and inexperience" (he was only twenty-three), and ends with a heartfelt expression of gratitude and the remark that in his belief there is no more solemn moment in the history of an Englishman than that in which he is first privileged to take part in the deliberations of Parliament. Picturesque phrases are strewn

like flowers over the little oration. Here is one: "I believe that if Jupiter were to return to earth, and recommence the courtship of Danae, he would woo her in a shower of diplomatic circulars." There were many to praise the speech besides the Duke of Richmond. *The Times* said it was even more successful than that of the Marquis of Westminster, and that the Earl "spoke with a graceful emotion which became his years." "It was evident that if he controlled himself from dilating on the great events of the autumn, it was not because he was deficient in feeling, but because he was under restraint of a discretion which had been imposed upon him." Another paper said the address was well put together, but that the acoustic properties of the House of Lords were trying for a young speaker, and that Lord Rosebery had not fully mastered them.

The other great event of the year was his address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution at its opening in November. Lord Colonsay, "with his white hair and bushy white eyebrows," a judge who "looked as wise as Thurlow, and was probably much wiser," occupied the chair; and among those on the platform was Professor Blackie. The subject was "The Union of England and Scotland." The address, which was afterwards published in

pamphlet form, reads much more like an essay and less like a speech than any of his lordship's later utterances. To us at the present day it seems infinitely less interesting, for example, than the address he delivered to the same institution two years ago. Perhaps it suffers from the want of cross-headings. It is a long, historic composition, well prepared, well put together, but rather dull in parts. At the end, he appealed for a far greater Union. "We have in our generation, if we would remain a generation at all, to effect that union of classes without which power is a phantom and freedom a farce. In these days the rich and the poor look at each other across no impassable gulf." He declared that every individual,



LORD ROSEBERY, AGED TWENTY-FIVE.

merchant and clerk, master and servant, capitalist and artizan, minister and parishioner, might have his share in this glorious work. It must have required some courage to speak out so frankly in the stiff society of West Edinburgh; but Lord Rosebery, at twenty-three, was a sturdy Radical, and he made his practice accord with his precepts. No man was ever more indifferent to social distinctions, more eager to mingle with his fellows on the ground of common humanity. "Come down and do something for the people!" he cried at St.

James's Hall, when London welcomed him to the Premiership; but long before that date he had gone amongst the people, mingled with them in their homes, and learned to understand their needs. There is a story of a Clyde engineer who corresponded with him for ten years on all sorts of political, social, and industrial questions, and received several visits from him at his home. One night, as the engineer sat at the fire reading, a knock came to the door, and, when his wife opened it, he was surprised to find that the caller was Lord Rosebery, whom he recognised from his photograph. His lordship chatted with the children, and conversed with the parents on many subjects of interest. When at length the time came for him to leave, he bade all the household, from the youngest to the eldest, a kind good-bye. On another occasion when he called he found the engineer's daughter busy with her sums. "I don't believe I could do them," he said, looking over her shoulder. "Weel, ye wudna pass the fifth standard," was the child's grave reply. It was a visit paid to the Clyde shipping works in his teens which made Lord Rosebery a democrat. When he saw the wonderful and delicate machinery which is turned out by artizans, he felt that as brain-workers they could not be inferior to any class in the community.

The Liberalism of his early years found its noblest expression in the address he delivered to the Social Science Congress at Glasgow in 1874. Even the *Spectator* was almost carried away with enthusiasm, though it truly enough observed that "the omnium-gatherumness and the vast

vagueness of the subject he had to descant upon gave no adequate scope to his lively and witty intellect." Lively and witty the address was not—probably was not intended to be. Its topics ranged from compulsory education and temperance reform in Germany to Mormonism and the Paris Commune. But the deep sympathy, the moral earnestness that breathes in every paragraph, are so remarkable, so unusual in our own day among orators of either political party, that we cannot help wishing that Lord Rosebery would oftener give us such speeches now. No wonder that the Congress applauded its young president to the echo, and that many can still recall the enthusiasm he excited. He spoke for two hours in clear, distinct tones, which were perfectly heard by every one. It is said, indeed, that his voice was never heard to greater advantage than on that occasion.

Lord Houghton, the retiring president, was in the chair at the Glasgow Congress, and, in introducing Lord Rosebery, he made a kindly reference to his youth. "If he uses his talents aright, and applies them with industry and persistence, he will, I doubt not, add to the illustrious roll of the Scotsmen of his age." Lord Houghton's own son, who was afterwards to become Lord Rosebery's son-in-law, was then a boy of seventeen.

For a contrast to these strenuous labours, let us turn to Lord Rosebery's life in London society. A gossip of the early seventies describes him as "very fresh and pretty, very popular, well dressed, known in the clubs, and under thirty," adding that "he may, if he will,



THE FERRY OVER THE ALMOND, AT GRAMOND, NEAR EDINBURGH : PASSENGERS CROSSING IN LORD ROSEBERY'S BOAT.

become a statesman and a personage." He was fond of dancing, and few indeed were the balls of the season to which he was not invited. He is said to have excelled in Scotch reels. The old Dalmeny resident who was my authority for the last statement tells that at birthday balls his lordship insisted that every one of the farmers and their wives should take part in the dancing; and, if any pleaded the excuse of never having learned to dance, he was all the more particular to see that they had partners. In London he went constantly to the theatre, where he is rarely seen now. He was chosen to preside over the banquet to Mr. Toole in 1872 (George Dawson taking the chair at the Birmingham dinner). His speech on that occasion is delightful reading. "Reliable statistics," he remarked, "have proved that no young man of my age has ever spent so much money in stalls to see Mr. Toole as I have." He claimed that there is nothing so English as the drama, and it is not surprising that the theatrical papers of the week overwhelmed him with compliments. In the House of Lords he championed the cause of actors by objecting to the closing of theatres on Ash Wednesday. Why should one class of the community, he asked, be deprived of the right to earn their bread on that day?

Though he never spoke much in Parliament, or ran any risk of becoming tiresome to the Peers, he contrived every session to make one or two speeches, usually on some unexpected and piquant subject. He joined in the discussions on Patronage in the Church of Scotland, explaining that

his own home at Dalmeny had been a focus of ecclesiastical disputes. "If I went out at one door, I met the Queensferry settlement; if I went out at the other, I encountered the Cramond harmonium case." "The temper and disposition of the people of Scotland prevents any ecclesiastical question from being trivial." One of the cleverest speeches he ever made was delivered at the age of twenty-six, in moving for a Royal Commission on the supply of horses. It is in part an elaborate defence of racing, and might, like his later Gimcrack speech, have been entitled, "Why I am Tempted to the Turf." He said that gambling was on the decline among owners of race-horses, and that the attempt to abolish gambling by putting down racing would be like trying to abolish rain by suppressing the gutters. "If in the month of September an apprentice empties the till of his master, the circumstance is described as a lamentable case arising from the St. Leger. If an old woman is run over at a crossing during the last week in May, the accident is attributed to the Derby."

Lord Granville, who had persuaded Mr. Gladstone in 1870 to see the Derby for the first and (I think) only time, praised the young Earl's wit and cleverness; but it seems a pity that no wise counsellor among the Peers could have persuaded him to give up the dangerous recreation altogether. A strong vein of Radicalism runs through his speeches at that time. He opposed the Royal Titles Bill, by which Mr. Disraeli gave the Queen the title of Empress of India; and it is not a little surprising to learn that public meetings had been held in all



From Photo by]

DALMENY CHURCH.*

[Inglis.]

* This church belonged originally to Jedburgh Abbey. John Hill Burton described it as one of the most truly venerable and interesting specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland,

the great towns of England in opposition to this measure. These various speeches won for Lord Rosebery a Parliamentary reputation, and in 1876 he was already described as the most rising politician of the day, who could not be omitted from any Liberal Cabinet of the future.

The late Prebendary Rogers used to tell how Lord Rosebery joined him in petitioning the Duke of Wellington to open Apsley House on Sunday afternoons, so that the public might see the pictures. The Duke and Mr. Rogers met in the Park, and began to speak about the memorial. "Among all these signatures," said the Duke, "I find only one respectable name, and that is your own." Mr. Rogers replied that Dean Stanley had signed. "Oh," said the Duke, "I don't call *him* respectable." "Well, but there is Lord Rosebery." "I don't think much of *him*," answered the

Duke; "but as you assure me it is all right, I will see what can be done." It was finally agreed that visitors should be admitted, on condition that they wiped their feet on the mats and did not sit down on the sofas.

Years before his marriage Lord Rosebery wished to have an English country home. He thought of taking Burwood Park, near Weybridge, but eventually chose The Durdans, at Epsom, formerly the property of Sir Gilbert Heathcote. The story of his first visit to the estate has more than once been told. "It was a beautiful day in summer, and the bright sun lighted up the undulating grounds and ancient trees of The Durdans with its golden rays, setting off the sloping banks, the shrubbery, and the grassy meadows to the utmost advantage. A wood pigeon flew across the glade, and alighted upon a neighbouring

tree. Presently the clear, soft notes of the cushat rang out from its leafy perch. 'That will decide me,' said the attentive listener. 'To hear the wood-pigeons cooing within fifteen miles of Hyde Park is itself a sufficient recommendation.'

Many improvements were made in the rambling old mansion. A French furnisher was called in to re-decorate the rooms. The bedrooms were hung with cretonne in the latest Parisian fashion. The billiard-room is one of the finest in the house. It is approached by a long corridor lined with books. In every room there are pictures, the principal feature of The Durdans collection being the great number of racing subjects. Lord Rosebery bought five works by G. Stubbs, the famous horse-painter, and he has gone on gradually adding one after another, reserving the dining-room for pictures of his own horses. The front faces the gardens, lawn, and meadows; the back looks upon the lane leading from Epsom to the Downs. Holly-hedges clipped into fantastic shapes adorn the gardens. There are few more comfortable houses than The Durdans, which is warm in winter and pleasantly cool in summer. Matthew Arnold, on his first visit, remarked on the grateful warmth of the house after his cold drive from Leatherhead. Lord Rosebery does not care to have it said that he prefers one home to another, but there is no doubt he has a special affection for The Durdans. He can live at Epsom in the simple, unpretentious style that he loves, mingling on terms of frank equality with his neighbours, strolling or riding with his children over the breezy stretches of the Downs, and

often in the morning travelling up to town with the City men in an ordinary first-class carriage. Epsom inhabitants have the wisdom to let him alone, and the inquiring journalist rarely finds his way to The Durdans. Lord Rosebery proves his belief in the health-giving air of Surrey by sleeping as often as possible away from London. Even when kept late by some public meeting or dinner, he seldom fails to catch the last train.

If we could imagine Lord Rosebery writing an article on "Men who have Influenced me," he would certainly name for this period the Rev. Henry Solly. It was Mr. Solly, then at the head of the Artisans' Institute, who introduced the young peer to the London working man. In Mr. Solly's *Reminiscences*, "These Eighty Years," a story is told of one of the discussions at the Institute, at which Lord Rosebery presided. A workman named Elliott, of Republican opinions, addressed the chairman as "Mr. Rosebery." Thereupon Mr. Solly rose and said that Mr. Elliott must not be rude to his guest. At the end he said to Lord Rosebery he was sorry the man had behaved rudely. "Oh," said his lordship, "if these men only knew how little we care for our titles, they would not make such a fuss about them." Seeing Elliott and others at the coffee-bar as he went away, he held out his hand, saying, "Come, Mr. Elliott, let us shake hands; I'm not such a bad fellow after all." Lord Lyttelton, to whom Mr. Solly told the story a few days afterwards, said, "I'm not in the least surprised at Lord Rosebery shaking hands with Elliott; I only wonder at Elliott shaking hands with him."

Marriage



From Photo by]

[Fred. Holtzer.

CHAPTER III

Marriage

THE announcement of Lord Rosebery's approaching marriage appeared in the papers for January 5th, 1878. Society was not altogether surprised to learn that the bride-elect was Miss Hannah Rothschild, only daughter of the late Baron and Baroness Mayer de Rothschild; for, as we have seen, the report of their engagement had been current nearly two years before. Still the news caused an excitement and a talking which lent a fillip to the Christmas holidays. It was understood that the engagement would be a short one, and that the wedding would be celebrated in March. Londoners have always taken the keenest interest in the bride's family. To the great London populace Lord Rosebery was at this time little known, but rich and poor felt that a mysterious glamour surrounded the house of Rothschild.

The original home of the family was in the Judengasse of Frankfort. There at the beginning of the century Mayer Amschel Rothschild carried on business as a collector of old curiosities and coins. Over his shop was the device of a red shield. He was much respected by Christians as well as by his own community, and by his upright dealings earned the title of "the honest Jew." His fortune took its rise in the troubled

years when Europe was defending itself against the all-devouring ambition of Napoleon. He was able to render valuable services to the Allies, and was made Court Banker to the Landgrave of Hesse. During the Peninsular War the Duke of Wellington was much inconvenienced by the failure of the gold supplies. No English banker would incur the responsibility of transporting money to Spain, but Rothschild stepped into the breach, and offered for a large commission to undertake the work. It is said that this venture alone brought him a profit of £150,000 a year, the nucleus of the Rothschild millions. He was further helpful to England by providing the subsidies which we were paying during the war to foreign powers. His wealth and his fame grew steadily till his death in 1812, and we can imagine how the Jews in every country of Europe rejoiced in his rising prosperity. For centuries they had been a despised and persecuted race, and often in the dark night of their distress they must have wondered for what unimaginable crime this slow agony was appointed to them. When at last a man of their people became the friend of princes and the arbiter of national destinies, a new thrill of hope must have revived their hearts. In the

ghettos of London and Prague, Warsaw and Odessa, it would be known that Hebrew gold had turned back the march of the Conqueror, and devout Jews must have dreamed that in the deep darkness their star had risen, and that God had remembered the congregation whom He purchased and redeemed of old.

When the great financier lay dying, he called his five sons to his bedside and gave them three solemn charges. First, to be faithful to the law of Moses; next, to remain united in the bonds of brotherly affection; and third, to take no important step without consulting their mother. That mother was one of the most remarkable women of the century. She lived to the age of ninety-six, dying in 1849, two years after the birth of Lord Rosebery, who was to be the husband of her great-granddaughter, Hannah. To the last she made her home in the ancient house in the Judengasse. When friends entreated her to employ some portion of her vast wealth in building for herself a palace in one of the capitals of Europe, she replied, "No, I will remain in the house where my husband won his fortune and where my children were born."

Here is a picture of Frau Rothschild as she appeared at the Frankfort theatre in extreme old age: "There she sits in her box, with a fan in her hand to shield her eyes from the dazzle of the lights, with an old Jewish hood, adorned with flowers, upon her head, no hair visible, dressed in coloured silks, with the most costly lace about her neck and head." It is sad to think that this wonderful old lady is almost the only member of the family who has lived to

within sight of a hundred. The prayer for long life, which recurs so often in the Old Testament, would seem to be the only blessing that has not been granted to the Rothschilds.

Four sons of Mayer Amschel established branches of the house in London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples. The eldest, Anselm, carried on the business at Frankfort. The ablest of the sons was Nathan, who came to London and speedily made himself the king of the city. He married, in 1806, a daughter of Levi Barnett Cohen, one of the wealthiest Jews in London. Nathan left four sons and three daughters, the second son, Mayer, being the father of Lady Rosebery. The vast concerns of the Rothschild bank were managed by Baron Lionel, father of the present Lord Rothschild. The second son had little inclination for business, preferring the life of an English country squire. He married his first cousin, Juliana Cohen, and their only child, Hannah, was born in 1851. Baron Mayer (the "a" was in later spelling usually "e") was a keen sportsman, and by his thoroughly English tastes did much to secure for the Rothschilds a footing in the most exclusive society. Princes and peers recognised that this Jewish family could not only make millions, but spend and enjoy them. Baron Lionel might shut himself up in his city office, but his younger brothers tasted the delights of life. In the present generation we find Lord Rothschild following a strenuous career as the head of his family, avoiding the racecourse and punctiliously obeying all the regulations of his religion, while his younger brothers carry on the social traditions which began with Baron

Meyer. There was universal applause in society when the popular Jewish millionaire won the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger. He was a familiar figure in the hunting-field, and used to entertain large hunting parties at Mentmore.

The estate on which this "Venetian palace" was built had been in former times the property of the Dukes of Buckingham. The house is surrounded by ancient trees, and by wide, beautiful meadows. Looking from the windows, you see in all directions a typical English landscape, rich, undulating, with deep dells and grassy hill-slopes.

The air is fresh, pure, and invigorating. One may wander for hours about the country lanes and scarcely meet a single wayfarer, or hear a sound that breaks the spell of peace. It is an ideal resting-place for a tired statesman, and the present owner might well say with Walpole, "My flatterers here are all mutes.

The oaks, the beeches, the chestnuts, seem to contend which shall best please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive, they will not lie."

Some idea of the gardens and terraces of Mentmore may be gathered from the

photographs in this volume. The stately hall, the gallery at the top of the splendid marble staircase, the rich and lofty ceiling with its four great lamps hanging from the roof, the white marble mantelpiece with black rams' heads at the corners, — these and many other attractions of Mentmore have been often described. I may quote the late



BARON MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD, FATHER OF
LADY ROSEBERY.

Professor Blackie's account of a visit to the house in 1880: "Here I am in the central hall of a wonderful Italian sort of house, or rather palace: all full of pillars and porticoes and gold and glass, and Venetian velvet and French gobelins, and clear outlook into the undulant greenery of this soft and luxuriant country."

Baron Meyer was a connoisseur in furniture and ornaments, and he ransacked Europe for treasures to adorn his palace. Mentmore, with its clocks and hangings, pictures and jewelry, countless knick-knacks of strange history and inestimable price, is, as *The Times* remarked on the death of its first owner, not only a palace but a museum. His tastes were almost equally divided between art and sport; the immense charities by which he, like other members of his family, endeared himself to his adopted country were administered by his wise and generous-hearted wife. He sat in Parliament as Liberal member for Hythe, but never spoke in the House of Commons. By his tenantry he was worshipped; his tradesmen used to hold a dinner on his birthday, as in the case of Royal personages. At the tenants' dinners he presided, to quote the Oriental language of a Jewish journalist, "like a sheikh in the centre of his clan." Amidst his many duties and pleasures he found time for reading, and is said to have been much interested in Old Testament criticism. Soon after the age of fifty his health began to fail, and after months of suffering, during which he lay in the dining-room at Mentmore in a state of complete helplessness, he passed away in February, 1874. He and his wife are buried in the Jewish cemetery at Willesden.

The will of Nathan Rothschild, founder of the English house, did not specify what sums were left to each of his seven children. Baron Meyer's fortune amounted to about £2,500,000, half of which was left to his widow for her life, and the other half to his only daughter, the whole to be inherited by

her at her mother's death. After the death of the Baroness, it was said that Miss Rothschild had withdrawn most of her fortune from "the house," and that she personally directed her own financial affairs.

Baroness Meyer de Rothschild survived her husband only three years. She belonged to the most intellectual type of Jewess, and in her girlhood had excelled in mathematics, as well as in several modern languages. Like her sister-in-law, Lady Anthony de Rothschild, she enjoyed the company of literary men and women, and would gladly spend money in assisting young writers. Perhaps, among her many charities, the work which stands out most conspicuously was her introduction of lip-reading among deaf-mutes. The Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home was supported by her for many years. When Lady Crewe came as a bride to present the prizes to the deaf and dumb children at the Portman Rooms, her husband made graceful allusion to the interest shown by her grandmother in this class of sufferers.

Baroness Meyer was an invalid for several years before her death, and was tenderly nursed by her daughter and her sisters, the Miss Cohens. She had a fancy that she could only breathe freely when at sea, and ordered a yacht of 800 tons to be built, to convey her to the Mediterranean. As the yacht was not ready in time, she hired a Cunard steamer of 1,800 tons, and steamed round Spain to Nice. On landing, she wished to be again on board, and ordered a steamer of the *Messageries Maritimes* to be stationed in the harbour. Her death took place at Nice, on board her yacht, in the presence of

her daughter and sister. But for this bereavement, it is possible that Miss Rothschild's wedding would have taken place in 1877.

The marriage was the chief subject of conversation in London Society between January and March, 1878.

rumours, that, by Lord Rosebery's express wish, the whole of the money had been settled on herself. People reminded each other that this union would be the fourth case in which a Rothschild had married out of her own community. A sister of Baron Lionel became the



THE OLD ROTHSCHILD HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

The immense wealth of the bride-elect, and her position as the representative of a strictly Jewish family, gave rise to endless speculation and discussion. One gossip announced that on the Turkish question she supported Lord Beaconsfield as against Mr. Gladstone! As regards the disposition of her fortune, it was stated, in contradiction of various

wife of the Hon. Henry Fitzroy, brother of the Earl of Southampton, and the daughters of Sir Anthony de Rothschild had married Mr. Eliot Yorke and Mr. Cyril Flower. Among strict Jews these alliances were regarded with the strongest disapproval, and the Jewish papers were very angry about Miss Rothschild's engagement. No descrip-

tion of the wedding was given in the *Jewish Chronicle*, but a leading article, entitled "The Latest Fashionable Wedding," appeared in the following week. "Alas, what degeneracy do we behold!" says the writer. "The fathers at such a lamentable occurrence would have mourned and would have bewailed the incident in sackcloth, sitting on the ground, and the children appear in festive attire, as though glorying in the scene. We mourn, we deplore this degeneracy, and we pray to God fervently to spare the community a similar grief."

These old-world lamentations were the only jarring note amid the many expressions of good-will which reached the young couple from every part of the world. *Truth* admitted that the marriage was a very suitable one, and that Lord Rosebery would make his mark in politics. The trousseau was prepared by Worth in Paris. There was some uncertainty as to what London house the Earl and Countess would choose. In his bachelor days Lord Rosebery lived at 2, Berkeley Square, one of the smallest and cosiest houses in this corner of Mayfair. Miss Rothschild's house, No. 107, Piccadilly, was retained until they moved to Lansdowne House. At one time, the red house at the Park end of Brook Street, formerly occupied by Mr. Marjoribanks (now Lord Tweedmouth), attracted their fancy, but was too small for their requirements.

The marriage took place on Wednesday, March 20th, and on the Monday the presents were displayed. They filled three of the Piccadilly drawing-rooms, and were surrounded by a framework of

exquisite tea-roses, designed and arranged by the bride. Most beautiful and most prized of the jewels was a series of diamond tiaras in a special case, the gift of the bridegroom. A policeman was told off to prevent the crush from becoming too dense around the table on which they were displayed. The Rosebery family jewels included a belt composed of very large single stones, and many other rare and costly ornaments. The stones in some of the necklaces and bracelets were described as unique in brilliancy and lustre. Among all this profusion there was, in touching contrast, a simple book-marker worked in cardboard, "From a little friend." It was said to have been given by a poor child to whom Miss Rothschild had shown kindness. The gifts to Lord Rosebery were arranged on separate tables. They included a dressing-case from the Prince of Wales, of quaint design and mounted in old silver. Visitors can still recall how the bride took her friends to the room where Lord Rosebery's gifts to her were lying, and said with childlike happiness, "Archie gave me these; was it not kind of him?"

A humorist of the time remarked on the odd circumstance that the wealthiest heiress in England should be married first of all in a workhouse; for the registrar's office in Mount Street, where the civil wedding took place, was in a building used for this purpose. The ceremony was performed at a quarter to ten by Mr. Thomas Worlock, superintendent registrar of the district of St. George's, Hanover Square. The table before which the young couple took their places was decorated with ferns

and flowering plants, and the scene was unwontedly gay for a Guardians' Board Room. The bridegroom wore a blue dress-coat and light waistcoat. He was accompanied by Lord Carrington, Lord Lascelles, and his brother, Captain Primrose. The bride came with Lord and Lady Leconfield, her legal guardian, Mr. Samuel, and her cousin, Mrs. Cohen. Comparatively few of her Jewish relations appeared at either ceremony: a significant sign of the disfavour with which the stricter section of the community viewed the alliance. The bride's dress was of cream brocaded silk, and her white felt bonnet was adorned with rosebuds. Her ornaments were a pearl necklace

and the diamond and ruby rings presented by Lord Rosebery. The March morning was chilly, and she wore over her dress a fur-lined cloak of white silk. The proceedings were brief and simple. The registrar called on the bridegroom and bride to declare that they knew of no impediment to the union; witnesses were appealed to on either side, and then the bridegroom

took the ring from the book on the table and placed it on the finger of the bride. The registrar thereupon announced that the marriage was completed, and congratulated the happy pair. After signing their names the company returned home to prepare for the ceremony in church, which was fixed for eleven.



CHRIST CHURCH, DOWN STREET, WHERE LORD ROSEBERY WAS MARRIED.

The guests began to arrive at half-past ten, and by eleven o'clock there was scarcely a vacant seat in the building. The Duke of Cambridge was one of the earliest arrivals, but the Prince of Wales came very late, while the service was proceeding. On his entrance many of the company rose from their knees and created quite a disturbance by curtsy-

ing and whispering. The bridegroom's relations were nearly all present; but the only prominent Jews in the congregation were Baron Ferdinand and Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, Mrs. Cohen and Mr. Samuel. In the absence through illness of Captain Tyrwhitt, Lord Carrington officiated as best man. The bridegroom had been entertained a few nights before to a farewell dinner at

Lord Carrington's house, and is said to have responded to the good wishes of his bachelor friends by making a speech in broad Scotch. At the bride's request, the Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, had promised to give her away, and he received her at the church door along with the four little bridesmaids, two daughters of Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay, the Hon. Mary Wyndham, and Lady Emily Stanhope. The officiating clergyman was Prebendary Rogers of Bishopsgate, an old friend of both bride and bridegroom. Miss Rothschild's wedding dress was of white satin. Her only ornaments were pearl and diamond earrings, but her veil of old lace is said to have cost seven hundred guineas. The bridesmaids' ornaments were gold locketts, with the monogram A.H.R. set in rubies and diamonds. It was said that Mr. Rogers seemed to find it no easy task to reconcile the conflicting religious opinions of bride and bridegroom without departure from the rubric. "At times he murmured apologetically, while he delivered those passages applicable to both Jews and Christians *ore rotundo*."

Every one agreed that it was a pretty wedding, and that the bride and bridegroom made a handsome pair. As they walked down the aisle, the contrast of their appearance was remarked by many. Lord Rosebery, with his fair hair, bright blue eyes, ruddy complexion, and clear-cut regular features, was a typical Anglo-Saxon. His bride, dark-eyed, and with raven tresses peeping from under her rich lace veil, might have been known, like Rebecca in "Ivanhoe," for a Jewish maiden. Lord Rosebery was thirty; his

bride just four years younger. The guests waited while the Prime Minister, who had a Cabinet Council at noon, walked slowly out of the church and took his place in his carriage. The Prince of Wales drove off to the bridal breakfast, where he proposed the health of the Earl and Countess, and the pews rapidly emptied.

Perhaps we should not linger behind in the deserted aisles, for we might remember too sorrowfully how many of that company have long departed. Lord Beaconsfield survived by less than two years the fall of his ministry. In the long list of friends and relatives, how many names are forgotten now! But the saddest thought of all—which cannot be quite put aside by those who look back over twenty years—is that the radiant girl who was the centre of all the rejoicings would herself, after twelve brief years of happy wedded life, be laid to rest beside her parents in the Willesden cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were not present at the service or at the breakfast, though Lord Hartington, the Liberal leader, was a guest on both occasions. Mr. Gladstone's position at that time was in some respects almost a counterpart of Lord Rosebery's at the present day. He was still in nominal retirement, and his sharpest critics were to be found in his own party. An examination of the newspapers of the seventies is a startling experience for those whose interest in politics begins with the later Midlothian campaigns. Liberal papers attacked Mr. Gladstone with asperity, and the "intelligent foreigner" might well have fancied that the great party was falling to pieces. But Mr. Glad-

stone's strength did not rest on the attachment of colleagues or the loyalty of the press; its true source was in the heart and the imagination of the people. He looked beyond the passing moment, and knew that unseen forces were working on his side. The love of the people conquered the selfishness of party groups, and called him back to power.

On the night of the wedding Lord Rosebery's tenants dined together at the Douglas Hotel, Edinburgh. The chairman, Captain Tod, of Howglen, gave a history of the Rothschild and Primrose families. Mr. Glendinning read a letter he had received from Lord Rosebery, which is interesting as showing the warm affection with which the Countess from the first regarded Scotland.

"2, BERKELEY SQUARE, W.,

"*March 19th, 1878.*

"MY DEAR MR. GLENDINNING,—

"I wish you to-morrow night to express the thanks of myself and one who will then be my wife for the beautiful

gifts with which the tenants have honoured us. They have been greatly admired by all who have seen them, and gratefully appreciated by Hannah and myself.

"Those presents are only the last of a long series of tokens by which the tenants have shown my predecessor and

myself their regard, which is hereditary, I think, personal, I hope, and mutual, I know.

"I cannot believe that anything but the strengthening of those relations can result from the coming among you of a lady whose life has been spent in unselfish acts of mercy and beneficence, and who already, by anticipation, is fondly attached

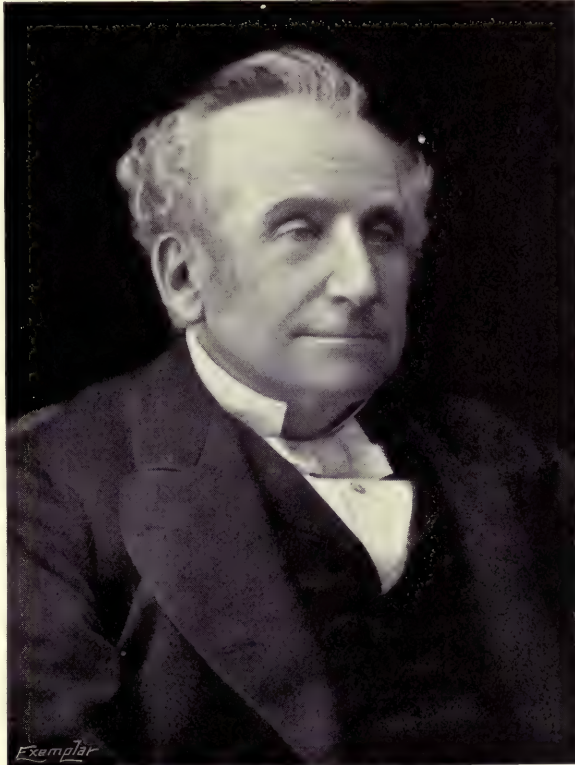
to her Scottish home.

"We shall both drink the healths of our Scottish friends to-morrow, and meanwhile believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"ROSEBERY."

Four bonfires were lit that night on the estates, and next day there was a dinner to three hundred guests in the



THE LATE PREBENDARY ROGERS, WHO OFFICIATED
AT THE WEDDING.

From Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, London, W.

riding-school at Dalmeny. Mr. Glendinning said, amid great cheering, that Lord Rosebery had wished to put off his bride's first visit to Scotland till August, when the place would be in its fullest beauty, but that her ladyship was so anxious to see her new home, new friends, new neighbours, and new country, that she wished to come to Dalmeny as soon as possible after the marriage. At these dinners and other festivities held at Queensferry, there were many speeches and many forecasts of Lord Rosebery's political future. The shrewdest guess was that of Mr. Chessar, who prophesied that the day would yet come when Lord Beaconsfield would have to make way for Lord Rosebery as Prime Minister.

The honeymoon was spent at Petworth Park, Lord Leconfield's seat in Sussex. It was rumoured that burglars had attempted to steal the bride's jewels, but this was afterwards contradicted. As a matter of fact, the jewels were not taken to Petworth. Before coming to town for the season, Lord and Lady Rosebery paid a flying visit to Scotland. By their wish, all public celebrations were deferred till August, and the bride enjoyed a few quiet days in the northern home which she learned to love so well. Lord Rosebery spoke several times in Parliament in his wedding year. His most important effort was on the Eastern Question. At the end of July, he raised a discussion on the arrangements concluded under the Treaty of Berlin, and remarked incidentally that his leader, Earl Granville, had ventured to ask information in a manner so conciliatory as to be almost humble. His speech, which contained

an extract from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," affords in almost every sentence proof that the orator had come strongly under Mr. Gladstone's influence in foreign policy. He pleaded earnestly for little Greece, having learned "with sorrow and dismay" that its future had been left under the control of France and Italy. Britain, he said, has the sacred prerogative of standing out on behalf of weak nations.

Lord Salisbury, in his reply, observed that the speech showed a complete unacquaintance with the inside of a Government office, and added, "I have no doubt that, in the noble Earl's case, this will not last long." This debate is remarkable as showing that the young peer of thirty-one had so completely gained the ear of the House that he could at any time initiate an important discussion, in which the leaders on both sides put forth all their powers.

A week later he and his bride were on their way to Edinburgh. They reached the Waverley Station on the evening of Monday, August 5th, and found a crowd assembled to greet them. Amid hearty cheering they set out on the drive to Dalmeny, and on the following Thursday the home-coming festivities were held. An immense pavilion had been erected on the terraced lawn to the south of the ivy-clad Barnbougle Castle. This pavilion was divided into two apartments—a dining-room and a ball-room. Over 250 guests sat down to a banquet at four o'clock. The tent was festooned with ivy and laurel, its supporting pillars exquisitely adorned with heather. The Earl and Countess, with their house-party, sat at a table placed crosswise at one end of the hall. On the wall above

them was a scroll bearing the inscription, "Long life and happiness," and at the opposite end their eyes rested on the word "Welcome." The Wedding March was played as the bridal party entered. Lord Rosebery made a series of short speeches. Alluding to the Duke of Connaught's approaching marriage, he said, turning fondly to the Countess, who sat on his right, "I only wish he may get as good a wife as I have." He spoke of his grandmother, "still living in an honoured and beloved old age." "That long and blameless married life carried on by the late Lord Rosebery and the Dowager Lady Rosebery on these estates makes my wife and myself feel that we have indeed a hard task before us to succeed those dear ones who were our predecessors." Lord Young proposed the health of the lately married pair in a happy speech. He quoted the saying of the old Highland woman when she learned that the Queen's daughter was to marry the son of Maccallum More: "The Queen maun be a proud woman the day." "We in

Edinburgh," he said, "think that this must have been the feeling of the House of Rothschild when they knew that their daughter was to marry our Earl." In thanking his guests for the enthusiasm with which they received the toast, Lord Rosebery said, "You have conferred a nationality to-day. My wife, as you

know, is a Jewess by race, an Englishwoman by birth, and to-day by adoption you have made her a Scotchwoman." He closed with a reference to the Greek prince on whom fortune smiled so persistently that he felt he must sacrifice something in order to avert the calamity which might otherwise fall, and threw his



From Photo by

[Elliott & Fry,

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

precious ring into the sea. Pointing to the ancient castle under whose shadow they were met, he said with deep emotion, "I feel as if I could throw into the sea that bulwark opposite—the most precious thing I have next to my wife—to avoid marring the happiness I now enjoy."

The ball began about nine o'clock, when some 250 couples danced in the

larger room of the pavilion. The Countess opened the ball with Mr. Glendinning ; Lord Rosebery and Mrs. Glendinning were partners in the first quadrille. The gay company separated about midnight ; but the celebrations were kept up on Friday and Saturday, until every resident on the estates, from the oldest to the youngest, had been drawn within the circle of happiness.

like a man this young Radical nobleman is !” One who was present gave the following description of his appearance : “ Youthful he is, with a stature not above the average, and at first glance it is difficult to believe that so young a man is the rising hope of the Liberal party in the Lords. He has a fine, massive face, with a good expanse of lofty forehead. The face does not



LORD ROSEBERY.

From Photo by Russell & Sons.

Lord Rosebery's public work was carried on more vigorously than ever during the autumn. In October he visited Aberdeen, and delivered a speech to a crowded Liberal meeting in the Music Hall. No more enthusiastic political gathering had taken place within living memory. Old men sat side by side with the representatives of the younger generation ; every inch of standing room was occupied, and the one desire on every lip was "to see what

betray much animation, the speaker's gestures are few, being chiefly limited to the raising and lowering of the left hand. His eyes are bright and sparkling, and the cool turning round and round, eyeing all parts of the audience in succession, betokens a calm, collected, self-contained demeanour, well fitted to withstand the sarcastic allusions of Lord Salisbury." The sturdy Liberals of the north recorded with joy that his lordship "did not mind being called a Radical."

One of the speakers remarked that in Tory circles Lord Rosebery was described as "a young Radical nobleman, better known for his audacity than his wisdom." The address called forth a good many letters to the newspapers,

Lord) Cross was put forward as the Tory candidate. At Mr. Cross's meetings the Liberal was condemned as a horse-racer and an anti-Sabbatarian. Mr. Cross, it was further said, had been an eminent



From Photo by

[Elliott & Fry.]

LORD ROSEBERY AS LORD RECTOR OF ABERDEEN.

for the merits and demerits of Lord Rosebery were fiercely canvassed that autumn in Aberdeen. The students had chosen him as the Liberal candidate for the Lord Rectorship. Lord Aberdeen was his opponent, but as he adopted a non-party platform he was induced to withdraw, and Mr. (now

public man when Lord Rosebery was driving a hoop. The voting was very close, but the Liberal candidate was elected by a majority of three. Among his predecessors were Earl Russell, Mr. (now Sir) M. E. Grant-Duff, Professor Huxley, and Mr. W. E. Forster. Two years afterwards Lord Rosebery came

to Aberdeen to deliver the Rectorial address. He stayed at the Palace Hotel for two nights. A crowd of 2,000 people assembled at the station to receive him, and the students took the horses out of his carriage and dragged it through the streets. Underneath his windows a noisy and enthusiastic multitude assembled, and at last he was obliged to show himself. "I have to address you to-morrow, gentlemen," he said, looking down with humorous gravity on the sea of faces; "I should not like to fatigue your attention this evening." "Don't mention it." "Here's to you, Rosebery." "Go on, old boy," shouted the students, anticipating the London working-man's affectionate epithet, "Good old Rosebery," invented in the days of the first County Council. "You were kind enough," said the Lord Rector, "to give a cheer for my wife when I arrived in Aberdeen. I may say to you, gentlemen, that the only quarrel we have had was on the point that she has not been allowed to accompany me here to-day." "She'll come next time." "Send her a telegram," cried the enthusiasts; and, after wishing the distinguished guest a friendly good-night, they dispersed to the house of Professor Bain. The Professor came out, and solemnly hoped that the address they were to hear on the morrow would be of an edifying character. Next morning his lordship presided over the University Court, and when the Professors heard him observe with reference to some grievance of the time, "That is a thing which must be looked into and remedied at once," they may well have said to each other, "A Daniel come to judgment!"

There is no room in this brief biography for any kind of summary of Lord Rosebery's speeches. His subject at Aberdeen was Modern Scottish History, and the need for a chair of modern history at our various seats of learning. Several of the London papers, including *The Times*, published leading articles strongly supporting his view. The charming youthfulness of the speaker's appearance, style, and manner, the modesty with which, from the first sentence, he put himself on the level of his hearers, conciliated and delighted his audience. When at the close he dwelt lovingly on the grey University, into which so much of the history of Scotland is gathered, exclaiming in the words so dear to every generation of Scotsmen, "They shall prosper that love thee," the excitement of the students was beyond control, and they sprang to their feet and cheered the Rector.

At a banquet in the evening he confessed that the address had been a terror to him for months. "Some one says a newspaper ought to be like a crouching tiger, always ready to spring. This address was my crouching tiger."

On the following day (November 6th, 1880) he was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh, in opposition to Sir Robert Christison, by a majority of thirty-nine. He waited nineteen years for the same honour in Glasgow; for although he was a candidate in 1887, and received a majority of votes, the Chancellor, Lord Stair, ruled him out on the ground that he had not a majority in every "nation" or electoral division. St. Andrews alone, the most Conservative of Scottish universities, has never

appointed him to its Rectorship. A.K.H.B. wrote, in his last book on St. Andrews, "I hope to see Lord Rosebery Rector." He recalled how at some Rectorial function the Earl was present, and the students pressed round him, clamouring for a speech. "Gentlemen," said Lord Rosebery with awe-inspiring gravity, "this is most un-academical."

In the autumn of 1879 the Trades Council met in Edinburgh, and 200 of its members went for an afternoon excursion to Dalmeny. They had lunch in the riding-school, and a telegram was received from Lord Rosebery, regretting that he and the Countess could

not be present, and announcing the birth of his eldest child. (Lady Sybil Myra Caroline Primrose was born at 107, Piccadilly, on September 18th, 1879. Her names were taken from characters in Disraeli's novels.) The working-men said many kind things of their host in his absence. One speaker remarked that when he communicated with his lordship he always wrote as if he were addressing his own brother, and in the answers he received the feeling was reciprocated.

On October 27th the Earl and Countess came to Dalmeny to prepare for Mr. Gladstone's first Midlothian campaign.



From Photo by]

MENTMORE.

[W. F. Pigott.

Lord Rosebery and Mr. Gladstone



MR. GLADSTONE ADDRESSING THE CROWD FROM THE BALCONY OF LORD ROSEBERRY'S HOUSE,
GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, ON MONDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1880.

CHAPTER IV

Lord Rosebery and Mr. Gladstone

THE first and second Midlothian campaigns form important chapters in Mr. Gladstone's biography, and their political significance has been many times discussed by able writers. I shall only attempt to consider the personal aspects of these great electioneering struggles, especially in their bearing on the position and public career of Lord Rosebery.

Why was it, some young student of politics might ask, that Lord Rosebery on these occasions, and on many which succeeded them, extended to Mr. Gladstone a hospitality which was princely in its expenditure, son-like in its affectionate care? Rumour in the London clubs said that the Midlothian election of 1880 cost him not less than £60,000, and Lord Stanley of Alderley, early in the life of the new Government, taxed him from his place in the House of Lords with having spent sums so enormous that under a less complaisant Ministry he might have been removed from the bench of magistrates.

There is, of course, the obvious answer that Lord Rosebery was intensely ambitious, and that he saw in Mr. Gladstone's visit to Scotland an opportunity of commending himself to the country. But, in that case, why did he refuse office when Mr. Gladstone's Government was formed?

The more closely we examine the records of the time, the more we are driven back to the conviction (1) that he acted as he did from a deep personal devotion to Mr. Gladstone—a devotion which in those days took the form of unquestioning hero-worship, and (2) that he had an honourable desire to free Midlothian from the Tory ascendancy of the House of Buccleuch.

On Monday, November 24th, 1879, Mr. Gladstone arrived in Edinburgh. His journey had been one long triumphal progress, and he reached his destination, as the *Spectator* remarked, provided with such a stock of tweed and plaid and rug as might have set up a small dealer.

On the platform at the Waverley Station an admirer had laid two beautiful rugs of fine Leicester wool, with a crimson Angora border, and bearing the word "Welcome" in blue. The people of Edinburgh were strung up to the highest pitch of excitement, and as the twilight of the short November day closed in, they assembled in thousands near the station and in Princes Street. Lord Rosebery drove up in an open carriage and four, with two outriders, and waited for an hour before the train, which had been delayed by the enthusiasm on the journey, steamed into the station. All this time the people were massing themselves more closely to-

gether, and the pressure became at length so dangerous that mounted police had to clear the approaches to the platform.

Amusing accounts of the scene appeared in some of the Society papers. The *World* said the crowd was so dense that the horses of the police plunged among the distinguished men, "conveners of parishes," etc., who had secured places in the front line. "Come," said Lord Rosebery, "let us all fall back together"; and he promptly threw himself on the biggest man behind him. Directly the crowd was well pushed back, he slipped under a horse's head and regained the open space. When later on a horse fell in alarming proximity to the noble Earl, the solemn conveners of parishes took it as a judgment on their gay deceiver.

There was general relief when the tension was removed at ten minutes past five by the arrival of the distinguished visitors. Lord Rosebery stepped to the door of the saloon, and handed Mrs. Gladstone out. The second to shake hands with Mr. Gladstone was Mr. Adam, the Liberal Whip, whose genius had organized the campaign. Then began the first of Mr. Gladstone's historic drives through the ancient city of Edinburgh. Rain had fallen during the day, and the air was raw and damp, but no discomfort could chill the enthusiasm of the multitudes who waited in the gathering darkness to welcome the Liberal statesman. The crowd in Princes Street—extending the whole length of that noble thoroughfare—was five and six feet deep. Lights gleamed from the windows of hotels and private houses, from the tall "lands"

of the High Street, from the Castle Rock. At every window eager faces looked out. Mr. Gladstone stood in his carriage, bare-headed, and bowing like an Emperor to his subjects. Broken remarks—half-tearful, half-exultant—could be heard from the crowds. "See his white head. Did you know he was seventy years old?" "I saw him eighteen years ago, and I'm thankful to be spared to see him again." "A night like this would be cheaply purchased by the loss of years." Such were some of the thoughts that found expression as the carriage, preceded by mounted constables, dashed along the street. Every one realized that Scotland was on the eve of a great awakening, that forces were astir which would make this one of the memorable nights of history. If old legends come to mind in the moonlit nights of summer, and we think how

"On such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Aeson"—

so when the gloom of November returns year by year to Edinburgh, we remember how on such a night Mr. Gladstone entered on his career of victory, and by the magic of his eloquence gave new life to Scotland. The moon shone out as the carriage passed over the Dean Bridge, and the rest of the drive to Dalmeny was in fine weather. The cottagers had put lights in their windows, drivers of vehicles stopped and raised a shout, children gathered cheering on the Queensferry Road.

A rocket was sent up when the procession reached the chapel gate of Dalmeny, where the provost and magistrates of Queensferry presented an

address. The long undulating avenue was lined with torch-bearers; bonfires were blazing on Mosshill and the neighbouring heights. A crowd had collected on the lawn in front of the house, and they spent the evening dancing to music, but did not trouble the weary guest for a speech. Such was Mr. Gladstone's welcome to Scotland.

Next day he made his first great speech in the Music Hall, when 2,000 people were present, and seventy reporters crowded the press-tables. Lord Rosebery kept in the background during the earlier meetings, and although cries were heard for Rosebery (London papers gave the Edinburgh

pronunciation of the name as "Rozbre"), he was seldom present to respond. He and Lady Rosebery found sufficient employment in attending to the comfort of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and in entertaining the party at Dalmeny. One of the most important personages in the house was the baby, Sybil, then just two months old. Sir Edgar Boehm

made a drawing of her for Miss Gladstone's album—a placid little figure in a lace robe with the inscription, "The Suffrage Babe." On the Friday Lady Rosebery held a reception, at which many well-known Liberals were present. On a table in the music-room were displayed the gifts which Mr.

Gladstone had received since his arrival in Scotland. The excitement increased daily, and tickets for the Corn Exchange meeting on Saturday, which had originally cost half a crown, were disposed of on Friday for £2, £3, and £5. This was perhaps the most important meeting of Mr. Gladstone's first campaign. The crush at the doors and in the hall was

frightful. Lord Rosebery presided both here and at the working-men's demonstration in the evening. Lady Rosebery had given quantities of evergreens for the decoration of the Corn Exchange, and the bare, grim hall was transformed into a bower of greenery. Mr. Gladstone led the Countess to the platform. Some one remarked that she



From Photo by]

LORD ROSEBERY.

[Elliott & Fry.

displayed a pretty desire to escape from the storm of applause by settling down in a vacant chair beside her husband. Even Lord Rosebery's powerful voice could not at first make itself heard above the tumult. He succeeded at length in restoring silence, and in a few graceful words introduced Mr. Gladstone. He spoke of "that silver voice which has enchanted Scotland and enchained the world." "From his home in Wales to the metropolis of Scotland there has been no village too small to afford a crowd to greet him, no cottager so humble that he could not find a light to put in his window as he passed. Mothers have brought their babes to lisp a welcome, old men have crept forth from their homes to see him before they died." The tenderness of the little speech touched the hearts of the audience all the more because it had scarcely been expected from the gay young peer.

Mr. Gladstone's Sundays in Midlothian were well spent. On the day following this heavy week he drove into Edinburgh with his host and attended service at St. Mary's Cathedral. They walked to St. Cuthbert's, and inquired if Dr. Macgregor was preaching. On learning that he was absent, they took a walk along Princes Street and looked at the Ramsay and Simpson statues. Lord Rosebery pointed out the monument to Dr. Chalmers at the top of Castle Street, and Mr. Gladstone carefully examined it.

After lunch at the Royal Hotel, they attended service at St. Giles' Cathedral, hearing a sermon on the man who hid his talent in a napkin. The weather was fine and bracing, though bitterly

cold, and a curious crowd waited at the church door to see Mr. Gladstone come out.

The next important event was the visit to Glasgow on December 5th. On this occasion the University made Lord Rosebery an LL.D. His welcome was scarcely less enthusiastic than Mr. Gladstone's. The students sprang on forms and shouted for "Rosebery." There was a reproachful note in his first sentence, when at length he was forced to the front. "Fellow-Liberals of Glasgow, I did not think that in a free land like this so much tyranny could exist." London papers remarked that Lord Rosebery was the most popular man in Scotland, that he was as modest as he was clever, and that his excellent management of meetings had raised him in public esteem.

After the Christmas holidays Lord and Lady Rosebery went to Nice, and on their return, at the beginning of February, the Earl was prostrated at 107, Piccadilly, with a rather severe attack of scarlet fever. The symptoms were at first so alarming that three doctors were called in. Lady Rosebery was indefatigable in her care of her husband, and was herself his constant nurse, preparing his food and watching over him night and day. The baby was fortunately safe from infection at The Durdans. In the middle of March, although still far from well, Lord Rosebery was able to accompany Mr. Gladstone to Scotland for the General Election. This time the departure of the illustrious statesman for the north excited general interest in London, and a crowd assembled to see him away from King's Cross.

On his second visit Mr. Gladstone spent nearly three weeks at Dalmeny. He himself was delighted with his popularity in Scotland. Writing to Sir Algernon West, he said: "Enthusiasm here is at fever-heat, and the meetings—especially the great meetings—are better than in November"; and again: "My election here is considered a moral certainty. The enthusiasm is ungovernable; it has done us mischief in causing the Sheriff to postpone the election; he was sincerely afraid of violence had he fixed Saturday—a great bore." On April 1st, Mr. Gladstone wrote: "The enthusiasm keeps at boiling-point, and our computations are all to the good."

It must not be forgotten that the nominal leaders of the Liberal party at this election were Earl Granville and Lord Hartington. Mr. Gladstone treated his former colleagues with generous consideration, recommending his son Herbert, who was standing for Middlesex, to "take opportunities of expressing loyalty" to them.

Lord Rosebery wished Mr. Gladstone to have an opportunity of hearing Dr. Whyte, of Free St. George's, who shares with Dr. Macgregor, of St. Cuthbert's, the distinction of being the foremost preacher in Edinburgh. For the convenience of his guest the Earl had taken No. 120, George Street, as a town

house. This arrangement was useful on Sundays, for it enabled Mr. Gladstone to attend two and sometimes three services. On the first Sunday host and guest went to Free St. George's, but Dr. Whyte was at North Berwick, and another minister preached to a disappointingly small congregation. On the second Sunday Mr. Gladstone



MR. GLADSTONE IN DALMENY WOODS, APRIL, 1880.

heard Dr. Macgregor preach from the text, "I am the light of the world." The congregation at St. Cuthbert's showed a natural, if rather unseemly, curiosity about the illustrious visitor, many standing up in the galleries to see him. A second visit to Free St. George's was made on April 4th, the day before the election. Dr. Whyte was lecturing on the life of David, and

when he gave out, as his text, the verse which tells that the Lord had put away Saul, and had chosen a man after His own heart, there were some eager politicians who applied the analogy to Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone.

The tremendous exertions of Mr. Gladstone in this prolonged campaign—exertions incredible to all except those who heard his speeches or followed them in the newspapers—began to wear out even his iron strength, and in the second week Lord Rosebery persuaded him to take a short rest. His favourite amusement in these days of enforced idleness was tree-cutting and planting. Close to Dalmeny House there is a row of sycamores planted by Mr. Gladstone on one of his earlier visits.

Lord Rosebery was debarred by his position as a peer from taking a personal part in Mr. Gladstone's meetings, and as his health was not yet fully restored after his illness, he was rarely to be seen on public platforms. He made one short speech at the Glasgow University Gladstone Club, remarking that the issue of the forthcoming election was the most solemn and tremendous which had occurred in the course of his life or in that of much older men. The Imperial note was even then not wanting in his addresses. "When I say England, I mean not merely these two islands, I mean the great Empire throughout the world, of which we are as proud as the Tory party can possibly be."

At the banquet of the Scottish Liberal Club on March 31st, the Earl presided and read out in the course of the evening the electoral returns as they arrived by telegraph. There were cheers for

Lady Rosebery, to which he responded by claiming her as an earnest Liberal. "I am afraid," he said, "that my wife is a little apt to go beyond the rules prescribed for the inanimate nature of peers in her sympathy with the Liberal party. Not that she canvasses or does anything wrong, but her wishes are so absolutely with the Liberal party that we shall all be the better for the rest of the week when she is acquainted with the results of this evening."

The election took place on Monday, April 5th, and resulted in a hard-won triumph for the Liberals. The Tory stronghold surrendered, but all the eloquence, the genius, the superhuman exertions of Mr. Gladstone secured him only a majority of 211 over his rival, the Earl of Dalkeith. No Liberal except Mr. Gladstone could possibly have won the seat. The fierceness of the struggle made the joy of victory all the keener. As soon as the result was known, George Street was thronged with excited multitudes. A strong barricade had been erected before No. 120, where Mr. Gladstone was spending the evening. As he sat at dinner with his host, he could hear the murmur of the many thousands who waited outside. They had come from every quarter of Edinburgh, from the fishing towns on the Forth, from inland farms, from villages among the Pentland Hills. It was estimated that no fewer than 12,000 persons thronged the wide and stately street. They were determined not to go without a word from the newly elected member. Half an hour passed and then the blinds were drawn up, and Mr. Gladstone stepped out on the balcony. Two candles were held on

either side of him, that the crowd might see his face. When the tumult of wild cheering had subsided, the hero of the day, in a few quiet sentences, thanked his supporters, and then, worn out with his protracted labours, retired within the house. "No Midlothian man," said Lord Rosebery, "will ever spend a prouder night than this. It is a great night for Midlothian, a great night for Scotland, a great night for your county member, a great night for Britain,—aye, and a great night for the world." These words exactly expressed the feeling of the crowd. As the shouting died away, and the vast concourse dispersed, hundreds must have felt that for them life would henceforth possess a new interest and an added dignity. In Mr. Gladstone they had found a political hero whose career would always for the future have the importance of a personal relationship. His triumphs would cheer them, his disappointments depress their spirits. They would know what it meant to go to work in the morning encouraged, refreshed, by some word that Mr. Gladstone had spoken. Nothing that concerned him in his public or private capacity would be altogether indifferent to them. The dull old saying, "Measures, not men," influences the public only when there are no men who inspire enthusiasm.

Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery were called at the time, "the father and son of the Scottish people." If the older folk idolized Mr. Gladstone, the rising generation—the students at the universities, the apprentices, all who in the natural course could look forward to fifty or sixty years of life—fixed their hopes and affections on Lord Rosebery.

Mr. Gladstone's glory must for them be a sunset splendour. They revered the aged statesman, but the promise of the future was bound up with their own brilliant countryman. All that the parents felt for Mr. Gladstone the children—then and ever since—have felt for Lord Rosebery.

Although the General Election resulted in a Liberal triumph, it was doubtful at first whether Mr. Gladstone would be Prime Minister. The whole Liberal party, the entire nation, wished him to hold the place which alone was worthy of his transcendent genius. "There is no real gladness in the victory," said Lord Rosebery, "if any other leader is to be given to the party." While the arrangements for the new Government were hanging in the balance, the newspapers indulged in a great deal of Cabinet-making. The *Spectator* suggested Lord Rosebery as Viceroy for Ireland. "He would make a court, often gloomy, brilliant and attractive." It never seems to have dawned on any one that he would not be offered an important place in the Government. "He is inevitable," said the *Spectator*, "if only for the immense services he has rendered in Scotland." A correspondent of the same paper, in constructing an imaginary Cabinet, put him at the head of the Local Government Board. Other writers proposed him as Viceroy for India, and as British Ambassador in Paris. It was finally announced that he had declined office on the ground that his connection with the Midlothian campaign might cause misapprehension. He did not wish it to be said that he had received payment for his services. *The Times*

made the following comment on his refusal: "Another Scottish peer has been invited to join the Government, but with rare modesty has declined that honour, as one too great for his present experience. As Lord Rosebery is the first to be asked to enter the Ministry who has not sat in a Liberal Ministry before, it is to be regretted that his honourable scruples should have led him to reject the proposal." There was some talk of his receiving a Marquisate, but this was the idlest newspaper gossip.

In 1881 Lord Rosebery accepted the post of Under-Secretary for the Home Department. Sir William Harcourt visited Scotland on October 25th, 1881, and his Under-Secretary accompanied him to a Liberal meeting in Glasgow. The freedom of the city was conferred on the Home Secretary, who in one of his speeches made grave allusion to "those two large volumes which I had the pleasure the other day of handing to Lord Rosebery, and which describe the functions of the Secretary of State for the Home Department." The Earl laughingly repudiated any intention of "following one of the masters of English eloquence," and said he had been brought there as "part of the furniture of the Home Office—and very dingy furniture it is." In another speech he described himself as "a backstairs Minister for Scotland," because solemn persons had hinted that in some mysterious way Scottish business would be facilitated under his *régime*. Many compliments passed between the elder and the younger statesman. Almost immediately afterwards, Lord Rosebery visited Dundee, and addressed a Liberal

audience in the Kinnaid Hall. At this meeting, as at many others, Mr. (now Sir Henry) Campbell-Bannerman was with him. There is no room in this brief biography for extracts from speeches, except when they bear directly on Lord Rosebery's career, but I may be permitted to quote one passage from his remarks at Dundee.

"Gentlemen, it is easy in the spring-tide of youth, when all is full of life and energy, to be attached to Liberal principles. The time of trial comes as age creeps on, and the pulse grows colder, and we become mere arm-chair politicians. I hope sincerely that, if I am spared for many years, it may be my fate not to be a backslider from this cause."

Lord Rosebery was very busy in the autumn of 1881, and no attempt can be made here to follow him from platform to platform. In the course of a few weeks he spoke at Greenock, Manchester, and Hull, spending a night or two with Mr. Gladstone on his way north. In 1882 we find him more or less a "hermit" of the Home Office, escaping in the autumn for a visit to the Continent. In October he made a speech (again with "C-B.") at Ayr, and emphatically denied that he had ever in any way interfered with the election of Professor Blackie's successor in the Greek Chair at Edinburgh University. His chief effort during the autumn was his Rectorial address in the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, Edinburgh, when his subject was "Scottish Patriotism." This was the occasion to which Mr. Barrie alludes in his delightful little volume, "An Edinburgh Eleven." "Scandalous Conduct of the Students" was



From Photo by]

DALMENY HOUSE.

[Valentine & Sons.

the heading in next morning's *Scotsman*. They had hustled Professor Butcher, interrupted the prayer, chaffed the new LL.D.'s, and behaved altogether so wildly that the chairman implored them to "give the Lord Rector a patient hearing, and desist from throwing pease." The difficulties were all at the beginning, for the address, as it proceeded, was a triumph. In the latter part almost every sentence was cheered. The students had brought the "Celtic chair" with them, and dangled it aloft at appropriate moments. Here we reach the incident which Mr. Barrie records—" 'Raise your country,' cried the Lord Rector (cheers). 'Raise your university (cheers). Raise yourselves' (enthusiastic cheers). From the back of the hall came a solemn voice, 'Raise the chair.' Up went the Celtic chair." The poor chair lost a leg during the proceedings.

By the end of 1882 there were four

little children in Lord Rosebery's nursery. The second daughter, Margaret Etrenne Hannah, arrived at The Durdans on New Year's Day, 1881. The heir was born at Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, on January 8th, 1882. His christening at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, was the first important event of the season. Lady Lansdowne was his godmother; one of his godfathers was the Prince of Wales. To the home circle he has always been known as "Harry," although his full designation is Albert Edward Harry Meyer Rothschild. The Countess was not present at the baptism, but she presided the same evening over a large dinner-party, at which the Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone were guests. The younger son, born at Dalmeny on December 14th, 1882, was named, after three Earls of Rosebery, Neil James Archibald. Professor Blackie attended his christening banquet, when the toast

was drunk out of a gigantic ancient beaker. Three dozen bottles of champagne were poured into it, without filling it even half full. I shall have more to say hereafter about Lord Rosebery and his children, and need only note here that between the eldest and the youngest there is a difference of little more than three years.

At the beginning of 1881 it was rumoured that Lord Rosebery intended to build a magnificent palace at Albert Gate. It was to face the Park, and command a splendid view of Rotten Row and the Ladies' Mile. Gossip spoke of five suites of reception rooms and of the most luxurious appointments. This dream-palace melted into the prosaic reality of a seven years' lease of Lansdowne House. The Earl and Countess gave, at the beginning of the season, a succession of parties so interesting and varied that Liberals congratulated themselves on once more possessing a *salon*. Lord Rosebery was described as "the youthful Mæcenas of the Liberal party." "Belgravia and Bohemia, Mayfair and Bloomsbury, have mingled at Lansdowne House." "As for Scotland," said a Society writer, "I can only compare its representation to the influx of the whole volume of the Tweed into the Thames." It was noted with interest that editors and journalists were made welcome. Ill-natured persons complained of the "mixture" of classes within the once exclusive precincts of Lansdowne House. A Tory journal said that Lord Rosebery, whose historical knowledge is great, remarked one evening to Sir A—— B——, "Do you know that this is the anniversary of the Paris Commune?"

"Yes, I see it is," said the guest, looking around him. So influential had Lord Rosebery become that his portrait regularly appeared among those of the Liberal leaders. Here is one quatrain from a Christmas number of 1882:—

"When Tories reflect 'twas your Lordship
who started
The Scottish campaign that expelled them
from power,
They must wonder indeed how the statesman
departed
Could find in the primrose his favourite
flower."

At Dalmeny the autumn seasons were very gay and brilliant. The coming of age of Lord Hopetoun, who owns the neighbouring property, was the chief event of 1881, and there was a large party, including Lord Houghton and his daughter, at Dalmeny Park for the celebrations. In the spring months guests were entertained at Mentmore and The Durdans.

In the early years of the 1880 Ministry, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone used frequently to spend Saturday to Monday at Lord Rosebery's Surrey home. Here is a picture of a Mentmore visit, from the pen of Professor Blackie: "I arrived in time for an eight-o'clock dinner; party small and snug, little more than family. Mr. Hayward, the prose translator of 'Faust,' and Mr. Dasent, the Norseman, whom all the world knows. Conversation full of political anecdotes and English chaff. After dinner the Countess sang 'Auld Robin Gray' with great force and taste. . . . This morning the house has almost wholly swarmed off to the metropolis, leaving me with the baby Sybil, a wonderful production with large blue eyes and serene temper."

As various mysterious causes have been assigned for Lord Rosebery's resignation in 1883, it may be well to set the facts out clearly. In the House of Commons, at the end of May, Mr. Rylands complained because the Under-Secretary was in the House of Lords. Mr. Heneage said it was the first time for fifty years that the Liberal Under-Secretary for the Home Office had not

Lords was never intended to be permanent; it was made to meet the convenience of the Scotch members. Sir William warmly thanked Mr. Hibbert for his help in the business of the Department.

Almost immediately after this debate Lord Rosebery's resignation was announced, and a Tory member, Mr. Dalrymple, took the opportunity of ask-



From Photo by]

THE DURDANS: FRONT ENTRANCE.

[C. F. Hopkins, Epsom.

been a member of the House of Commons. It was argued that this arrangement interfered with the conduct of business, and that the work of helping Sir William Harcourt fell on Mr. Hibbert, Secretary to the Local Government Board, who was already overburdened. Sir William Harcourt, in his reply, said that no one was more sensible than himself that the Home Office was inadequately represented, not only in the House of Lords, but in the House of Commons. He added that the arrangement now existing in the House of

ing Sir William Harcourt whether his remarks on a previous evening had influenced his lordship's action. Sir William's reply is so interesting, in view of the subsequent relations between the two statesmen, that I shall quote the personal part of it in full:—

"Statements have been made, and apparently received with credence by the hon. member opposite (Mr. Dalrymple), that something I had said or done had been taken amiss by Lord Rosebery, and had conduced in some manner to his resignation. All I have

to say on my part—and I am desired to say it also on behalf of Lord Rosebery—is that there is not a word of foundation for it. It is an entirely untrue statement, which has not a colour of foundation of any kind or sort. As to the relations between Lord Rosebery and myself, they have been for many years, and I am happy to say are still, those of the closest political friendship and personal affection, which has never been disturbed for a single moment. I don't know for what purpose statements of this character are made. I suppose they are intended to give pain. If so, they have succeeded in their object; but I am happy to have this opportunity of saying that they are entirely without foundation. Lord Rosebery wrote to me this morning, 'I know what you must be feeling under so undeserved an innuendo, but I am quite as indignant as you are.' "

Sir William Harcourt's speech must have convinced the most malicious gossip-monger that the real cause of Lord Rosebery's resignation was political. The arrangement which placed the Under-Secretary in the House of Lords had been found inconvenient; the appointment was never intended to be permanent, and when a suitable moment presented itself, Lord Rosebery withdrew from a position which a peer could not adequately fill.

Having relinquished the cares of office, Lord Rosebery could now fulfil his long-cherished dream of visiting Australia. The Countess accompanied him, the four children being left in charge of their aunt, Lady Leconfield. The travellers went first to America, sailing from San Francisco in October.

In Australia Lord Rosebery's reception was everywhere enthusiastic. Festivals in his honour were arranged in the principal towns. The Highland Society gave the first banquet at Sydney, on December 8th. The guest of the evening dwelt on the bright and seemingly immeasurable future of the Colonies. The Liberal party, he assured his audience, was not indifferent to Australia, or careless of its reasonable aspirations. Thus, in his very first public utterance, he struck the keynote of the larger sympathy.

The leading Australasian papers printed *verbatim* an address he delivered on the prize-giving day at the Scotch College, Melbourne. "I am not here to teach," he said, "I am travelling as a learner, like the learners behind me, and therefore it is no part of my programme in Australia to make speeches, or deliver addresses, or do anything which may pertain to the common category of 'windbag.' "

"We don't claim," he said, "that Scotland is the greatest of nations, not the most beautiful, not the most accomplished, but we do claim this, that we have had the greatest thirst for knowledge of any nation that is known in this world."

If Lord Rosebery did not see everything on that tour, he saw a great deal. He visited the mines of Ballarat, orphan asylums, hospitals and workhouses, and even penetrated into the recesses of the *Sydney Morning Herald* office. He was a guest at the leading Australian houses, official vying with official to show him honour. When he made speeches, it was said that "the audience could understand why, apart from his

friendship with Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Rosebery holds a high place in Imperial politics, and is regarded as a coming man." One Australian statesman made the significant remark at the Melbourne Town Hall banquet that as Mr. Gladstone had shown sympathy for Greeks, Italians, and Bulgarians, he hoped the Earl of Rosebery would ask him now to show

course of this holiday the future Premier conversed with men of all classes. He invited the President of the Trades Hall Council to meet him at Government House, Melbourne, and discussed with him the prospects of working men in the Colonies. The Australian remarked that the working classes of Victoria are democratic. "Everybody is democratic now," was the reply. Lord



From Photo 65]

THE DURDANS, EPSOM.

[C. F. Hopkins, Epsom.]

some little sympathy for three millions of his own flesh and blood.

The travellers saw Tasmania, but were forced to abandon their earlier hope of visiting New Zealand. In a farewell letter to the Mayor of Sydney, Lord Rosebery said he had "left a pledge to fortune in New Zealand yet unvisited." The final banquet was at Adelaide, an occasion to which he has once or twice referred in speeches delivered on hot summer nights in London. January is the hottest month of the year in Southern Australia. In the

Rosebery listened in attentive silence to the labour leader's assertion that immigrants were not wanted, because all the useless people were sent out, and had eventually to be supported by the Colony.

Many other details might be added to complete the narrative of these busy months, but enough has been said to show that the Colonies found in Lord Rosebery a statesman after their own heart. It is wonderful that, amid so many distractions, he should have found time for literature. Soon after he sailed

in the *Parramatta* for Europe, the Marcus Clarke Memorial Volume was published at Melbourne, dedicated by the author's widow to Lord Rosebery—"In grateful remembrance of his kindness to her and her children." His lordship's letter, prefixed to the book, is one of the most interesting of his that have ever been printed, and I may venture to rescue it from the obscurity of the Melbourne volume.

Government House, Melbourne,
January 16th, 1884.

MRS. MARCUS CLARKE.

DEAR MADAM,—I am honoured by your request that I should allow the memorial volume of your husband's works to be dedicated to me. I am very chary about dedications, because I never feel I deserve them. But this one, perhaps, I am least unworthy of, and therefore if you think that my name can be of the slightest service to the book, pray make use of it as you please.

I say that I am not wholly unworthy of this honour, and for this reason. I think, perhaps, that of those who live in England, I am one of the oldest and warmest of your husband's admirers, so warm that I remember, when I read of his death, feeling that my visit to Australia (which has always been a floating dream of mine) would lose one great attraction to me in his absence. Long ago I fell upon "His Natural Life" by accident, and read it, not once or twice, but many times, at different periods. Since then I have frequently given away copies to men whose opinions I valued, and have always received from them the same

opinion as to the extraordinary power of the book.

There can, indeed, I think, be no two opinions as to the horrible fascination of the book. The reader who takes it up and gets beyond the Prologue—which is for many reasons the least satisfactory, albeit a very necessary part of the narrative—although he cannot but be harrowed by the long agony of the story and the human anguish of every page, is unable to lay it down: almost in spite of himself he has to read and suffer to the bitter end. To me, I confess, it is the most terrible of all novels, more terrible than "Oliver Twist" or Victor Hugo's most startling effects, for the simple reason that it is more real. It has all the solemn ghastliness of truth.

Since I have been in Australia I have employed some of the little time at my disposal in carefully examining the blue books on which "His Natural Life" is founded, and during my recent visit to Tasmania I made some personal inquiries on the subject. The result has been to bring conviction to my mind that the case is not one whit overstated—nay, that the fact in some particulars is more frightful than the fiction. Perhaps the most appalling chapter in the book is that which describes the escape and cannibalism of Gabbett, yet this is taken with almost verbal accuracy from the narrative of the escape of Pearce and Cox from Macquarie Harbour, in the appendix of the Transportation Report of 1837–8. That this should be so only enhances, to my mind, the merit of the book.

The materials for great works of

imagination lie all around us; but it is genius that selects and transposes them.


I fancy that your husband's works are not sufficiently appreciated in Australia, and am sure they are insufficiently appreciated in Great Britain. It is not, perhaps, wonderful as regards Great Britain, but it is certainly wonderful (if it be true) as regards Australia. For it is rare, I think, that so young a country has produced so great a literary force. I cannot believe but that the time must soon come when Australians will feel a melancholy pride in this true son of genius, and Australian genius; while as they read his greatest work (written when he was but twenty-five) they cannot but be thrilled at the thought that the bright present they enjoy is separated by so narrow an interval of time from the infernal tragedy portrayed by him. And in England you may find that—like another power in the world of letters, not dissimilar in genius, I mean Emily Brontë—he may have made up to him in posthumous honour what was lacking in his lifetime.

In any case, I rejoice at the publication of a volume of those smaller pieces of your husband's which are out of print; and I hope to see at no distant date a cheaper edition of "His Natural Life," so as to bring it within the reach of the great mass of the reading public.

I am writing in haste, as in an hour or two I leave Melbourne on my way

home; so I will only ask you to believe me to be,

Sincerely yours,



The tourists came home by way of India, and at Ceylon saw something of Arabi Pasha. They arrived in England in March, 1884. It would be impossible to exaggerate the influence of these six months as a formative influence in Lord Rosebery's career. He returned with a new conception of Empire. The destinies of the British race had never indeed appeared to him to be limited to these little islands, "floating, as it were, so lonely in the northern seas." "I had always hoped," he said at Melbourne, "that the communion of races might last as long as my life, but since my visit to Australia it will become a passion with me to endeavour to preserve that unity." He, more than any British statesman, has taught the children of the Empire who have gone into distant lands that the home-hearth still belongs to them.

"How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end?"

asks the parent, as he remembers the lad who went out years ago, and is building up a new home in the country of his adoption. We owe it to Lord Rosebery that the thought is never long absent from the councils of Downing Street.

Lord Rosebery as a Rising Statesman



From (photo by)

POSTWICK VILLAGE.

(The photographs of Postwick have been taken specially for this volume.)

[Ralph, Deringham.

CHAPTER V

Lord Rosebery as a Rising Statesman

WE find in Lord Rosebery's public career three periods of remarkable activity: the first beginning with his return from Australia and ending with the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1886; the second covering his Chairmanship of the London County Council in 1889-90; and the third lasting from his entrance into the Cabinet of 1892 till his resignation of the Liberal leadership in 1896. He has been a member of three Governments, and has held Cabinet office for exactly four years.

In the summer of 1884 he had two Parliamentary triumphs. The House of Lords, by opposing Mr. Gladstone's Franchise Bill, had set itself against the wishes of the nation. While the bill was passing through the Commons there were hints that the Peers intended to throw it out, but few believed they would provoke a conflict which must lead to their certain overthrow. Never has the House of Lords been more unpopular than in the session of 1884, and Lord Rosebery very cleverly chose this moment to ask for a Select Committee to consider the best means of promoting its efficiency. Talk of mending or ending was in the air; the Peers must have seen that their ancient privileges were threatened; what more natural than that they should forestall

popular clamour and themselves put their house in order?

The *Spectator* was delighted with Lord Rosebery's speech, regretted that a private Act could not be passed making him a Commoner, and blamed the Liberal leaders for not supporting him. The motion was defeated by 67 to 38, Earl Granville and Lord Derby walking out before the division. The House, though at first manifestly hostile, cheered passage after passage as the speech proceeded. With wonderful art and tact Lord Rosebery secured an attentive and deferential hearing. Some of the highest Peers, including, I believe, members of the Royal Family, expressed their sympathy with him in private. The papers said it was the ablest speech he had ever made in Parliament.

The more antiquated Tory organs were, as we might expect, very angry. "The truth is," said one writer, with amusing frankness, "that we do not desire or look for transcendent abilities in the members of the Upper House. What we require from our hereditary legislators is respectability, sound common sense, and a respect for the rights of property."

The House of Lords speech was entirely eclipsed by the address on the Franchise Bill, delivered a fortnight

later. It won the admiration of the whole Liberal party, and finally established Lord Rosebery's Parliamentary reputation. If the Liberal leaders had been cold on the previous occasion, they now showed the keenest enjoyment, and lay back laughing and cheering as they watched the looks of doubt and dismay that gradually spread over the faces opposite. Lord Brabourne, one of Mr. Gladstone's most recently created Peers, was the first to feel the point of Lord Rosebery's rapier. "He must find his coronet a crown of thorns, because ever since he has had a seat in this House it has been his constant and mournful fate to vote against Her Majesty's Government." Lord Brabourne had said he could not bear to shut the door on 2,000,000 working men. "He need not fear," replied Lord Rosebery, "no efforts of his can shut the door; he will only succeed in retarding the measure." The finest passage was the appeal to the Bishops, described by those who heard it as one of the brightest flashes of Parliamentary eloquence. The influence of the speech was so remarkable that a final attempt was made that evening to arrange a compromise. Messengers came and went between Lord Salisbury, Earl Granville, and Mr. Gladstone, but all efforts proved unavailing, and the Bill was rejected by a majority of 59 on a total vote of 351. One of the kindest and wisest of Lord Rosebery's critics was "Toby," of *Punch*, who advised him to be a little less sedulous in attention to his notes, as he was "quite strong enough to throw away corks. In a speech full of point, absolutely the best was impromptu."

One of the last events of the season

for Lord Rosebery was the unveiling, in heavy rain, of the bronze statue of Burns in the Embankment Gardens. It was the gift of Mr. Gordon Crawford, a retired Glasgow merchant; the sculptor was Sir John Steele. Perhaps it was fortunate that the Earl and Countess had taken their holiday in the spring, for the campaign against the Lords began as soon as Parliament rose, and there was no rest for any active Liberal that autumn. In August the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children, visited Edinburgh for the Forestry Exhibition, and were entertained at Dalmeny. It is curious to note how grudgingly some papers admitted that Lord Rosebery had "done the thing very well," and that he was immensely popular in Scotland. Mr. Gladstone's enemies would doubtless have preferred that the Liberal statesman should not follow the Prince of Wales as a guest at Dalmeny. The Princess of Wales planted a sycamore in the grounds, the Prince and the children planting a little circle of young trees around it. The Royal party visited the exhibition, and by their gracious manners delighted Edinburgh citizens. Mr. Gladstone and his party arrived on the last Wednesday of August, two days after the Royal guests had left Dalmeny. This early date had been fixed because it was the Premier's intention to call Parliament together for an autumn session, and to give the Lords a second opportunity of passing the Franchise Bill. Thousands of Liberals from all parts of Scotland saw Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery for the first time in 1884. I remember standing in the crowd in Queensferry

Street when the carriage with its four horses and outriders passed over the Dean Bridge on its way to the Corn Exchange. Facing the horses were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, the Premier bareheaded, and smilingly responding to the applause. Opposite sat Lord

and Conservative papers pointed out this characteristic of the meetings. As there was no election in progress, he accompanied Mr. Gladstone to the Corn Exchange and the Waverley Market, and on each occasion the audience insisted on a speech from "Rozbre," and would



From Photo by]

[Ralph, Dersingham,

POSTWICK CHURCH, ON LORD ROSEBERY'S NORFOLK ESTATE.

Rosebery, wearing a bowler hat well pulled down over his forehead, and gazing dreamily into the distance, as if there were no crowd and no waving of handkerchiefs and shouting—as if, at any rate, not a man in the vast concourse felt the slightest interest in *him*. Yet the most remarkable feature of the Midlothian campaign of 1884 was the enthusiasm for Lord Rosebery. Liberal

take no denial. One evening he said he could not understand why such kindness was shown him. Instantly a voice shouted from the back of the hall, "It's because we like ye"; and the cheers of the working men showed how heartily they agreed. Long before the campaign ended, Mr. Gladstone must have recognised that Lord Rosebery was Scotland's chosen leader, and the events of 1884

may have been in his memory when, two years later, he presented his friend to the Liberal Party in England as "the man of the future."

The tie of personal affection between the two statesmen had become stronger with every year since 1879, and was manifested in ways which charmed the Scottish people. Some Conservative politicians had suggested that as Mr. Gladstone had published two volumes of his Midlothian speeches, Scotland might take it for granted that the campaigns were over. Lord Rosebery protested against the idea of shelving Mr. Gladstone. "I can assure him that there is the roof of one who is not a voter, who has never been a voter, and is never likely to be a voter, which is always ready for him if he should care to add a volume to his Midlothian speeches." Every morning, in the intervals of work, the friends walked together on the richly wooded terraces to the south of the mansion, and Mr. Gladstone would look on with interest while Lord Rosebery, on sunny September afternoons, played lawn tennis with his younger guests. The prowess of the Grand Old Woodcutter was well known in Midlothian, and villagers might be heard expressing the hope that Mr. Gladstone would not cut down too many of the old trees. *Punch's* "Midlothian Diary" amusingly reflects some of the talk that went on. "Steal softly down, axe on shoulder. Find nice young oak, just the thing to take before breakfast. . . . Rosebery turns up. Seems a little annoyed; asks if I do not think I'll tire myself. Oh no, I say; used to it; generally take a tree, or half a tree, according to size, when I get up

in the morning. Rosebery says he'll show me where there are some nice trees. Evidently hit upon a wrong one." Mr. Lucy describes a visit to "Kirk in Edinburgh." "Rosebery says proper thing to do is to go to the morning service, take oatmeal cake and slice of strongly flavoured cheese to munch in interval succeeding morning service, and so be in good time for the afternoon. We did this, and spent very pleasant day." The room occupied by Mr. Gladstone at Dalmeny has an inscription let in above the door, "Mr. Gladstone's Bedroom," and it may safely be prophesied that no descendant of Lord Rosebery will ever wish to remove it. Much of the Premier's time was spent in Barnbogle Castle, the venerable building which dates from the early fifteenth century, and is named on the charts used by vessels navigating the Firth.

There is a legend that when a Lord of Barnbogle approaches death, the spectre of a man and a hound appear, the man blowing a long piercing note on his bugle. The spot on which the Castle stands was called in the Middle Ages "Hound Point." Dinner parties were often entertained in the banqueting hall, which is 60 feet long by 30 wide, and has a high vaulted roof. Here, as in Dalmeny House, there is a fine music-room. The deputations to Mr. Gladstone, which were almost too numerous during his later campaigns, were received either in the music-room or the library.

After his guests had departed, Lord Rosebery visited Aberdeen and addressed the Trades Union Congress. On the same occasion (September 11th, 1884) he received the freedom of

the city, the Town Clerk affixing the burgess medal to his hat by two yards of crimson ribbon. As he put on the hat, with its long streamers, the audience of 3,000 assembled in the music hall were so delighted that they rose as one man and cheered, Lord Rosebery, hatted and be-ribboned, looking gravely on from his chair. The Trades Congress speech is chiefly remarkable for

Rosebery, with the daughter and heiress of Sir Edward Ward. It is a beautiful old-fashioned house, but has not been used as a family residence in the present century. The tenant, who died in 1884, had lived at Bixley Hall for over fifty years. In Postwick Church there is a memorial window erected by the present Earl to the memory of his grandfather.



From Photo by]

[Ralph, Dersingham.

POSTWICK HALL, ON LORD ROSEBERY'S NORFOLK ESTATE.

its bold defence of Imperial Federation. It was the first of many speeches in which the future President of the Imperial Federation League advocated a closer union with the Colonies, which the preceding generation of statesmen had done so much to alienate.

A visit to Postwick, his property near Norwich, filled up several days in this month. It may be worth while to mention that Bixley Hall, on the Yare, Postwick, came to the Primrose family in 1764 by the marriage of Neil, Earl of

Mr. Gladstone was expected at Dalmeny for a return visit on Wednesday, September 23rd, and Lord Rosebery went north to receive him. On the Tuesday he met with an accident while riding. His horse stepped into a rabbit-hole and threw him, and for several weeks he was an invalid, suffering from a broken collar-bone and other injuries. Professor Annandale and Dr. Keith attended him. In the earlier days of his illness he was much troubled with sleepless-

ness—the first hint of the malady which was in after-years to prove so grave a hindrance to his career. He was able to see Mr. Gladstone for a short time on Thursday, and when the guests left Dalmeny station on Friday morning, Mrs. Gladstone asked Mr. John Cowan to tell the company which had assembled to take leave of them that Lord Rosebery was going on as well as could be expected. He appeared in the House of Lords at the opening of the autumn session, though with his left arm in a sling.

In the beginning of December he made a speech to the Liverpool Reform Club, which is important as foreshadowing the line he took thus early on many great questions which are still undecided. His opening paragraphs were coloured with reminiscences of travel. "No six months of my life have given me so much instruction and profit. The voyage home from Melbourne to London was itself a lesson of statesmanship. In a tour like this one learns to understand what are the great questions and what are not the great questions of the day." He thanked the *Pall Mall Gazette* for its work on behalf of the Navy, strongly opposed the giving up of our task in Egypt, "where the noble and congenial work of construction lies before us," urged the reform of the House of Lords, and, at the close, turned back to the thought of Federation, which was now the dream of his life, and prophesied that in our time it would be decided whether the cold frost of indifference should nip off the more distant members of the Empire, parting from us for ever those colonies which

were the monuments of the past and the hopes of the future. Lord Rosebery has always been careful to explain that the Federation he desired was not a mechanical or artificial unity, but the oneness which is the fruit of common affections, interests, aspirations, ideals. Legislation has done little or nothing in the past fifteen years to tighten the bonds between the mother country and her children; but neither Lord Rosebery nor any other statesman would nowadays think it necessary to utter such a warning as he gave at Liverpool. We rejoice in the loyalty and devotion of our Colonies; and when we remember the generous willingness with which they came forward to help us in the Transvaal war, who shall say that the dream of Federation has not been fulfilled in its loftiest meaning?

The early months of 1885 brought misfortune and unpopularity to Mr. Gladstone's Government. In the beginning of February it was known that Khartoum had fallen, and that the fate of General Gordon was trembling in the balance. Lord Rosebery had pleaded for a stronger and more vigorous policy in Egypt, but in the hour of trouble he hastened to Mr. Gladstone's side. At the Epsom Liberal Club, on February 9th, he made one of his most characteristic speeches. He admitted that grave anxiety was felt as to the future of the Soudan and the fate of Gordon.

"You cannot walk through the humblest or obscurest village in the country without some labourer coming up and saying, 'Have you any news of *him*?'"

But this anxiety was no fair reason

for attacking Ministers. Cheers and some hisses followed his appeal for sympathy with the Cabinet. "I have been shocked," said Lord Rosebery, disregarding the opposition, "to see that some papers have supposed that the fall of Khartoum must involve the fall of the Government. It never occurred to me to think that it was a question of who was to occupy place, or who was wishing to occupy place. . . . I confess that so far from thinking, when I heard the news, that it was important to turn the Government out, or to put some other Government in, it only struck me that the first thought of every Englishman would be to strengthen the Government in every possible way." At the close he said he had the strongest conviction that the coming democracy would comport itself in the hour of danger with dignity and valour, and carry the flag of Britain as proudly as any of the oligarchies or despotisms of the past.

This speech was delivered on a Monday, and on Thursday of the same week it was announced that he had accepted Cabinet office as Lord Privy Seal and First Commissioner of Works. He attended his first Cabinet Council on Monday, February 16th. The appointment was received with a chorus of congratulations. "It was impossible,"

says Sir Algernon West, "not to admire Lord Rosebery for joining a ship so deep in the trough of the sea." Mr. Cory sent a kind letter, hoping that his former pupil would escape the attentions of flatterers, Colonial and Scottish, commending to him the example of William Pitt, and ending with "Rule Britannia." Newspapers of all shades of politics expressed satisfaction, as the choice was understood to foreshadow a new departure

in foreign and colonial administration. But the ship settled more and more deeply down. The death of Gordon made Mr. Gladstone, for a time, the most hated man in England; and when in April Lord Rosebery addressed a Liberal meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, he must have foreseen the approaching fall of the

Ministry. In May he was sent to Berlin on a special mission to Prince Bismarck, with whose son (Count Herbert) he had for some years been on friendly terms.

Matthew Arnold met Lord Rosebery at Aston Clinton in March of this year, and describes him as "very gay and smart," adding, "I like him much. I have promised," he says, "to go to The Durdans, near Epsom, which he likes much the best of all his places; it is very small." He tells how Lady



From Photo by

[J. R. Browning, Exeter.

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD ROSEBERY.

Rosebery produced an autograph book for him to write in. The entries included a contribution from Her Majesty the Queen, "who has written Tennyson's stanza, 'Tis better to have loved and lost,' in her best and boldest hand."

When the Liberal Ministry was defeated, and Lord Salisbury had entered on his first brief tenure of power, preparations were made all over the country for the General Election

that "in any Radical Ministry Lord Rosebery must lead the Lords"; but there is little doubt that Mr. Gladstone already foresaw for his young colleague and friend an infinitely greater and more influential future. The address at Edinburgh was the famous "umbrella speech," by which Lord Rosebery added a new phrase to politics. "When I ask myself," he said, "What is a Liberal? I remem-



THE FOREIGN SECRETARY'S ROOM AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

which must take place in the autumn. On the 29th of June Lord Rosebery presided at a meeting of the Midlothian Liberal Association. A letter was received from Mr. Gladstone, in which the following passage occurred: "I rejoice that you meet under the presidency of my friend and late colleague, Lord Rosebery, who has to play, if his life is spared, an important part in the future politics of the United Kingdom." The *Spectator* assumed that Mr. Gladstone meant

that the name 'Liberal' is good enough for Mr. Gladstone, and good enough for Mr. Bright. I am quite willing to walk under an umbrella with these two gentlemen." The "Grand Old Liberal Umbrella" was mentioned in half the electioneering harangues of the autumn. Lord Rosebery declared that Mr. Gladstone must lead the Liberals once more, for the very children would pull him out of his repose. He made one of those appeals for unity which are the most significant feature of

his public addresses in this year. He entreated Liberals of all shades, "earnest Radicals, labour candidates, men of calm and philosophic views, even the sinister and mysterious Whig, if such can be found," to rally once more round the old flag. He asked them to "compromise a little in order to preserve the essence," and to see that "no sacrilegious hand should dare to touch the sacred ark of Liberal unity."

in summers which I shall not see" he might render signal service to the State.

For several years—in fact, ever since he came under Mr. Gladstone's influence—Lord Rosebery's interest in the Turf had been languishing, and in the summer of 1885 he sold off his horses, and announced his retirement from racing. About this time the Prince of Wales commenced his racing career, and *Punch* had a cartoon, showing Lord Rosebery rais-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ROOM.

(These interiors of the Foreign Office were specially taken, by kind permission, for this volume.)

A few weeks afterwards the late Duke of Argyll, who had many a brilliant sparring match with Lord Rosebery, criticised this speech in the House of Lords, and asked if the sacred ark was at Dalmeny. Lord Rosebery closed an impromptu reply with the observation that, wherever the ark might rest, he did not think it would be found at Inverary. The Duke on this occasion paid a striking tribute to the genius and growing influence of his fellow-countryman, and hoped that "far on

ing his hat to his Royal Highness, as a sign of farewell. In a description of the paddock at Doncaster in *Punch* (Sept., 1885) the following lines appeared :—

"The young Duke of Portland, ex-guardsman,
conversing with Scotia's chief pride,
Smart, versatile, genial Rosebery. When he,
alas ! stands aside
From tips and turf honours, they'll mourn
him ; but then Gladstone's primrose is
entered
On a race that is other than hippic, on which
his ambition is centred,
And which the 'cute Earl 'stands to win,' if
omens the world reads aright."

Lord Rosebery's attention was closely concentrated on politics at this period. Scarcely a week passed without some speech of his appearing in the papers. He travelled up and down the country, addressing meetings in England and Scotland, and everywhere he sounded the same note: "Be one party; forget everything for the public." At Bo'ness, in October, he said that if he was not like Prince Rupert, in the front of the van, the reason was that he was looking after headquarters, a duty which was even more important. He explained that he agreed with the Radical views advocated at the time by Mr. Chamberlain and others; "but," he said, "let us take care that in straining after what is desirable, we do not lose what is vital and essential, that in grasping what we should like to have—aye, and what we mean to have—we do not slip down and plunge—leaders and party, Parliament and Government—into the Serbonian bog."

There is no need to describe the Midlothian campaign of November, 1885; it will be sufficient to glance at two events which concerned Lord Rosebery. The first was the banquet in the Edinburgh Music Hall on November 13th, at which he was the guest of the Scottish Liberal Club. The Earl of Stair presided, and over 700 guests were present. The occasion is interesting, for it was almost the last great meeting of the undivided Liberal party. Who could have guessed, as he surveyed that splendid company, representing the flower of Scottish Liberalism, and saw the chiefs of so many noble families assembled to do honour to the young Scottish leader, that in a few months the gallant hosts

would melt away, and the Liberal fire sink low on dune and headland? Already, indeed, there were whispers of disunion. Mr. Gladstone's speech, in which he postponed Disestablishment to an apparently remote future, had offended some of his most ardent supporters. The Free Church leaders came to the banquet sad at heart. But outwardly all seemed well. Mr. Goschen and Mr. Gladstone sat side by side; none dreamt that from an unexpected quarter so heavy a blow was impending. The names of the Liberal leaders were inscribed on shields hung round the hall; Lord Rosebery's, the central shield, had upon it a quotation from one of his latest speeches: "I speak, I have spoken, for unity and the Empire." An address, enclosed in a silver casket, was presented to him. Mr. Gladstone proposed "The Scottish Liberal Club." Lord Rosebery dwelt on the pressing political questions which would call for settlement from a new Liberal Government. He compared them to the rolling waves of the Atlantic, and said that, "High above them all, there comes a supreme billow, with an appalling volume, and with a curling crest—the volume of Irish demands and Irish discontent." "If things turn out as I am told they will," he added, "that question will elbow and shoulder away all others, and will absorb the mind and the time and the energies of Parliament, to the exclusion of every other." His speech alone among all that were delivered that evening contains a "presentiment of the eve."

The other event was the unveiling of the "restored Mercat Cross which Mr. Gladstone had presented to Edinburgh. The aged statesman had wished to make

some return for the kindness he had received from the city, and at Lord Rosebery's suggestion his gift took this graceful form.

In a brief speech near the close of the proceedings, Lord Rosebery recalled "the most beautiful, but most awful legend connected with the cross." Before the battle of Flodden, a bystander on a balcony opposite heard a grim summons, calling on many of Scotland's noblest names, including his own, and bidding these men appear within a week before the judgment bar of God. "The legend tells," said Lord Rosebery, "that the bystander flung down his glass, and appealed to a higher power than that which had issued the summons, and he only of all whose names were called escaped unhurt from the battle."

Those who heard or have read Lord Rosebery's farewell speech of October, 1896, at Edinburgh, will remember with what dramatic power he again made use of this ancient tradition.

He was taking an interest at this

time in the work of railway servants, and in a speech at Reigate that autumn pleaded strongly for a shortening of their hours. At the New Year he wrote urging them to lay the melancholy facts before the public through the press, so as to "stir the sluggish but irresistible force of public opinion.

When that is moved, your cause is won."

Mr. Gladstone returned to power in February, 1886, and amid the acclamations of every section of the press, Lord Rosebery became Foreign Secretary. His was almost the only appointment that attracted attention abroad. At home every one hoped



MR. GLADSTONE.

From Photo by Russell & Sons.

great things from the young Minister of thirty-eight. Matthew Arnold said in his *Nineteenth Century* article on "The Nadir of Liberalism": "Lord Rosebery, with his freshness, spirit, and intelligence, one cannot but with pleasure see at the Foreign Office." "All Scotland believes in him," wrote the *Spectator*. "Mr. Gladstone believes in him, and it is said that Prince Bismarck

believes in him. It is nerve," the *Spectator* added, "which is most needed in the Foreign Secretary, and all men say that Lord Rosebery possesses nerve."

The new Secretary was from the beginning very popular with the permanent officials, all the more so because he recognised his own inexperience, and was not too proud to learn. It is said that soon after his entrance on office he sent for Sir Edward Hertslet, the Chief of the Treaty Department, and asked him, "What is a protocol?" He wished for a scientific explanation. During the brief five months before the defeat of the Government on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, events occurred abroad which tested Lord Rosebery's statesmanship. Greece wished to go to war with Turkey, and it became necessary for the Great Powers to blockade her ports. Lord Rosebery's colleagues, absorbed in their Irish Bill, did not interfere with his department. The blockade was carried out with promptitude and success, and the dreaded Eastern question slumbered once more. By his conduct in this crisis he won the highest credit. Those who had hitherto regarded him as only a clever occasional speaker recognised, in Mr. Barrie's words, that "his tenure of the Foreign Office proved him heavy metal."

Amidst the cares of the Foreign Office, absorbing as they must have been to one whose anxious temperament prevents him from taking his public duties lightly, Lord Rosebery may perhaps have found little time for a close examination of the Home Rule Bill. With the loyalty and devotion which from the beginning characterized his relations to

Mr. Gladstone, he chose, when others fell away, to stand by his leader's side. The Unionists would have done almost anything to gain him, but, as he said on another subject at Bath, a policy initiated by Mr. Gladstone always seemed to him to possess the elements of hopefulness. His passionate belief in Imperial Federation helped to make him a Home Ruler, for he looked upon Ireland as one among many Britains, and felt, as he said to the Colonial Premiers at the Jubilee Banquet of 1897, that it is not to the credit of the Empire that one Britain should remain sullen and discontented.

From a social point of view, the summer of 1886 was a brilliant one for the Foreign Secretary and Lady Rosebery. Lansdowne House was crowded with English, Colonial, and American guests. Here is a picture by Professor Blackie of a luncheon party in June:—

"We had a very pleasant party at Lansdowne House last Saturday. A little circular parlour with a dome above, and a little round table in the middle, with a few chosen guests, numbering eight in all, including mine host and hostess; Lord and Lady Aberdeen; Ferguson of Novar, a square-browed Scot, with a bright open face; Drummond, the scientific religionist of the hour, tall and handsome; Villiers of the Foreign Office; and Calcraft of the Board of Trade."

Oliver Wendell Holmes visited London that summer, and he also went to a luncheon party at Lansdowne House. In his "Hundred Days in Europe," Dr. Holmes told this charming story: "The eldest of the four children, Sybil, a

pretty bright child of six, told me that she wrote a letter to the Queen. I said, 'Did you begin, Dear Queen?' 'No,' she answered; 'I began, Your Majesty, and signed myself, Your little humble servant, Sybil.' A very cordial and homelike reception at this great

Office reception on the Queen's birthday. Two thousand invitations had been issued, and the crowd was so great that Dr. Holmes thought of all the crushes he had ever been caught in, or had heard of—"the terrible time at the execution of Holloway and Haggerty, when forty



From Photo by]

LORD ROSEBERY AT HIS WRITING-TABLE IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

[Russell & Son.

house," adds Dr. Holmes; "a couple of hours were passed most agreeably."

Lord Rosebery arranged for Dr. Holmes to go to the Derby in the Prince of Wales's train. The Autocrat recalled (possibly as a salve to his conscience) Mr. Gladstone's visit to the Derby, and the opinion he had expressed that the scene on the Downs was more Italian than English in its character. He describes also how he went to the Foreign

people were crushed to death"; the Brooklyn theatre fire, and other catastrophes. "We were glad to escape from the threatened asphyxia and move freely about the noble apartments. Lady Rosebery, who was kindness itself, would have had us stay and sit down in comfort at the supper table after the crowd had thinned; but we were tired with all we had been through, and ordered our carriage."

One other incident of the summer of 1886 may fitly close this chapter. Soon after the fall of his Government, Mr. Gladstone addressed a meeting in Manchester, and in his speech reviewed the names of the colleagues who had been faithful to him. He kept Lord Rosebery's name to the last—"the youngest member of the Cabinet." "Of him I will say to the Liberal party of this country, and I say it not without reflec-

tion, for if I said it lightly I should be doing injustice not less to him than to them—in whom I say to the Liberal party of this country that they see the man of the future." It was not the aged leader's custom to pay compliments to his colleagues, or to plan out their future. But in the hour of defeat and desertion he saw a "budding morrow in midnight," and the hope of the new dawn was in Lord Rosebery.

Lord Rosebery and London



From Photo by Heath, 24, George Street, Plymouth.

Rowley

CHAPTER VI

Lord Rosebery and London

IN the autumn of 1886 Lord and Lady Rosebery, accompanied by Mr. Munro Ferguson of Novar, sailed for Bombay, where they arrived in the third week of November. On St. Andrew's Day there was a banquet, over which Lord Reay presided. The Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Fife, and Lord Rosebery were the principal guests. The ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs was called upon for a speech, and remarked that he had been in India just eight days—"long enough to write a book about it." There were murmurs of dissent when he said that no nation except the Scotch really appreciated the bagpipes! The serious part of the speech had a strongly Imperial note. "The Empire we have gained we are determined to maintain." This was the only public address of any importance he delivered in India, but he met in private a number of the native gentlemen of Bombay, and listened attentively to a discussion on the needs of our great dependency. Lady Rosebery visited the Jewish School, and heard songs in Hebrew and Mahratti. In December they visited Lahore. At Agra they were the guests of the Maharajah: Sir Alfred Lyall entertained them at Government House, Allahabad. At Calcutta they spent a few days with the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, and were present at a brilliant State Ball given

by His Excellency. Then they went on to Darjeeling, on the borders of the snow-world of the Himalayas, and had a glimpse of the mighty Kinchinjunga. Lord Rosebery's farthest excursion was to Quetta. He travelled from Sibi up the Bolan Pass and returned by the Hurnai route, covering in four days a distance of 325 miles. The Indian papers, in describing the tour, remarked that a short time ago the same journey would have taken twenty-five days' hard marching. Although the railway was open, travelling notabilities were still rare in Beluchistan, and Lord Rosebery was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome. Sibi was decorated with flags and triumphal arches. The Khan of Khelat's representative and a number of Pathan and Beluch Sirdars were in attendance to interview the stranger.

Another tour was undertaken by Lord Rosebery and Lord Reay, to the ancient Portuguese city of Goa. They sailed from Bombay on board the *Bacchante*, and were absent four days. We can well imagine that no part of India impressed Lord Rosebery more than the dead world of Goa and Rutnaghery, with its mouldering palaces and its traces of a civilization that had been marred by the cruelties of the Inquisition.

The Indian papers of the time took

pride in recording the signs of interest shown by the distinguished guest in the political institutions of their country. He was presented with a set of "Hyderabad Affairs," with a copy of the "Historical and Descriptive Sketch of Hyderabad," and with the latest administrative reports. There are hints in various papers that India would have been proud to welcome him as Viceroy.

The tour came to an end about the middle of February, when the Earl and Countess sailed from Bombay on the return voyage to England.

Lord Rosebery's first speech in 1887 was delivered at Glasgow. There had been some curiosity as to whether he would continue to support Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, and a Unionist writer observed, after hearing him, "The sun of India has bronzed his cheek, but politically he is greener than the shamrock." In the course of the year he spoke at Plymouth, Manchester, Ipswich, and Huddersfield. It was a gloomy time for Liberalism, and the English constituencies were eager to secure the services of the young leader whom they were learning to regard as the man of the future.

A letter appeared in the *Spectator* in December, urging that Lord Rosebery was the coming leader of Liberalism. The writer pointed out that his wealth put him above the temptation of office-seeking, and that he had an innate genius for statesmanship. "He has the fighting power of Sir William Harcourt, the moderation and fairness of Mr. John Morley, the robustness of Mr. Fowler, and the polish of Sir George Trevelyan."

The *Spectator* discussed this letter

in its first leading article, and while recognising the great promise of Lord Rosebery, expressed the view that "for the purposes of Prime Minister" he was an untried man. "The prospect of a young and untried nobleman, of genius it may be admitted, but of genius of which no one knows the calibre, at the head of an Administration with such a demagogue as Sir William Harcourt as his lieutenant, fills us with nothing but foreboding and dismay." The article shows that as far back as 1887, when Lord Rosebery was only forty, he was regarded by English Liberals as Mr. Gladstone's natural successor.

In March, 1888, Matthew Arnold spent a night at The Durdans, and in one of his last letters he described the visit. The weather was bitterly cold, and the guest recorded that "pretty little Peggy, whom Millais painted, has inflammation of the lungs." Lady Peggy's delicate health was a cause of grave concern to her parents during this year. Lady Rosebery, a most tender and anxious mother, was the child's constant nurse and companion, and there is little doubt that her own health was permanently impaired by her exertions. The golden curls which the public had admired in Millais's "Lady Peggy Primrose" were cut off in the crisis of the child's illness, and a lock was sent to the artist as a keepsake. The delicate health of his younger daughter was an ever-present trouble, which somewhat interfered with the Earl's political work. He made one great speech in Parliament in the Session of 1888—a second appeal for the reform of the House of Lords. This time the Liberal leaders voted with him, but the



NO. 38, BERKELEY SQUARE : LORD ROSEBERY'S LONDON HOUSE.

motion for a Committee of Inquiry was rejected by 97 votes to 50. This speech was the longest and most elaborate of his Parliamentary efforts; it occupied nearly two hours in delivery. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley,

and nearly all his late colleagues came to hear it.

An important event of the spring was the removal from Lansdowne House to 38, Berkeley Square. The house was old and rambling, and Lord

Rosebery has almost entirely rebuilt it.

The change of residence was made in April, 1888. Professor Blackie tells how he attended a house-warming party, including many Gladstonian Liberals: "the G.O.M. himself and his lady; also Lord Aberdeen and his lady, Principal Donaldson, Arnold Morley, the Liberal Whip, and a few others. The G.O.M. looked quite well, but discoursed rather too seriously about various matters, Popery and French novels, both unlovely subjects; to which unseasonable seriousness I put a pleasant end in the drawing-room by giving 'The Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie,' at the express request of Mrs. Gladstone and mine host."

Sir Walter Besant's imaginary "Palace of Delight" for East London had found tangible shape in the People's Palace in the Mile End Road, and in May, 1888, Lord and Lady Rosebery presented to the new institution a swimming-bath, which cost £2,500. They visited the Palace one summer evening, and were amused to watch the children practising in the gymnasium. "We politicians," said his lordship, "have no time for gymnastics, and we should cut a very ridiculous figure if we attempted them."

Among the autumn engagements of this year, I will mention only his visit to Leeds in October. Mr. Barrie's article, referred to in a previous chapter, had just appeared in the *British Weekly*, and one of the speakers at Leeds quoted from it the story of the old Scotsman who cried at a meeting which Lord Rosebery was firing by his eloquence, "I dinna hear a word he says, but it's grand, it's grand." Lord Rosebery was amused by the quotation, and said he

feared the old gentleman would not have liked him quite so well but for his deafness. The Leeds addresses displeased the *Spectator* by their earnest advocacy of Imperial Federation. "Lord Rosebery thinks only of opinion in the Colonies, and never of opinion in London. Like his leader, he is anxious for everybody except Englishmen." How strangely such a reproach reads to us in these happier days, when one party vies with the other in affection for the Colonies, and the old insular selfishness has disappeared.

We come now to Lord Rosebery's second great period of national service, for in guiding the London County Council through its anxious beginnings he was, without doubt, rendering service to his country. Along with his friend and neighbour in Berkeley Square, Sir John Lubbock, he offered himself as a candidate for the City in the election of January, 1889. Many of London's most influential citizens feared that the new body set up by the Local Government Act of 1888 would be little better than the Board of Works which it superseded. There was too much reason to apprehend that unless some statesman took control of its destinies, the worst features of American municipal life might repeat themselves. The appeal inviting Lord Rosebery to come forward as an independent candidate was signed by over 1,100 names, representing both sides in politics and many parts of the Empire. He responded willingly, for it had always been his desire to do something for London. Himself a Londoner by birth, he felt that he belonged to no mean city. "I am haunted by the awfulness of

London," he said once, thinking of its portentous growth, its immeasurable destinies. He realized the attractive power of the world's capital, how it draws to itself year by year hundreds of thousands of new inhabitants (an annual increase equal in 1889 to the entire population of Norwich), and how those who once lose themselves within its labyrinth rarely emerge. He knew with what legitimate pride the English race throughout the world regards the mother city. There is no colony so distant that its children cannot see in imagination the lights of London glimmering across the wastes of ocean. Leading colonists pointed out to Lord Rosebery that the metropolis of the Empire ought to be the model for all her daughter cities. In accepting the invitation he entered on the busiest and perhaps the happiest years of his life. No other statesman of the front rank offered his services to the Council. One other peer, Lord Monkswell, stood as a candidate, and was elected.

On Monday, January 7th, a day of frost and fog, he addressed the electors in the schoolroom, Bishopsgate Churchyard. His old friend, Prebendary Rogers, was in the chair. "I owe some very important things to Mr. Rogers," said Lord Rosebery. "He married me; and I hope that, without any dissolution of the former union, he will marry me again to the City of London."

On Wednesday of the same week he addressed a crowded meeting in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. Several working men made speeches, strongly supporting his candidature. One asked if he would say for how

many months of the year he was accustomed to reside in London. Lord Rosebery answered that he would promise, if elected, to attend the Council's meetings regularly. Another objected that he had no time to give to the work. He confessed that he was a man with many irons in the fire, but unfortunately the irons would not come out, and in any case he intended to make the Council's business his chief occupation. He appealed to London to realize its own greatness, and the responsibilities of its unique position. "Let London save London now. Renew your youth; resume your leadership. Be earnest, be anxious, and you will more than reward all the labour of every candidate who has come before you."

A third meeting in Houndsditch was held a few days before the polling. It was an exciting time for Lord Rosebery, for he had never before stood as a candidate in any contested election. Often he had vainly wished that the doors of the House of Lords would open outwards, and let him take his place in the People's Chamber. Here at length was his chance of representing a popular constituency; and those who watched him moving about the dark streets in the wintry weeks of January, or talked with him by the fire in Mr. Rogers' library in Bishopsgate Square, can still recall how he enjoyed the struggle.

His appearance as a candidate gave interest and importance to the elections. Speeches made by him in little halls and schoolrooms were reported verbatim, and discussed in all the newspapers. City merchants and tradesmen of Conservative politics announced their

intention of voting for the Liberal ex-Minister. In his Committee Rooms there was all the stir and bustle of a Parliamentary contest. On Friday, January 18th, he was returned as the second on the poll. Sir John Lubbock came first with 8,976 votes, then Lord Rosebery with 8,032; the third, Mr. Cohen, was several thousands below them. Lady Rosebery drove with her husband into the City, and heard him return thanks to his supporters.

London sent a Progressive majority to its first Council, and some of the extremer Radical and Labour men did not at all wish to see Lord Rosebery Chairman. Their hope was to make the officials the paid servants of the party in power, and it was well known that Lord Rosebery would not accept a salary. However, it was speedily made clear that his fellow-citizens wished him to take the appointment, and on February 12th he was elected to the Chairmanship by a majority of five-sixths of the Council. The numbers were 104 in his favour, and 17 against him. The debate lasted nearly two hours—"two of the most disagreeable hours I have ever spent in my life." The grave objection was raised by one member that he had not the stern and commanding manner which would be necessary to keep the Council in order. Another said they would spoil a brilliant orator and make a doubtful Chairman. John Burns was one of the minority, but he and Lord Rosebery became afterwards good friends. I have watched them chatting together at the Chairman's desk in Spring Gardens, and I know that in private, as in public, Mr. Burns speaks with admiration of

Lord Rosebery. Although he refused office from the late Liberal Ministry, some think it not altogether improbable that he may one day hold office in a Rosebery Government. I may tell here the true story of how Lord Rosebery came to be called "Mr. Chairman." At a committee meeting, summoned to consider the standing orders, John Burns moved his famous "No Titles" resolution. He proposed that, in referring to each other, members should, as in the House of Commons, drop their personal titles, and that the occupant of the chair should be addressed as Mr. Chairman. Lord Rosebery sprang up as soon as Mr. Burns had finished, and said it would surely be unnecessary to second such a motion. He delighted in his democratic titles of "Mr. Chairman" and "Citizen Rosebery." His new position brought him into closer touch than ever with the people and their leaders.

From the beginning he threw himself heart and soul into the Council's work. So varied were the tasks that came before the committees that he said it would not have surprised him if the Chairman had been expected to sweep out the office.

He had promised to address a Liberal meeting in Edinburgh on the evening of Tuesday, February 19th; the engagement had been made before the election, and he could not get out of it. He was therefore absent from a meeting of the Council, but was only away from London for twenty-four hours. He travelled all day on Tuesday, addressed the meeting at Edinburgh, travelled back on Tuesday night, and was ready for committee work on Wednesday.



THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL HALL AT SPRING GARDENS.

Yet one paper reproved him for "deliberate abandonment of his duty."

At the end of March the Council removed from the Guildhall to its home in Spring Gardens. After the first few weeks the papers took little notice of it, for London was agitated at the time by the proceedings of the Parnell Commission. In Mr. Stead's lively journal, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Council was rarely mentioned. *Punch* displayed a fraternal interest in Lord Rosebery's hard fate. In Easter week the cartoon showed the Speaker with his portmanteau in his hand, bidding good-bye, before setting out on his holiday, to "Mr. Chairman," who, with a large apron on, stands in the midst of ginger-beer bottles and baskets of nuts.

"Hope you will enjoy your holiday," says the Speaker.

"Precious little holiday," answers "Mr. Chairman" ruefully. "The County Council's sending me out to Battersea Park with nuts and ginger-beer."

We may be sure Lord Rosebery did not grudge the loss of his Easter holiday, or any of the social deprivations involved in this life of toil. In the first twelve months he presided at forty-four public sittings of the Council and attended 280 meetings of committee. Besides this he held numerous informal conferences with the chairmen of committees; in short, as Mr. Frederic Harrison said, he was quite as busy as any Cabinet Minister with the affairs of

his office. He soon won the confidence and affection of his colleagues. The Radicals recognised that his heart was set on progress not less earnestly than theirs. Radicals and Moderates alike admitted his absolute impartiality in the chair. Though he rarely made speeches, he knew when to throw in a few encouraging words, in which he presented to the Council the highest and most inspiring view of its labours. "They called us an assembly of Rads, cads, and fads," he said; "but what has sustained you in this work has been neither fee nor fame nor praise; it has been the pure impulse of a clear duty, a high hope, and a generous ideal."

I watched Lord Rosebery conducting the business of the Council on a hot afternoon in 1890. The public gallery at Spring Gardens was crowded with spectators. The Chairman, looking tired and sleepy, seemed hardly to be following the debate. But when a point was referred to him—and this happened constantly in the afternoon—he proved to be wakeful and alert, and could recall the argument of every speech that had preceded. He sent the messenger boy for his writing-case and rapidly penned several notes, never for a moment relaxing his vigilance. After a while Lady Rosebery came in and sat on the dais at his left, chatting pleasantly with Sir John Lubbock, and once or twice exchanging a smile with her husband.

The Chairman's task was lightened by the fifteen minutes' time limit for speeches. "The silent movement of the minute hand of the clock," wrote Mr. Frederic Harrison, "to say nothing of the suggestive smile of the Chair-

man," warned the members when to stop.

"No one likes the effect of being cut short by the Chairman, even though it be by the pleasantest of silent smiles." Frequently, however, the Chairman had to use his influence to prolong the discussions. "Lord Rosebery is the last man in public life whom one would expect to be tolerant of idle talk. But day by day he exhibits the unique example of the Chairman of a deliberative assembly, begging it, nay, even compelling it, to listen to more of such highly instructive debate."

When the afternoon's work was over, or in the intervals of business, members found in the tea-room pleasant opportunities for intercourse with the Chairman. There his social gifts were displayed to even greater advantage than in the drawing-rooms of Lansdowne House or Berkeley Square. He charmed his colleagues, not by any effusive geniality of manner, but by a sympathy and kindness which convinced the poorest as well as the richest that the Chairman was his friend. It has often been remarked that Lord Rosebery's manner to chance acquaintances is apt to be rather stolid and dry, as his countenance, if one watches it in repose, sometimes appears an expressionless mask. The "all-conquering smile" which lights up his face as with the radiance of sunshine has its counterpart in the intuition with which he will hit on the very subject most interesting to his guest, listening and talking and listening again, as if his whole mind were absorbed in the conversation of the moment. Sir Edward Grey once said that when he served under Lord Rose-

bery at the Foreign Office, he never consulted him without being cheered, strengthened, and encouraged. The County Councillors were proud of a leader who, while not less diligent than themselves in matters of detail,

ceeded in extricating themselves. Another interesting occasion was the midnight meeting of bus-drivers, which Lord Rosebery and Lord Monkswell attended. "Mr. Chairman" said it was a proof of the hardness of the



From Photo by

[Elliott & Fry.]

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

was at heart an idealist, and could put a touch of poetry into the dullest task.

Many outside duties fell to the Chairman's lot. He was present, for example, at the annual review of the Fire Brigade, and took his two little boys with him. The crush on the ground was so great that it was with difficulty the platform company suc-

'busmen's lot that they could only meet to consider their grievances "at this unholy hour." The 'bus-drivers of London have never forgotten that kindly speech, and not long ago, at the marriage of Lord Rosebery's younger daughter, they wore white ribbon favours on their whips.

In the autumn of 1889, when great

excitement arose over the music and dancing-hall licences, Lord Rosebery was obliged to visit some of these places to see for himself what went on. A Society paper remarked that he looked unutterably bored. A meeting was held at St. James's Hall, when the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided, was howled down by the friends of the Music Halls. Mr. Price Hughes alone could command a hearing. It was a short-lived but violent agitation, from which the Council and its Chairman emerged with credit. Park openings and East-End flower shows filled up more of Lord Rosebery's scanty leisure. Wherever he went during his first tenure of office it was remarked that he looked young, well, and vigorous. The quickest observer from the gallery at Spring Gardens could not detect in his hair more than a touch of grey. In 1889 he was indeed in the high summer of prosperity. His health was unbroken; no shadow had fallen on his home; he had the happiness of knowing that his life was devoted, not to pleasure, but to the service of his fellow-citizens.

In Liberal politics all this while he was not idle, although his speeches were necessarily rarer. He visited Bristol and Glasgow in the autumn of 1889. After the Glasgow speech the *Pall Mall Gazette* proclaimed him the future Liberal leader. "Some time ago," wrote Mr. Stead, "the Tsar asked an English visitor, 'Who is to be Mr. Gladstone's successor?' The visitor replied that Mr. Gladstone could have no successor. 'But whom will you put in his place?' persisted His Majesty. The Englishman said

he did not know. If the Tsar were to repeat his question to-day, the answer would be decided and unhesitating, 'When Mr. Gladstone goes, we shall put Lord Rosebery in his place.'"

In the spring of 1890 the Earl presided over the Co-operative Congress, where, said the *Spectator*, he persisted in seeing everything *couleur de Rosebery!*

Before retiring from the Chairmanship (a step rendered necessary in part by Mr. Gladstone's forthcoming visit to Midlothian in the autumn), he invited all his fellow-Councillors to spend a Saturday afternoon at Mentmore. Lady Rosebery, with her usual consideration, begged the Jewish members to come down on Friday and spend the night at Mentmore, so as to avoid travelling on the Hebrew Sabbath. The Councillors spent a merry afternoon, inspecting the wonderful dairies, aviary, and stud farm; and in the evening they were entertained to a banquet, when the Vice-Chairman (Sir John Lubbock) sat between the host and hostess and proposed their health. Nothing could have been more successful than this summer outing, and its pleasant memories still linger with many of the guests.

The autumn of 1890 brings us to the saddest pages of our story. Lady Rosebery's health had for some time been uncertain, but she was able in July to present the prizes at the Steinway Hall to the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb School which her mother had founded. When the season was over she escaped with her children to Scotland, hoping that the bracing air of the north would speedily

restore her to her wonted strength. Several engagements had been planned for October. Lord Rosebery was to receive the freedom of Glasgow on the 10th, and the Countess had promised to attend the opening meeting of a Provident Society for the young women of Glasgow. From her girl-

it was a pleasure to the girls to see the fine clothes and jewellery.

The first sign of trouble was a slight feverish attack, pronounced a cold by the doctor, from which Lady Sybil Primrose suffered. Then the Countess developed a cold, with feverish symptoms. On October 9th a bulletin



From a Drawing.]

THE SWIMMING BATH AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, PRESENTED BY LORD ROSEBERY.

hood Lady Rosebery had been interested in work among women. She founded a club for poor girls in Whitechapel, and was accustomed to visit it once a week, entertaining the members with playing and singing. She always dressed well for her club meetings, and on anniversaries would appear in the East End blazing with diamonds, and would persuade her friends to do the same, as she knew

appeared in the *Scotsman*, informing her ladyship's many friends that she was now very much better. The doctor insisted that Lord Rosebery should keep his engagement in Glasgow, as the patient might be frightened if he gave up a visit to which they had both looked forward so eagerly. It may be imagined, however, that there was little happiness for him in receiving the beautiful gold casket containing

the burgess ticket, or in hearing the praises of his past career and the glowing prophecies for his future. He had intended to lay the first sod of the Exhibition, but was obliged to hurry home at once, as a consultation of doctors was to be held the next day. Dr. Broadbent, Mr. Venning, Dr. Grainger Stewart, and Dr. Underhill were the physicians who met at Dalmeny, and, to the deep distress of her husband and children, Lady Rosebery's illness was pronounced to be typhoid fever. Lady Leconfield, who was staying in the house at the time, remained to nurse her sister-in-law, and during the long weeks of suffering never left her side. The children were sent away to St. Andrews. At first it seemed that the attack would be a mild one, but the weakened state of the patient was an additional cause for anxiety. Mr. Gladstone could not, of course, be received at Dalmeny, and Mr. J. B. Balfour entertained him on this visit to Edinburgh. Lady Sybil Primrose, chaperoned by Miss Munro Ferguson, met the party at the station, and brought a bouquet for Mrs. Gladstone and a letter from her father for Mr. Gladstone.

As the period of danger had not begun at this time, the Earl was able to preside at one of Mr. Gladstone's Edinburgh meetings. He drove Lady Sybil from Dalmeny, and his two boys were also on the platform. Mr. Gladstone said his coming there at such a time was "an act of extraordinary personal kindness" to himself. Lady Rosebery, at the beginning of her illness, took an interest in the Midlothian campaign, and even insisted on having

the newspapers read to her. It was her earnest wish that, although she could not act as Mr. Gladstone's hostess, her husband should do everything in his power to make the meetings a success.

At the end of that week (October 25th) her ladyship's condition became very much worse, and for several days the gravest fears were entertained. Her aunt, Miss Lucy Cohen, hastened to Dalmeny to be with her, and the children were sent for. Mr. Gladstone, who spoke at Dalkeith on the Saturday, referred in sympathetic language to the trial through which his friends were passing. On the following day prayers for the recovery of the Countess were offered in St. Giles' Cathedral and many other places of worship; and when the early days of the week brought a change for the better, it seemed as if the prayers had been answered.

But the improvement, alas, was only temporary. The bulletins, which fluctuated from day to day between hope and fear, were watched with anxiety in every part of Scotland. For the first fortnight of November it seemed that the disease was slowly relaxing its hold, although it was evident that it had left the patient very prostrate. The people of Hythe, the borough which Lady Rosebery's father had represented in Parliament, and where she had erected a beautiful memorial of his services, sent a message of sympathy to Dalmeny, and Lord Rosebery replied: "It will give great pleasure to my wife when she is well enough to receive it; and we shall always preserve it."

The last glimmering of hope faded at

the beginning of the third week in November. There was a relapse of fever, which the patient had no longer strength to combat, and at six o'clock on Wednesday morning, November 19th, she passed peacefully away.

The bulletins in the morning's papers had prepared the public for the mourn-

Western Synagogue, St. Alban's Place, Haymarket. On arriving at Melbourne in the tour of 1883, she asked that the synagogue might be opened, in order that she might return thanks for her prosperous voyage. Not long before her death she wrote to a friend thanking him for citrons sent from Morocco



From Photo by]

[F. T. Newman, Great Berkhamsted.

THE LATE COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY'S MODEL VILLAGE AT MENTMORE.

ful news, and Wednesday was a day of sorrow in Edinburgh and London. The funeral, which took place at the Willesden Cemetery on Tuesday, November 25th, was conducted in all respects according to Jewish ritual. Lady Rosebery had been faithful through life to the religion of her fathers. To the last she was a seat-holder at the Central Synagogue, and a contributor to many Jewish charities. When in town she frequently worshipped at the

for the Feast of Tabernacles. She was accustomed to send greetings to her friends at the Jewish New Year, and on the Day of Atonement she wrote that she had fasted without inconvenience.

The Jewish ladies who came to Dalmeny on the day of the Countess's death to carry out the solemn "purification" enjoined by the Hebrew rite found in her room many touching proofs of the comfort she had derived in sickness and suffering from the pro-

mises of the Old Testament. On the wall hung a frame with the words of the priestly benediction in Hebrew: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." In a beautiful box were memorials of her uncle, Sir Moses Montefiore, sacred gifts from him at the Passover season, with the words added later, "Moses has returned on high." There were Hebrew and English prayer-books for Sabbaths and festivals; and a Bible lay nearer to her even than these, with a book-marker left at the 103rd Psalm. Dr. Adler had chosen this Psalm, along with the 23rd, as suitable to be read to or by the patient, when she became too weak to recite the full Friday evening and Sabbath morning service, as she had insisted on doing in the earlier weeks of her illness. If she failed at first to understand the full meaning of any passage, she would ask Lady Leconfield to read it again. Thus the "comfortable words" from the 103rd Psalm, "He will not always chide," were repeated four times before her devotional spirit could be satisfied.

On Monday, November 24th, when the coffin was removed from Dalmeny, the magistrates of Edinburgh, with representatives of the University and other public bodies, attended in state at the Waverley Station, to show their respect for the late Countess and their sympathy with the bereaved husband. Soon after Lord Rosebery reached his London house he was visited by Lord Rothschild, who kindly helped him with the final arrangements for the funeral. In the room where the coffin was placed every picture was covered with white cloth.

Next morning the blinds in Berkeley

Square and the streets around were reverently drawn down. Mrs. Gladstone came early in the morning and placed flowers on the coffin, where already lay the simple wreaths which the children had gathered in their own gardens at Dalmeny. Beautiful and costly wreaths had arrived from all parts of the country, and from abroad. So anxious were the representatives of Lord Rosebery that Jewish customs should be scrupulously observed, that when it was found there were too many wreaths to be placed on the hearse, Lord Rothschild was asked if there would be any objection, from the Jewish point of view, in placing them on the top. In accordance with Jewish habit, no ladies attended the funeral. Mr. Gladstone, Earl Spencer, and nearly all Lord Rosebery's late colleagues, accompanied the mournful procession to Willesden. The officiating Rabbis were the Rev. E. Spero and the Rev. D. Fay. All along the route spectators gathered, but the crowds were densest near the cemetery gates. Black banners, held by the children of various Jewish charities, were ranged along the central walk. Sir Henry Ponsonby had travelled direct from Windsor to Willesden, bearing the Queen's wreath.

The crowd showed a deeply reverent spirit, and not a sound broke the quiet while the preparations went on for the burial. I may quote this sentence from the touching record of the *Jewish Chronicle* :—

"For some minutes Lord Rosebery, holding by the hand his young sons, stood before the coffin which held all that was left of the loving wife and mother, and the haggard look on his

lordship's face, and the unmistakable evidence of a great mental struggle to suppress his emotion, increased the sympathy which was already abundantly felt for him."

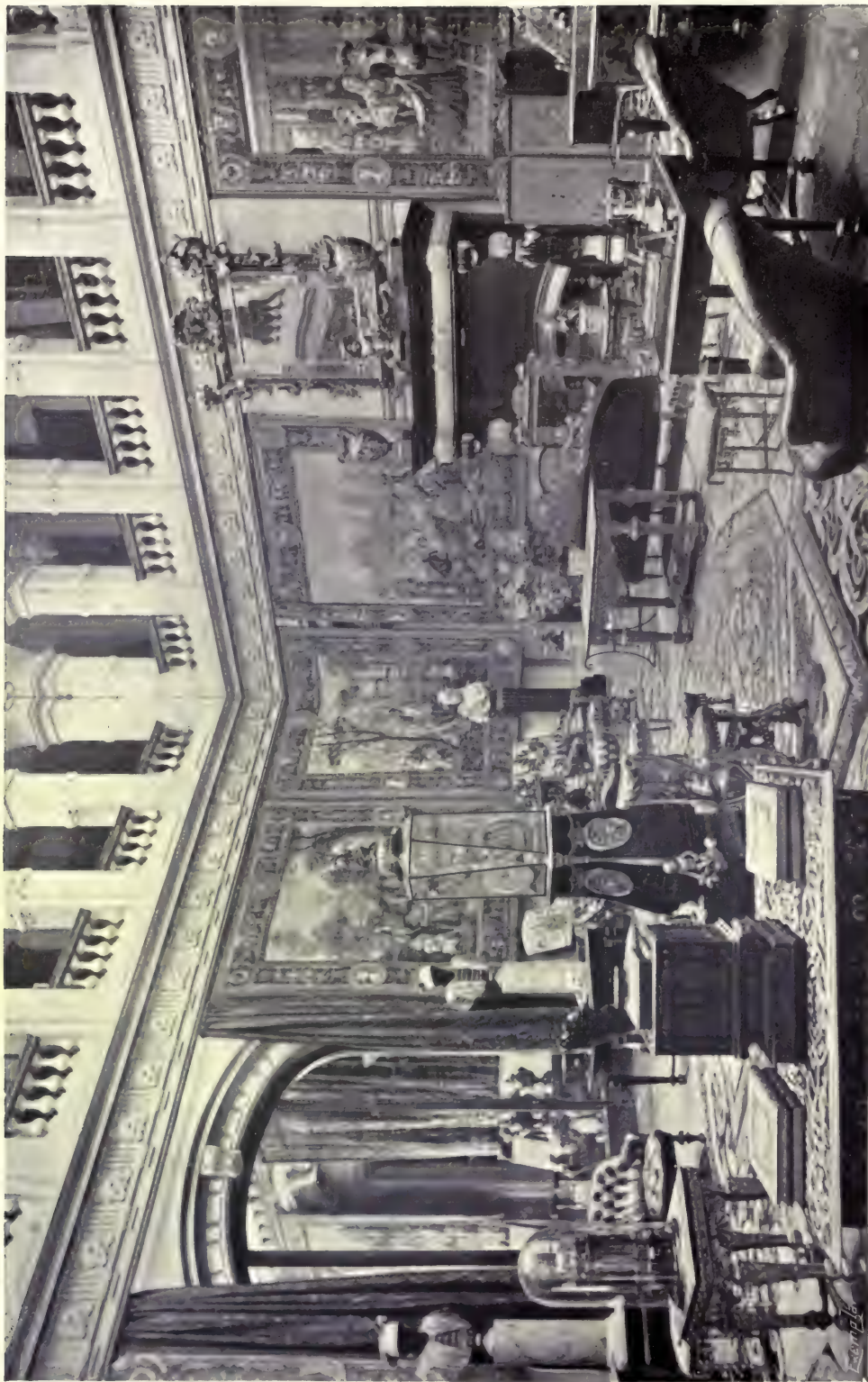
Lord Rothschild stood on the left, and pointed out the place in the English version of the service to Lord Dalmeny. Mr. Gladstone followed the prayers with attention, and asked leave to take away the book of words. At his request Mr. Gollancz, a Jewish minister, explained to him some points of ritual. Few can have mourned more deeply than Mr. Gladstone for the kind and gentle hostess who had watched over him like a daughter through so many arduous conflicts.

As the coffin was lowered, the Rabbi uttered the prayer, "May she come to her appointed place in peace." The procession returned to the Hall, where

Lord Rothschild and Mr. Leopold Rothschild pronounced the solemn *Kaddish* for the mourners.

When the bereaved family and their guests were gone, many of the poorer Jews still lingered in the cemetery, and were observed to gather blades of grass, while they murmured to themselves the words, "They of the seed shall flourish like grass of the earth." Perhaps they thought, as they watched the peers and statesmen depart, that the beloved lady, who had been so true a friend to Israel, shared with themselves an older and more illustrious nobility than England could boast. On the tombstones of that suburban cemetery names were engraved "which derived their splendour from no earthly prince, but from the awful Voice which bade their fathers be nearest of the congregation to the Vision."

County Councillor—Foreign Secretary—
Prime Minister



From 'Inao by'

THE CENTRAL HALL AT MENTMORE, LORD ROSEBERY'S HOME IN BUCKS.

[Bedford, Lemere & Co., Strand, London.]

CHAPTER VII

County Councillor—Foreign Secretary—Prime Minister

LORD ROSEBERY spent the Christmas of 1890 with his children at Mentmore. The eldest of the four motherless little ones was at this time eleven, the youngest eight. Lady Sybil and Lady Peggy were both delicate, and it seemed as if it might be necessary for them to winter abroad. Lord Rosebery's own health was broken, and in the early months of his sorrow he turned away from every form of public work. He suffered much from sleeplessness. His friends urged him to seek the rest and change which were indispensable for his recovery, and could not be obtained in his home, where every scene and object reminded him of his loss. At the end of January he went abroad for a few weeks, and after Easter he started for a short tour in Spain. Holiday-makers at Biarritz remarked on the change in his appearance. It was said that at Madrid he had an audience of Queen Christina; but the truth was that he went nowhere and saw no one except Sir Clare Ford, the British Ambassador, who showed him over the town. There is an interesting reminiscence of this Spanish tour in his "Life of Pitt." In the Museum of Arms at Madrid, the Battle of Trafalgar is inscribed, he tells us, as a Spanish victory.

These Continental visits were brief,

for Lord Rosebery's first thought, ever since his great bereavement, has been the health and happiness and training of his children. He was very busy in the summer with his monograph on Pitt, which Mr. John Morley, at that time one of his closest and most intimate friends, is understood to have suggested to him. His cousin, Lord Stanhope, placed at his disposal the valuable collection of Pitt papers at Chevening. The book appeared in November, 1891. "This little book," he said in the preface, "has been written under many disadvantages, but with a sincere desire to ascertain the truth. My chief happiness in completing it would have been to give it to my wife; it can now only be inscribed to her memory."

In the autumn of this year Lord Rosebery wandered for some weeks in obscure corners of the Austrian Empire returning by way of Gastein. The death of the Duke of Cleveland, in August, brought his holiday to an end, as there were many arrangements for which his mother depended on him. The widowed Duchess travelled in Egypt in the winter with her daughter, Lady Mary Hope, and her son-in-law, Mr. Hope, of Luffness. It was suggested that Lord Rosebery should accompany them. He, however, settled

at Mentmore with his family for the winter.

The elections for the London County Council take place every three years; the second was in March, 1892. Lord Rosebery, as I mentioned in a previous chapter, retired from the Chairmanship in 1890, partly because he thought the office should be an annual appointment, like that of the Lord Mayor, but chiefly because he wished to take part in the Midlothian campaign, and in the general work of the Liberal party. He had gone to Naples after the New Year, and on returning found that many letters awaited him, entreating that he should become a candidate for the second Council. One of these invitations came from St. George's in the East (better known to Londoners as the Ratcliff Highway district). On February 6th an important letter from his lordship appeared in the newspapers, explaining to the East London electors why he declined their suggestion, and defining the policy for the new Council.

The *Daily Chronicle* described the letter as "a production worthy of a great statesman."

The reforms for which the late Chairman appealed in this letter were:—

(1) The removal of petty and annoying restrictions on the Council's expenditure.

(2) London's right to control its own water supply.

(3) The re-adjustment of local taxation, so that the incidence of rates might fall more fairly on different classes.

(4) Municipal control of the police.

(5) The unity of London. "Of all London reforms I lay infinitely the most stress on this. . . . I am not blind to the difficulties, but they will have to be faced and overcome."

He defended the past work of the Council,

which had aimed at removing from London the reproach of being a quarter of the very rich, surrounded by a vast section of the very poor.

The allusion to his personal position is interesting:—

"I entered the Council with a very simple motive, which no longer exists. I saw a vast experiment with enormous possibilities and enormous risks, being, as I thought, somewhat heedlessly launched. It seemed to me, rightly or wrongly, that the public were not aware of its magnitude, that the men of thought, leisure, and business capacity—with whom London abounds to an extent disproportionate even to its vast population—should come forward to give their best energies to so noble a work, and make it a success. I felt, however, that I could not expect others to do what I shrank from doing myself, and so, very reluctantly, and with a strong sense of unfitness, I became a candidate."

He went on to explain that the peculiar difficulties of the outset no longer existed, and that, on the other hand, his own position had altered. He thought he could serve the Council better from without than from within. The work demanded great expenditure of time. "Few, indeed, of our jauntiest critics have any notion of the labour and drudgery which a conscientious councillor must give to the work. May I not fairly ask that some one less engaged, less hampered, and more fresh, should take my place?"

Lord Rosebery could not, however, conceal his interest in the progress of the elections. He attended meetings in various parts of London, sometimes sit-

ting silent and unrecognised at the back of the hall, more rarely encouraging the Progressive candidate by a brief address. No one was much surprised when on February 26th it was announced that the working-class constituency of East Finsbury proposed to elect him as a colleague of Mr. Benn, and that his lordship had consented to stand, on condition that he was not asked to address meetings or canvass the electors.

On the following evening (Saturday, February 27th), he attended a County Council dinner to Sir John Lubbock, and gave some amusing recollections of his Chairmanship. "As I walked away from the first meeting, I thought 'This is a nice hornets' nest I have got myself

into.' It was so different from the House of Lords." Sir John Lubbock recalled how, after a quiet and normal business meeting, he would be startled to see on the bills of the evening papers at the station, "Turbulent scene at the London County Council."

On the eve of the elections a great meeting, over which Mr. John Morley presided, was held at St. James's Hall. Every seat was occupied more than an hour before the proceedings began, the majority of the audience being working

men. Lord Rosebery was the principal speaker. Mr. H. W. Massingham described his appearance in the *Daily Chronicle*. "Lord Rosebery's reception was the event of the evening. Truth to say, he did not look well. There was the pathetic hint of sleeplessness in the eyes: the once sprightly, close-set figure drooped a little; the hair had more than a touch of grey; the voice in the opening sentences was

low and broken; the whole face was that of a tired man. But the enthusiasm of the meeting must have convinced Lord Rosebery, if he wanted convincing, that he had a work to do which lay ready to his hand."

Friends on the platform remarked his extreme ner-

Facsimile of letter in which Prince Bismarck thanks Lord Rosebery for birthday congratulations.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER IN WHICH PRINCE BISMARCK THANKS LORD ROSEBERY FOR BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS.
(The letter is now in the British Museum.)

vousness, the result of long absence from public platforms. "I should have been glad," he said, "to remain in the shadow where I was." But the County Council had been bitterly assailed by the supporters of Lord Salisbury's Government, and he thought it right to come and stand beside his colleagues in the dock. He poured scorn on the Moderate programme. "Is it when Berlin is rioting and Vienna is starving that we are offered the Moderate policy—a policy of lowering

the rates and widening the Strand?" Christian ministers had given their support to the Progressives. "Surely it was because they recognised that London's work should be done, not in the spirit of vestrymen, but in the spirit of statesmen." Nothing impressed me more that evening than the affectionate relations that existed between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Morley. Their friendship was apparent even to those who were least accustomed to read the signs of public meetings.

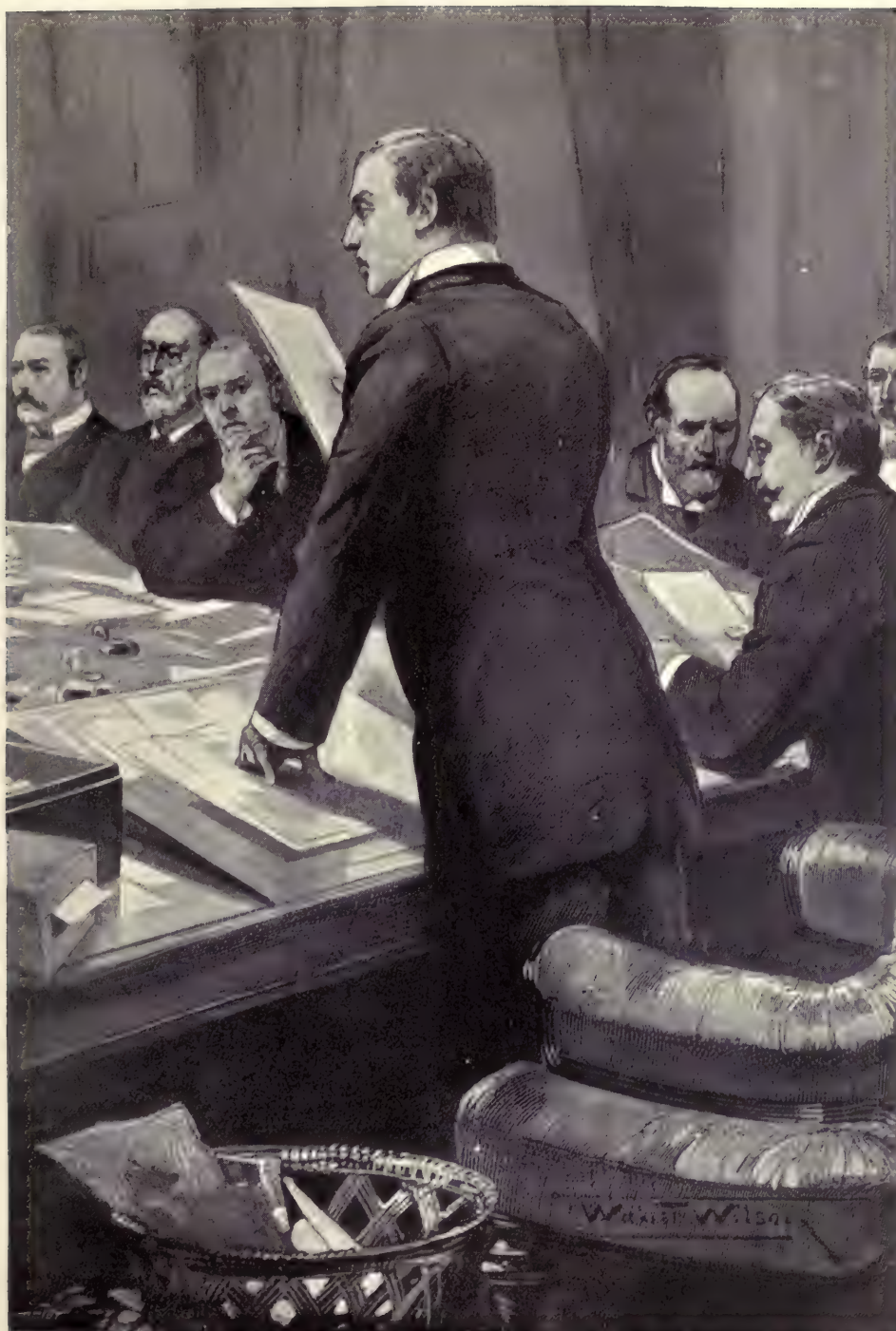
The Progressive candidates were returned at the top of the poll for East Finsbury. "You found me a derelict," wrote Lord Rosebery, "and towed me into your harbour." Lord Randolph Churchill, then nearing the close of his brilliant and melancholy career, had been one of the protagonists of the Moderates at this election. He had described Lord Rosebery as a modern Macchiavelli, adding, however, that he was a wonderful combination of genius, shrewdness, and patience. A meeting was held at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, to celebrate the remarkable Progressive victory in which the elections resulted. It is a notable fact that at each of the County Council elections at which Lord Rosebery has spoken the Progressives have been returned in a majority. The solitary Moderate victory, that of March, 1895, occurred when he was prevented by illness from addressing the St. James's Hall meeting, at which he had hoped to wind up the campaign. Lord Rosebery, who made the principal speech at Clerkenwell, confessed that he had turned to the pages of Macaulay to find out the truth about Macchiavelli, whose political

character had not, he admitted, been held in high repute. "Macaulay says—I almost blush to repeat his words—that Macchiavelli was a man whose genius illumined a dark age, and to whose patriotism and wisdom the people owed their last chance of emancipation. The fact is, that this immortal patriot might have roused London before the County Council election. Remember, gentlemen, the comparison was made by Lord Randolph Churchill, and not by me." Conservative papers admitted next morning that Lord Rosebery's merry humour was again triumphant. In this speech he praised the *Star* and *Daily Chronicle* for their admirable work for London.

At the urgent request of the Progressives, he consented to take the Chair for a few months, but told them frankly that there must be no round-robins when he found it necessary to resume his general political work, as it would be unfair to tie him up over the General Election.

In the spring of 1892 he received the Garter placed at the Queen's disposal by the death of the Duke of Sutherland.

One of the most touching chapters in Mr. Morley's "Life of Mr. Gladstone" will, I am sure, be that which describes the Midlothian campaign of 1892. Mr. Morley can speak of it from personal knowledge, for he was a guest at Dalmeny before and after the General Election. Mr. Gladstone was eighty-three, and although the strenuous spirit could not bear to pause or make an end, the signs of physical enfeeblement were manifest. His opponent was Colonel Wauchope, who seven years



LORD ROSEBERY ADDRESSING THE REPRESENTATIVES OF COAL-OWNERS AND MINERS AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE CONFERENCE WHICH SETTLED THE GREAT COAL STRIKE OF 1893.

afterwards was to meet a hero's death at Magersfontein. Dalmeny was still under the shadow of mourning, and a few quiet gatherings of personal friends took the place of the brilliant receptions of former years. Lord Rosebery did everything that was possible to ensure the comfort of his guests, but he himself rarely appeared on public platforms. The state of his health at this time caused serious anxiety to his friends. The sleeplessness, from which he had suffered so severely in 1891, still continued, and it is an open secret that he freely expressed to friends his reluctance to take office, and spoke of retiring altogether from public life. Mr. Gladstone was returned for Midlothian, but by a greatly reduced majority. Mr. Lucy tells how he received the news that the total Liberal majority would be only forty. "Mr. Gladstone was staying at Dalmeny when there arrived a telegram announcing the issue of the last doubtful contest in the General Election. The little group gathered in the library was not ungovernably enthusiastic at the aggregate results. One, gallantly putting the best face on it, said, 'Well, we shall have a majority of forty.' 'Too small, too small,' said Mr. Gladstone, slowly shaking his head, and speaking in those deep, tragic tones he reserves for occasions of greatest storm and stress."

Lord Rosebery and Mr. John Morley saw Mr. Gladstone off to the Highlands, and when the last of his visitors was gone, the Earl started with his boys for a yachting tour on the west coast of Scotland. A month later, Mr. Gladstone, who was forming his Cabinet, invited him to return to the Foreign

Office. Newspaper readers were mystified at the time by the unaccountable delay in filling up the post, as it was the undoubted wish of the nation, irrespective of party, that Lord Rosebery should take it. In the crisis of Cabinet-making, he crossed to Paris—it was said to consult the famous physician, Dr. Charcot. He is understood to have refused the Foreign Office three times, and to have yielded only to the personal solicitation of the Queen. Rumours were set afloat as to differences between him and Mr. Gladstone on the question of Egypt; Little England papers said he was standing out for the principle of continuity in Foreign affairs, and demanding absolute freedom of action in his own department. The true explanation is that his health was so weakened at the time that he did not feel equal to the heavy strain of the Foreign Office.

Fortunately, however, the hard work did him a world of good, transforming him in a few months, as some one remarked, from a sleepless invalid into a state of robust and almost aggressive health. Mr. Lucy, who met him in the spring of 1893, at the dinner to Sir Robert Duff, noticed the improvement in his appearance. "He seems to have recovered all his old alertness and vigour, sapped for a while by that curious inability to sleep that beset him in the autumn."

Lord Rosebery administered the Foreign Office on the principles of a sane Imperialism. He opposed those Liberals who, in 1892, urged Mr. Gladstone to retire from Egypt. Supported by some of the younger Ministers, he insisted on the retention of Uganda,

sending out Sir Gerald Portal to examine the condition of the country. To a deputation which visited him at the Foreign Office, he addressed a powerful and eloquent speech in support of the Uganda Mission, and delighted the friends of the mission who were present by describing Alexander Mackay, its dead leader, as a Christian Bayard.

Friends and foes agree that Lord Rosebery was an admirable Foreign Secretary. "The best since Canning," was the comment of a well-known writer on his accession to the Premiership. Sir Edward Russell tells us that a great permanent official, now retired, said to him that Lord Rosebery was "all to nothing the best Foreign Secretary for many years—far better than Salisbury or any of them." "He drew a vivid picture of what went on. How Bismarck's poor devil of an Ambassador came down, wretched and flustered, and said the Chancellor was in a great rage and going to recall him, and implored him to yield everything Bismarck wanted, in a single afternoon. How most of our Foreign Secretaries conceded points, or seemed to, because of the great importance of being all right with Germany. How Lord Rosebery, on the contrary, would say with perfect temper but blank firmness, 'You know it's no good; Parliament wouldn't have it. If you go farther, my Government would not have it. And, if it comes to that, I wouldn't have it. But we can understand that and be friends.'"

One of Lord Rosebery's chief triumphs was the successful conduct of the Siamese negotiations with France. The public, which knew little of the trans-

action at the time—for under Lord Rosebery we were not driven up and down in the Adria of the new diplomacy—learned long afterwards that but for the inflexible firmness of the Foreign Secretary, we must have been plunged into war. He had no ambition to play the part of a second Palmerston, constantly trailing the British flag, and interfering with other Powers; but the honour and interests of the Empire were safe in his keeping, and no living statesman has a less damaged reputation in Foreign Affairs. Several awkward controversies arose during his term of office, and were settled so quietly and skilfully that many now look back with envying wistfulness to the crisisless years of the last Liberal Government.

The work of the Foreign Office took up practically the whole of Lord Rosebery's time, and obliged him, as he said at the opening of the Battersea Town Hall, "to live almost a monastic life." "The eight hours, which some persons regard as a maximum of toil, seems," he added, "to those who occupy that position, a dim and distant and golden vision." His most important Parliamentary effort was his speech on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill in September, 1893. He described the House of Lords as "the chamber of death itself" for the luckless measure, but urged the Peers at least to accept their responsibility, and define the Conservative position in regard to Ireland. Much more congenial were the democratic services he was able to render later on in the autumn. In November he settled the great Coal Strike, which had caused widespread misery. The

conference between the representatives of masters and men met at the Foreign Office one morning, and after two hours' talk no settlement had been arrived at. "Gentlemen," said Lord Rosebery, "there is some cold meat in the next room; I think we had better adjourn for luncheon." The delegates found an excellent meal awaiting them, and when they returned to the conference table, the difficulties which had seemed so formidable rapidly vanished. The *Daily Chronicle* said, however, that the outside world did not realize what determination on Lord Rosebery's part and what uncompromising insistence were necessary to secure the result which was reached. As soon as the decision was arrived at, the Foreign Secretary hurried off to Mr. Gladstone's house, and entering his private room, was the first to inform him that the long and desperate conflict was over. *Punch* celebrated the event in a cartoon, entitled "The Handy Boy," showing Lord Rosebery as a boy in buttons, carrying two coal-scuttles upstairs, while "the missis," remarks approvingly, "I knew you had plenty to do, Primrose, but I was quite sure you wouldn't mind taking up those coals." I may quote from the verses which accompany the picture.

"Ah, he's really the usefulest boy, that young
Primrose, that ever we've had,
And I'm sure I don't know, sometimes, how
we'd get along but for that lad!
So willing, and so civil spoken, yet none too
much given to mag,
He does the House credit all round, and I'm
sure he's the pick of the bag.

"Gets through his own work without worrit,
and then he's so good at odd jobs,
Which some servants are awfully uppish, and
thinks themselves no end of nob's;

But Primrose is pleasant and modest, you
know where the boy's to be found.
And there's nothing he won't turn his hand
to, to make things agreeable all round."

Twice during his tenure of the Foreign Office, Lord Rosebery attended meetings at Exeter Hall. On the first occasion he joined in bidding farewell to members of the London Missionary Society, who were setting out for foreign lands. On December 15th, 1893, he presided over the inaugural meeting of the London Reform Union. Mr. Asquith, the Home Secretary, accompanied him, and the two Ministers were surrounded by the Radical leaders of London and the Progressives of the County Council. The hall was crowded with working men. I remember that one artisan remarked to another, as the audience was dispersing, "Isn't Rosebery splendid!" His companion replied, "And don't he make a meeting go off well!" Every speaker was in the highest spirits, from Lord Rosebery to Mr. Tom Mann, from Mr. Haldane to Dr. John Clifford. The Chairman appealed with passionate fervour for the Unification of London. Those who were present can still recall the thunder of cheers with which the audience greeted his proclamation that the city must throw in its lot with the rest of the population. Mr. Haldane delighted the meeting by calling the Chairman "Citizen Rosebery." When Mr. Benn afterwards said, "Lord Rosebery," he was interrupted with loud cries of "Citizen." His lordship was cheered with wild enthusiasm as he drove along the Strand. His popularity in London was never more clearly demonstrated—not even at his daughter's wedding in 1899.

London Radicals were his keenest supporters when, three months later, he succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister. The crisis came suddenly in March, 1894; for although the public had been, in a measure, prepared for Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal by an announcement in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it was hoped the aged leader might hold on

that Mr. Gladstone's resignation was imminent; the Liberal party little dreamt that they were looking for the last time on their leader in so many glorious wars.

The man who, next to Mr. Gladstone himself, had the closest personal interest in the scene sat in the Peers' Gallery beside Earl Spencer, with his head rest-



THE PILLAR CHAMBER, 10, DOWNING STREET, LORD ROSEBERY'S OFFICIAL ROOM.

till the General Election. Soon after the session opened, it became necessary that he should undergo an operation for cataract. One of the most deeply touching scenes that have taken place in the House of Commons within living memory was that of March 1st, 1894, when Mr. Gladstone made his farewell speech, bequeathing to the Liberal party as his final legacy the task of resisting the encroachments of the Lords. The House as a whole did not know

ing on his hands. Four days later, on March 5th, 1894, Lord Rosebery had accepted the Premiership, with the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and President of the Council. He was elected, as the *Spectator* said, by acclamation; his only opponents being the small group who objected to what Mr. Labouchere called a "peer-premiership." Mr. Stead wrote at the time that in conversation with Lord Rosebery he had once expressed alarm lest Sir William

Harcourt might succeed Mr. Gladstone. "He stoutly maintained that I was mistaken; that Sir William was the natural and most capable successor to Mr. Gladstone, and that it was ridiculous and most unjustifiable to put his own name forward, as if he had the shadow of a right to precedence over Sir William Harcourt." It is said, indeed, that when Mr. Gladstone took the opinion of his Cabinet on the successorship, the claims of Sir William Harcourt were supported only by Lord Rosebery himself. An examination of the newspapers—London, provincial, and Scottish—for March, 1894, will show that Lord Rosebery's Premiership was welcomed by the overwhelming majority of Liberals. He was only forty-six, the youngest Prime Minister, except Peel, since the passing of the great Reform Bill. Mr. Gladstone had formed his first Government at the age of fifty-nine, Mr. Disraeli at sixty-three. Liberals welcomed a leader who was in the prime of life, and in touch with modern movements. They believed he would lead Liberalism out of the old groove, and unite it more closely with the democracy. How strongly the post was pressed upon Lord Rosebery, with what reluctance, misgiving, and anxiety he accepted it, the world will not learn fully till the letters and memoranda of the time are published.

Many of his friends outside Liberalism believed that he was making a fatal blunder. The opinion of society in general was well expressed in the words which Archbishop Benson wrote in his diary: "R. would be ill-advised to take the Premiership." Fifteen months later, on the fall of the Ministry, the Archbishop wrote again: "If Rosebery had

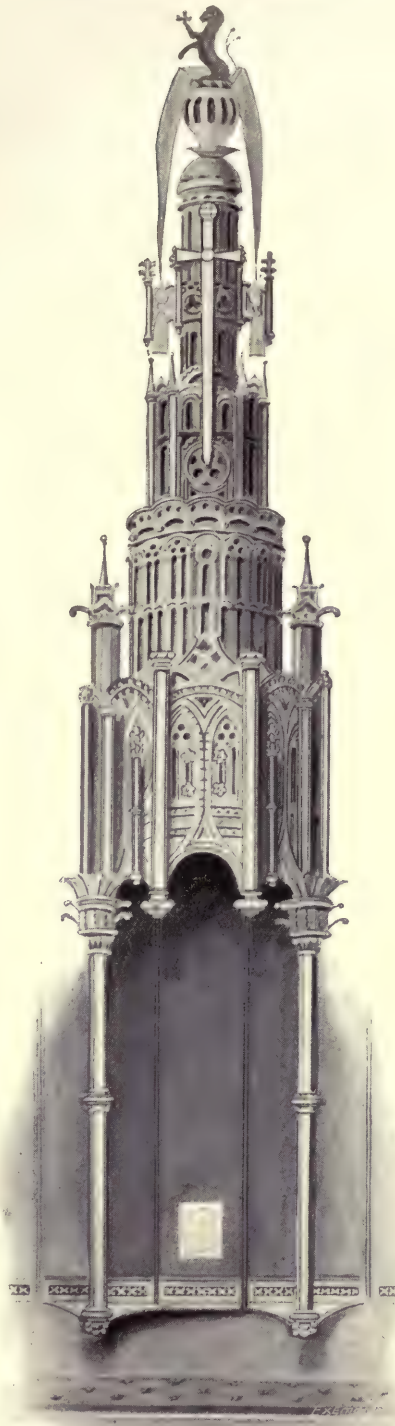
refused the Premiership on Mr. Gladstone's retirement, he would have become a great power by this time."

Panegyrics in the newspapers did not blind Lord Rosebery to the difficulties of the task he was undertaking. The Liberal majority of forty, which Mr. Gladstone had pronounced "too small," was steadily dwindling. It had from the first been dependent on the Irish vote. The defection of ten or a dozen Welshmen or English Radicals might at any moment upset the Ministry. From a personal point of view Lord Rosebery had nothing to gain when he consented to preside over a declining Administration. Outsiders might fancy that the honour of being on the roll of the Queen's Prime Ministers was a prize to be grasped at under any conditions. But Lord Rosebery was no adventurer like Maurice de Bracy, whom Prince John, in the last moments of his power, could dazzle with the offer of the High Marshal's truncheon. "High Marshal of England! that," he said, extending his arm as if to grasp the *bâton* of office, and assuming a loftier stride along the ante-chamber, "that is indeed a prize worth playing for!" The Premiership to Lord Rosebery was no such glittering lure. He knew that the life of a Government with so uncertain a majority was measured by months and possibly by weeks. Many signs must have warned him that the Home Rule Ministry of 1892 was destined to a defeat at the polls not less crushing than that of 1886, and in the fall of his Cabinet his own fortunes would be involved. Prime Ministers who fail do not sink, like other politicians, into obscurity. Their "transient and embarrassed phantoms"

revisit the scenes of history, and are pointed out as warnings and examples. How many times in the short fifteen months of his Premiership was Lord Rosebery bidden to beware of the fate of Lord Goderich!

We must remember, too, that there were no younger rivals coming on in the Liberal party. Even if a General Election in the spring of 1894 had resulted in the return of Lord Salisbury, a statesman of forty-seven might cheerfully have waited six years longer for the highest place. Every consideration of personal interest and ambition was on the side of waiting, but Lord Rosebery felt that the task pressed upon him by his Sovereign and his aged leader could not honourably be refused.

The first meeting of the reconstructed Cabinet was held at 38, Berkeley Square, on Sunday after-



noon, March 4th. On Monday the new Prime Minister had his first interview with Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. His movements during the whole of that eventful day were closely watched. Reporters stationed in Berkeley Square duly recorded that he went out for a drive at 9 o'clock and returned at 10.30, that letters and telegrams were received and despatched from 8 o'clock onwards, and that at 11.30 the Premier proceeded to the Foreign Office, of which he retained charge until his successor, Lord Kimberley, had taken over the seals. Mr. Acland, one of Lord Rosebery's truest friends and most constant supporters, went home with him to lunch in Berkeley Square, and shortly before 3 o'clock the on-lookers saw the Premier set forth for Buckingham Palace in a splendid brougham, drawn by

THE STALL IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR,
BELONGING TO LORD ROSEBERY AS A
KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

a pair of fine bays. A crowd had assembled round the Palace gates, and his lordship, on entering and leaving, was heartily cheered. It was observed that he wore mourning, and looked somewhat careworn. His audience of the Queen had lasted about an hour. This memorable day, on which he had kissed hands as First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister, ended with a dinner at the house of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild.

On the following Tuesday he visited the London County Council, taking his usual place at the left-hand corner on the back bench. He listened to the debate for some time, and on leaving stepped on to the dais and shook hands with the Chairman. The members were pleased that their old colleague should thus have honoured them, and they rose as one man and expressed their congratulations in the loudest cheer ever heard at Spring Gardens.

Mr. John Burns told a story which showed the interest of the working-men in the new arrangement. "One of the roads at Battersea was being macadamized. I happened to go past, and the men were putting their backs into it thoroughly. One caught sight of me and cried, 'Good-morning, John.' 'Good-morning,' I said. Then he turned to me with a knowing smile and observed, 'I suppose that Rosebery is about the best thing we can do.'"

Lord Rosebery chose for his official room at 10, Downing Street the pillar chamber used for the same purpose by Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had made it their drawing-room. The room overlooks the Horse Guards Parade.

The London and provincial papers were filled with praise of the new Liberal leader, and with glowing anticipations of his future. Congratulations on his appointment were telegraphed from every part of the country. From the innumerable messages I will select one only, which was addressed by the agent for a rural constituency to his member:—

"I was much struck yesterday at the — Fair, where there was a big attendance, to hear how pronounced the country people were in favour of Lord Rosebery. Farmers and villagers both express the same opinion—everybody seemed satisfied. They were all glad that Lord Rosebery would be Mr. Gladstone's successor. I think it will do the party a great deal of good just at present."

Mr. Gladstone was not forgotten by the Liberals who welcomed his successor. The new Premier, amidst the absorbing duties of his office, set an example of the tenderest sympathy with the friend for whom a serious trial was impending. After Mr. Gladstone had undergone in May an operation for cataract at Dollis Hill, the first to call and inquire for him was Lord Rosebery.

On the Sunday after the Earl's accession to the Premiership, Canon Hunter, the Vicar of Christ Church, Epsom Down, asked the prayers of the congregation for "one who often worshipped with them, and who had just accepted a position of great responsibility." Lord Rosebery was present among the audience, and was much touched by this kindly remembrance.

On Monday, March 12th, a meeting of the Liberal party was held at the Foreign Office.

Lord Rosebery arrived early, and an onlooker remarked that though he seemed nervous, "nothing could have been more composed and dignified than his entrance into the room, his quiet bow to the assembly, and his clear, methodical speech." Sir William Harcourt, who appeared ten minutes after the Prime Minister had been seated, received a not less cordial ovation. It was understood that Sir William had most loyally and generously acquiesced in the selection of Lord Rosebery as Prime Minister, and that he intended to give him a real and hearty support. The Liberal party felt that a deep debt of gratitude was owing to its leader in the House of Commons, who might, had he chosen, have upset the new arrangement.

Lord Rosebery's speech on this occasion was short and very simple. He assured the party that there was no need for any declaration of policy, for "we stand where we did. There is no change in policy—there is only a most disastrous change in men." He referred to Sir William Harcourt as "our honoured colleague, the leader of the House of Commons, who has played so rare and so magnanimous a part." He gave pledges with regard to the Welsh Church, Home Rule, and the House of Lords, and confessed frankly that it was much against his will that he left the Foreign Office, "which I loved with an intense devotion, to come to a post where I might not be unanimously acceptable, but where I felt that the call of honour was so clear that it could not be mistaken." He begged the party to judge him, not by his words, but by his actions, and closed with the assurance

that so long as he remained in the leadership, no one would endeavour more steadfastly to do his duty to the Liberal party.

A few hours later he made the memorable speech in the House of Lords, round which such fierce controversies raged. Though brief, it was one of the most stirring and eloquent of his Parliamentary efforts, and, but for one phrase, would have been approved by every section of his followers. His tribute to Mr. Gladstone was received with admiration by the brilliant assembly. He compared Mr. Gladstone's career to the course of some noble river, which, "gathering its colour from the various soils through which it has passed, has yet preserved its identity unimpaired, and gathers itself into one splendid volume before it breasts the eternal sea."

In his survey of politics the Premier came, in the course of an impromptu reply to Lord Salisbury, to the history of the Home Rule Bill, and casually let fall the remark that he agreed with the noble Marquis that until England, as the predominant partner in the union of the three kingdoms, was convinced of the justice of Home Rule, attempts to pass a Bill would be futile. He added at once that the conversion of England depended on the conduct of Ireland herself, and that if agrarian crime could be avoided, the conversion would be neither slow nor difficult.

Events have proved that Lord Rosebery was right in his reference to the "predominant partner"; but the phrase offended the Irish members, who joined with Mr. Labouchere and his following, and on the second night of the session put the Government in a minority of

two on a critical division. Mr. Lucy has recorded a conversation he had with Lord Rosebery on the night of the defeat, which shows how far from the Premier's mind was any intention of betraying the cause of Ireland. He dwelt on the significant fact that whilst in 1886 the majority of members returned by English constituencies adverse to Home Rule was 215, in 1892 it was reduced to seventy-one. "Let Ireland," he says, "remain quiet, let the Irish members in the present House of Commons work loyally with the English Liberals in bringing up the arrears of legislation demanded by the English electorate, and the conversion of England to Home Rule, which has already advanced by leaps and bounds, will go on to the end, obliterating the remainder of the overwhelming anti-Irish vote which in 1886 hurled Mr. Gladstone from power and swamped the Liberal party. If, on the contrary, the Irish members, not being able to get their own way in exactly their own time, play into the hands of the Conservatives and turn out the Liberal party, who have sacrificed everything for their cause, and if agrarian outrage becomes again rampant in Ireland,—well, there is an end of Home Rule for the present generation."

The *Daily Chronicle* thought Lord Rosebery had started a little prematurely with a phrase too straight and strong for the average House of Commons politician, but urged the Government to take no notice of the check. *Punch*, which had pictured the young Premier riding into the lists in the armour of a mediæval knight—"from spur to plume a star of tournament"—now sang "Waly,

waly, oh!" for his momentary discomfiture by a jester.

"Such a jester's best jest is at best bitter-sweet," and this annoying little rebuff was an inauspicious *début* for the reconstructed Cabinet. "Lord Rosebery's Indiscretion" became a standing headline in some newspapers, and a story was circulated by the superstitious to the effect that the Premier had been seen to slip and almost fall on his way to the House of Lords on the fateful afternoon!

On the Saturday evening of that week he addressed a gathering of over 4,000 people in the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh. He took the long journey from Euston on the same day, travelling alone in a first-class carriage. Inquisitive watchers at railway stations saw that he was busily occupied in writing, and that the compartment was strewn with papers.

The international football match took place that afternoon in Edinburgh, and it was hoped Lord Rosebery would come north on the Friday and after a night's rest at Dalmeny spend the hours before his meeting in watching the game. For this, however, he was too busy. His carriage was detached from the train before reaching the Waverley Station, and drawn by a special engine, gaily decorated with flags, to the reception platform, at the west end of Princes Street. Sir John Cowan and other leading Liberals awaited him. He looked weary after his long journey, but was gratified with the magnificent ovation he received from the crowd, and stood up bareheaded in his carriage in acknowledgment of the continuous cheers.

There is no need to summarise the

speech, but I may quote as suitable for this biography the pathetic sentences at the close, which bound him more closely than ever to the hearts of Edinburgh citizens. "If I had to come anywhere, where should I come but here? You sent me into the world of politics, you made me what I am; you have associated yourselves with every incident of my life; you have rejoiced with my joy, you have mourned with my grief. Could I then do better? Could I then do anything else at this supreme crisis of my fate and fortune, than to ask you once more for your God-speed, for your blessing, for your encouragement in the arduous task I have undertaken?"

After the meeting he drove to the Council Chamber and attended the dinner given by the Lord Provost to the Scottish team. On Sunday the Premier rested at Dalmeny, attending service at his Parish Church in the morning. On leaving, he shook hands with two of the elders.

One other event of this memorable month must not be forgotten. A meeting was held in St. James's Hall to express "London's welcome to England's Premier." It was perhaps the most successful public meeting that Lord Rosebery has ever addressed. Mr. Asquith and other colleagues were beside him on the platform, and the hall



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT 10, DOWNING STREET.

was crowded with London Liberal workers. Never, while life lasts, will some who were present forget the ideal set before them by Lord Rosebery.

"I believe," he said, "that people are now inclining to think that politics is not merely a game, in which the pawns are too often sacrificed to the knights and castles, but a living and ennobling effort to carry into public life the principles of the highest morality. I believe that Governments will be increasingly judged by that test. . . . I for one shall not despair some day to see a Minister, Prime or otherwise, who will come down from the platform of party and speak straight to the hearts of his fellow-countrymen—speak to them as Sir Robert Peel spoke when he was

hurled from power for cheapening the bread of the people. Were that Minister here to-night, he would, I imagine, ask you not to save his Cabinet or himself, but to make a supreme effort to save yourselves."

These are broken fragments from a passage which, as delivered, seemed to the audience to touch the height of oratory. Hazlitt says that in his judgment no man born or bred in Scotland can be a great orator, unless he is a mere quack, or a great statesman, unless he turns plain knave. "The national gravity is against the first, the national caution against the second." Hazlitt might have reversed his judgment if he had heard Lord Rosebery on that March evening at St. James's Hall.

Leader of the Liberal Party



From photo by]

[T. R. Browning, Exeter.

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD ROSEBERY.

CHAPTER VIII

Leader of the Liberal Party

"NEVER did I expect to hear the Provost of Eton congratulate one of his past pupils on the prospect of winning the Derby." So said Lord Rosebery at the Fourth of June celebration in 1894, when all England was wildly excited over Ladas. Enthusiastic sportsmen had declared when the Earl accepted the Premiership, "Let him win the Derby and dissolve upon it; the General Election will be a gift for the Liberal party." In his own view it was perhaps rather an awkward coincidence that fortune should present him in the same year with the Blue Ribbon of politics and of sport. He knew that by winning the Derby he must alienate some of his warmest admirers. Day by day appeals and remonstrances filled his letter-bag, and he was well aware that the entreaties came in many cases from the men who loved him best, and were prepared to follow him most unquestioningly on the path of progress. But Lord Rosebery possesses in full measure that Scotch dourness of character which leads a man to refuse any other guide than his own conscience, and he told his Eton audience that he "felt no vestige of shame in possessing a good horse." The Anti-Gambling League corresponded with him, and its officials must have been startled when he justified himself

by the example of Oliver Cromwell. Like the Great Protector, who occupied a much more responsible position: "I own a few race-horses, and am glad when one of them happens to be a good one."

Admirers of Mr. Gladstone may be interested to note that one of his first acts, when the doctors allowed him to read and write after his operation for cataract in May, was to send a letter to Lord Rosebery congratulating him on his Derby triumph.

Epsom week was the Premier's one interval of rest throughout this arduous session. In September he visited the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle. In the course of a fortnight he received the freedoms of Dingwall, Inverness, Tain, and Dornoch. These honours he described as "a mental tonic, as the Highland breezes are a tonic for physical depression." According to ancient custom, the burghership of Inverness was conferred by the placing of a ring on his finger. He has always derived benefit from these autumn holidays at Dunrobin. Deer-stalking is the principal amusement, and in order to enjoy it, the Duke of Sutherland and his guest live for days at shooting lodges in the wildest parts of the Highlands, rising soon after dawn,

and spending many hours in the open air. Of late years Lord Rosebery has given up attending the Doncaster races, because of the superior attractions of Highland glens and hills. Some artist ought to paint him in his shooting dress of Scottish homespun, for he never looks so well as on these mountain expeditions.

This brief September holiday was the prelude to a difficult and anxious recess. For the Prime Minister it was a time of worry rather than of rest, and when he appeared in the House of Lords at the beginning of the session of 1895, it was noticed that a tinge of silver-grey had shown itself for the first time in his hair.

On October 25th he spoke at the Cutlers' Feast in Sheffield, when he made one of his most eloquent pronouncements on the Foreign Policy which should guide our Empire. "I believe," he said, "that the party of a small England, of a shrunk England, of a degraded, a neutral, a submissive England, has died." In a glowing passage he reminded his audience that this was St. Crispin's night, the anniversary of Agincourt. The democracy of the future would not be less imperial than their forefathers. Every student of Lord Rosebery's speeches—very many of which cannot even be mentioned in the limited space of this biography—must have noticed how the same thread runs through them from the beginning of his career.

On Saturday, October 27th, he opened the party campaign by his speech at Bradford on the Reform of the House of Lords. He was the guest of Mr. Henry Illingworth, at Ladye Royde. St. George's Hall holds 5,000, but multitudes for whom no place could be

found thronged the doors, and gave the Prime Minister an enthusiastic welcome. Perhaps I ought not to say that the Bradford speech ranks amongst his greatest, for a statesman's admirers can never agree as to when and where he shone with the most dazzling lustre. If one says, "At Bradford," another will retort, "You should have heard him at Rochdale"; and a third, "You missed his speech at St. James's Hall." On two occasions, as we have seen—in 1884 and 1888—Lord Rosebery had made powerful appeals for reform in the House of Lords itself. In his speeches in the country he was constantly pressing the subject on the electorate. Then the Irish question came and swamped everything. The first Home Rule Bill was defeated in the Commons, and the task of Liberals between 1886 and 1892 was to turn their minority into a majority. The House of Lords was left in peace till it threw out the second Home Rule Bill in 1893. To a short-lived weekly paper, *The Scottish Liberal*, Lord Rosebery contributed in 1888 an article on Reform of the Upper House. The Liberal leader who came to the House of Lords with his measures was, he said, like a general who approached a hostile capital without his army. At Bradford he proposed to attack the House of Lords by resolution of the House of Commons. The People's Chamber, at the instance and on the responsibility of the Government, would declare itself the predominant partner. This would be virtually a demand for the revision of the Constitution, and even if the verdict of the country went the other way, the resolution would stand for ever on the Journals of the

House. But if, as the Premier believed, Liberal Government. The close of the the nation accepted his challenge, then speech was a passionate appeal, to



From a Drawing by]

LORD ROSEBERY MAKING HIS FAREWELL SPEECH AT EDINBURGH, ON OCTOBER 9TH, 1896.

[H. M. Paget.]

we should have entered on the first act of a great drama, the end of which would be in the hands of the next which the Yorkshire audience responded with enthusiasm. "In this contest there lie behind you, to inspire you, all the

great reforms, all the great aspirations, and all the great measures on which you have set your hearts. Before you lie the forces of prejudice and privilege; before you lie the sullen ramparts behind which are concealed the enemies you long to fight. And I would ask you if you are prepared to go into this fight and fight it as your old Puritan ancestors fought—with their stubborn, persistent, indomitable will, to fight as those old Ironsides fought in Yorkshire, never knowing when they were beaten and determined not to be beaten; to fight, not with the arm of the flesh, but with the arm of the spirit.” This important address, which is still believed by some constitutional authorities to foreshadow the reforming method of the future, occupied little over an hour in delivery. At an overflow meeting, the Premier asked his audience whether they wished him to imitate Hugh Peters, the famous preacher of the Commonwealth, who, after talking for an hour, would turn the sand-glass and say, “What think you, my masters? Shall we have another turn?” Lord Rosebery is the last man to wear out his welcome by undue verbosity.

His Guildhall speech at the Lord Mayor’s Banquet was chiefly remarkable for its touching allusion to the young Tsar of Russia, “upon whose head has descended the weight of that awful crown.” Before Christmas he spoke at Glasgow, Devonport, and Stratford in East London. In January he addressed the National Liberal Federation at Cardiff on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, which the Government had put first among the measures for the session. He pleaded the cause with an eloquence

and feeling which no other Liberal statesman has equalled.

The following passage is especially touching when we remember that he had just come from Petworth, where his sister, Lady Leconfield, was mourning her eldest son, who had died that week of typhoid fever:—

“To contend that material supplies or the privilege of seats in the House of Lords are necessary to the life and vigour of a church is to make a fatal confusion between the essence and the incidents of a church. The essence of a church is spiritual; the inspiration, the tradition, the gracious message, the divine mission, the faith that guides us through the mystery of life to the mystery of death—all these were produced in poverty, in a manger, in the cot of a carpenter. They flourished under persecution. Nothing can be so remote from their essence and their spirit as the wealth and power and dignities of this world. Establishment and endowment at most represent the gifts of the laity to the temple, the ornaments, the rich essences, the corn and wine and oil, which depend for their merit on the willingness and enthusiasm of the offerers, but which lose all value and all significance when they are wrung out against the will of the people.”

At the close of the meeting, at the Premier’s request, “Mabon” led one of those wildly beautiful Welsh choruses, of which the full passion can never be reproduced in words. Lord Rosebery admired it so much that he said on his next visit to Wales he must come as a listener only.

At Stratford and Cardiff it was noticed that he looked far from well. Hard work

has always suited him, but the worry inseparable from a most difficult position was telling upon his health, and the sleeplessness which so seriously aggravated his attack of influenza in February and March began weeks before his illness. Stories of divisions in the Cabinet, of secret treachery and open mutiny among Liberal members, were repeated almost from day to day in the papers. When the Premier was attacked in the House of Commons, not one of his colleagues rose to defend him. The public watched these things and wondered, and many must have longed to put in force the *Spectator's* old suggestion of an Earl of Rosebery's Disabilities Relief Bill. Scoffers and detractors would not have dared to face him in the House of Commons. He learned at this time by bitter experience the difficulties in the way of a Peer who leads the Liberal party.

When it was known that his illness was serious, rumours of his approaching retirement began to circulate. His visit to the Queen on March 12th was seized upon by the *quidnuncs* as a proof that he intended to resign. There was never any truth in these resignation stories, which were spread almost as freely during the session about Sir William Harcourt, but they were a sign of the electrical state of the party atmosphere. This long and painful illness, from which the Premier did not fully recover till midsummer, had its humorous side in the extraordinary number of letters which reached him from all parts of the world, suggesting remedies for sleeplessness. Often, in hours of depression, he would be stirred to hearty laughter by some of the mnemonic and literary

puzzles which his correspondents recommended as infallible cures. He must have learned at this time, if never before, how strong was his hold on the affections of his countrymen.

Lord Rosebery's first act, when he went out of doors after his illness, was to visit his old friend Mr. Rogers, who was then fast failing. It was one of their last meetings in the Bishopsgate Rectory. Prebendary Rogers died soon afterwards in his country home at Mickleham. Surrey villagers used often to see the Earl riding between The Durdans and Mickleham, for there was no society he valued more than that of the City rector. The speeches he made on Mr. Rogers' seventieth birthday and in unveiling his portrait at the Guildhall are still fresh in memory. Twice Mr. Rogers presented him with a Bible, and we have his testimony that the statesman used it well. Another old friend, Professor Blackie, died in March, 1895. The Prime Minister was the first to send a message of sympathy to the bereaved relatives, and on the funeral day his wreath was laid at the head of the coffin.

After his visit to the Queen, the Premier went to The Durdans for change of air. His progress was for some weeks very slow, as it was not till the Easter recess that he was able to secure even partial respite from work. "Before he left his sick-room," Mr. Lucy says, "he was engaged with his secretaries, breasting again the boundless sea of work that environs the first Minister of the Crown." It was suggested that he should go to Deal Castle, to Walmer Castle, to Poppyland near Cromer, but each of these places was too far from London, and he preferred to

keep in touch with his colleagues. *The Times* suggested a sea voyage, and in the middle of May, on the advice of Sir William Broadbent, he went for a ten days' cruise in the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*. In the Whitsuntide recess he visited the Channel Islands, and the result of these two brief holidays was apparent in the renewed energy and vigour of his speeches before the General Election. It is probable that no member of the late Liberal Government regretted the defeat of June 21st, 1895, and we may safely assume that the Prime Minister did not. Never again, we may be sure, will he enter the purgatory of office without power. Mr. Lucy has preserved for us some words uttered by the retiring Premier at a gathering of friends in that eventful week. "There are two supreme pleasures in life. One is ideal, the other real. The ideal is when a man receives the seals of office from his sovereign. The real pleasure comes when he hands them back." Some of those who watched Lord Rosebery leaving Paddington station on that summer Saturday evening when he placed his resignation in the hands of the Queen, and saw how he had aged since the Saturday in March, 1894, when he attended his first Council at Windsor, must have earnestly hoped that the time was not far distant when he would form a Ministry under happier auspices.

In the weeks before the General Election, he was as busy as a Peer is allowed to be. At the Eighty Club he urged the Liberal party to concentrate on the Reform of the House of Lords. This policy he explained more fully on the evening of July 5th to an immense gathering at the Albert Hall. His

speech was perfectly heard in every part of the vast building. "Every inflection told," wrote one who was present; "every variation of his tone made its effect, as if he were speaking in a drawing-room. In point of form, it was a most finished and beautiful performance, such as only two or three speakers in this generation have been capable of."

No statesman is at his best in the Albert Hall, where the physical effort of addressing 7,000 people absorbs the entire energies. To Lord Rosebery, scarcely recovered from his illness, the hour's speech was a considerable ordeal. But even those who came rather to criticise than to admire confessed that he stood out as distinctly first among the eminent men who surrounded him. He never seemed more naturally to take the place of leader. There was a wonderful scene at the close, when the thousands pouring out of the hall cheered Lord Rosebery as he drove away with "C.-B." Some of us almost believed that night that the General Election must result in a Liberal victory. On the following day (Saturday, July 6th) the Parliament of 1892 came to an end, but not before Lord Rosebery had measured swords once more with his successor on the floor of the House of Lords. The *Manchester Guardian* gave a vivid description of the scene. That great newspaper has, of late years, shown a relentless hostility to the ex-Premier, a fact which lends piquancy to the following passage:—"Lord Rosebery's defiance of the Lords face to face across the table of their own House can only rank with Mr. Gladstone's last appearance in

the Commons. . . . Mr. Gladstone spoke to representatives of the people in whom every word he spoke aroused a feeling of approval, encouragement, and gratified political antagonism. Lord Rosebery had to-day a much more difficult task. He stood practi-

mental effort that he could realize that he was speaking as the leader of millions of people. . . . But he never faltered. He has shaken himself free from those personal ties and considerations which, petty though they be, are yet so strong, and wedded himself



HALL ERECTED BY LORD ROSEBERY AT SOUTH QUEENSFERRY IN MEMORY OF THE
LATE COUNTESS.

cally alone, face to face with the offending Peers. He heard no cries of approval. He heard only the jeers and uneasy laughter of his foes. He saw no responsive fire of encouragement in his audience. He saw only the Prime Minister shaking with assumed amusement at his threats. It was only by a

whole-hearted to a great political cause. It was a curious and striking scene." When Parliament reassembled in August, he at once assumed the bold and aggressive tone of a leader of Opposition. He was not in the least down-hearted over the Liberal defeat. Mr. Linley Sambourne represented

him as Napoleon brooding gloomily over the ashes of his camp-fire, but the friends who met him after his return to town gave a very different description. The defeat had been long foreseen ; it was inevitable even before Mr. Gladstone's retirement, and if anything could have made it more certain, it was the independent attitude assumed by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley, who declined to follow Lord Rosebery's advice to concentrate on Reform of the House of Lords. Sir William devoted himself to the interests of the Local Option Bill, while Mr. Morley nailed his colours to the Home Rule mast. The most startling events of the election were the defeat of Sir William Harcourt at Derby and of Mr. Morley at Newcastle. A seat was found for the former in Wales, and for the latter in Scotland.

Lord Rosebery's speech at the opening of Parliament showed that he had entered on his new task in the brightest spirits. He chaffed Lord Salisbury over the emptiness of the Queen's Speech, which reminded him of a story told of Frederick William I., the father of Frederick the Great. "This monarch once offered to provide a text for a young clergyman who was to preach before him, and in a spirit of malicious humour sent to him, as he mounted the pulpit, a blank sheet of paper. The young clergyman got out of the difficulty very well, for he preached on the creation of the world out of nothing," but the same resource was not open to the Liberal Opposition.

In October the ex-Premier opened a Liberal Club at Scarborough, where he was the guest of Mr. Compton Rickett,

M.P., a well-known Congregationalist. He then proceeded on a visit to Sir Frank Lockwood at Cober Hall. Few of his colleagues in the late Ministry had been closer to him than the Solicitor-General. It is sad to think that less than two years later, on one of the blackest days of the winter of 1897, Lord Rosebery was to join "the congregation of sorrow that assembled in the little Chelsea church" to bid Lockwood farewell. His touching appreciation of his friend, which Mr. Birrell has included in the biography, was written at Posilipo in June, 1898. A not less sympathetic tribute is the inscription he composed for the Lockwood memorial window in York Minster.

The session of 1896 opened gloomily, for the shadow of the Armenian atrocities hung over Europe. The massacres had begun in the closing months of Lord Rosebery's Administration, and after protest and searching inquiry, a scheme of reforms for Asia Minor had been laid before the Sultan. These steps were, of course, only preliminary. The outrages grew worse and worse, and public feeling was deeply stirred. Hardly a speech was made on either side in the spring of 1896 which did not contain some reference to Armenia, but no one pleaded the cause of that distressed people with deeper feeling than Lord Rosebery. His record on the Armenian question was a very good one. At the opening of Parliament he protested against the apathetic diplomacy which allowed these horrors to continue unchecked.

"I cannot believe, and there are millions of my fellow-countrymen who cannot believe, that all has been done that might have been done. We do not

live in an age of crusades. The inspiration and perhaps the faith which impelled embattled Christendom to rescue the Cross from the dominion of the Crescent are not present in these days. But between that chivalrous exaltation and the position of apathy, and, I would add, of degradation, in which we now find ourselves, in reference to the Christian populations of the Sultan, there is a wide abyss. I cannot but believe that between these two extremes some middle course might have been found, and that we might have been spared a page in our history to which we shall never look back without compunction, and the humiliation of seeing those Christians whom we were pledged to protect massacred and plundered and harried under the sublime gaze of the European Concert, complete in itself and directed by one of the authors of the Treaty of Berlin."

Such a passage could not be omitted even in a brief personal narrative like the present, for we cannot forget that no charge was pressed against him more bitterly than that of indifference to the agonies of the Christians of Armenia.

At an Eighty Club banquet in the beginning of March, over which Sir Edward Grey presided, Lord Rosebery made another impassioned appeal against the Turk. After explaining what his own Government had accomplished (1) by obtaining with difficulty a Commission of Inquiry from the Sultan, (2) by securing the concurrence of France and Germany in the British scheme of reforms, he said that under the new Ministry, with its enormous majority of 150, the Porte was triumphant all along the line. "It is not too

much to say that this Europe, every part of which worships the same Christ and believes in the doctrines of the same New Testament, is prepared, on the verge of the twentieth century, to relinquish its suffering fellow-Christians to the cruel mercies of barbarous Kurds, directed or connived at by a still more barbarous Government." He begged the members of the Club to remember that no question stirred so deeply the heart and mind and conscience of the country as that of the butchered Christians of Armenia.

Towards the end of March he addressed the National Liberal Federation at Huddersfield. The *Manchester Guardian* said that in this speech "the Liberal leader was exhibited at his best. The deep, rich notes of Lord Rosebery's voice were heard in every corner of the big and somewhat angular interior; from beginning to end there was not a single interruption, except in the agreeable form of repeated cheering." Never in the course of his public career had Liberal audiences received Lord Rosebery with greater enthusiasm than in the spring and summer of 1896. Even those who had criticised him sharply during his Premiership now admitted that he was rendering invaluable service to the party. His speeches at Rochdale and Newton Abbot in the early summer were among the best he ever made. At Rochdale he was the guest of Alderman Duckworth, a well-known Methodist; in Devonshire, of Mr. Seale-Hayne. There was an amusingly sarcastic paragraph in the Rochdale address about Mr. Chamberlain's negotiations with President Kruger after the Raid. "A greater comedy of errors

than I have briefly depicted to you was never achieved by any diplomacy either new or old. If that be the new diplomacy, I must at once express my unhesitating preference for the old. But I do not despair of the course of the negotiations. Mr. Chamberlain is a very clever man and a very adaptable man, and I feel quite certain that he will take a lesson from this somewhat bitter experience, and that with patience and vigilance, and forbearance and discretion, and a civil tongue, the negotiations may be brought to a satisfactory conclusion."

It was in one of his speeches of this spring that Lord Rosebery alluded to the "Dutch rural simplicity" of President Kruger—a phrase which has become historic. At Newton Abbot he appealed for a searching, thorough, and exhaustive inquiry into all the circumstances connected with the Raid, but, unfortunately, his advice was not taken. He also threw his influence most powerfully against the Government Education Bill, which was afterwards withdrawn in the House of Commons.

The Liberals were now recovering from the defeat of the General Election. At the beginning of June they won seats at Frome and Wick. There was general surprise when on the first Saturday of June a paragraph appeared in the London correspondence of the *Birmingham Post* to the effect that Lord Rosebery was about to retire from the Liberal leadership owing to failing health. As a photograph just taken in Devonshire, and published by one of the weekly papers, showed him looking younger and more vigorous than for many years, there was no disposition to

take the rumour seriously. The *Dundee Advertiser* was one of the few Liberal papers which thought it might possibly be true. Lord Rosebery was absent at the time on a Whitsuntide holiday in Spain. He returned on June 10th, and the rumours died away for the time. Watchful observers may have seen some slight confirmation in a remark he made at a London County Council Banquet in July. He regretted that no sphere of public activity seemed to be open to him. "I am beginning a little to wonder where my place is to be." The *Westminster Gazette* promptly reminded him that his place was on Liberal platforms, expounding to his fellow-countrymen the meaning and working of Liberalism. He was advised to seek on the platform those opportunities which were denied him in Parliament.

The two "Appreciations" of Burns, delivered on the same day in Dumfries and Glasgow (Tuesday, July 21st), were, apart from the magnificence of the oratory, a physical effort sufficiently remarkable to dispose of the allegation about his "failing health." It is generally agreed that in these addresses Lord Rosebery touched the high-water mark of his eloquence. They have been reprinted in pamphlet and book form, and are so well known that I need only mention them here.

The summer holidays of 1896 were saddened by the reports of fresh massacres of the Armenians. Tourists hurried home from the Continent to join in the agitation stirred up by the *Daily Chronicle* in September. Private diaries of the time reflect the extraordinary passion and excitement of the weeks between September 1st and

October 8th. Lord Rosebery, who was visiting the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin, was at first strangely

ject now is Turkey. Even the *Standard* is prepared for strong measures. Every one feels that the outlook is most grave.



[From photo by]

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., K.T.

[Ferrard.]

silent. Entreaties, threatenings, attacks—all passed unheeded.

The record of the time says, under date September 12th:—"The one sub-

Mr. Asquith sends a strong message to the *Chronicle* this morning. Mr. Gladstone has written several powerful letters. Lord Rosebery still keeps

silence, possibly because he wishes to withdraw altogether from public life. Why else should he efface himself in this crisis?"

On the same evening (September 12th) a letter was published from Lord Rosebery to Dr. Guinness Rogers, which the agitators received with a storm of rage. His main point was that this was a non-party question, and that the impulse ought to come from the people, and not from the leaders.

"Friday, September 18th. The situation is to-day very gloomy. *The Times* says the Government have persevered in their representations to the Powers till they have brought us to the verge of war, and then, but only then, turned back. The *Standard* is cautious, and says we must watch and hope. Its Constantinople correspondent gives a black picture of the state of affairs in the capital. Fresh massacres are expected, and the British residents are in terror. The foreign papers speak of the extreme isolation of Britain."

In the height of this agitation, the young Tsar Nicholas visited the Queen at Balmoral, and the highest hopes were founded on his presence in this country. Lord Rosebery entertained the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the Russian ambassador, M. de Stäel, at Dalmeny, before the Tsar's arrival at Leith. It was said that the Prince of Wales wished to ascertain Lord Rosebery's views before proceeding to Balmoral.

Mr. Gladstone had been drawn back to public life, and was leading all those Liberals who maintained, in opposition to Lord Rosebery, that Britain was in honour bound to intervene, alone if

necessary, in the Eastern question. At Liverpool, on September 23rd, the aged leader made one of his last public appearances. "A wonderful performance," says my diary for September 24th, "but it does not help us much. Mr. Gladstone wishes our Ambassador to be withdrawn from Constantinople as a protest against the massacres. Then he wants us to threaten Turkey, but to draw back if the Powers form a hostile combination against us. Is there any use in going forward unless we are resolved to go to the end? If the Powers understand that in the last resort we cannot face a great war, they will naturally resist our demands. If we intervene alone, we must hazard everything, even national existence, and that is what none of our responsible statesmen—Mr. Gladstone any more than Lord Rosebery—is prepared to do."

Several short letters from Lord Rosebery appeared in the papers during the month. Their drift may be gathered from these sentences in a note of September 26th:—

"A European war would be a scene of universal carnage and ruin, preceded or accompanied by the extermination of the Armenians. I am not willing to invite that risk. I trust to diplomatic action, strenuous, self-denying, and supported by a unanimous nation, to bring the Powers, or some of them, into line. If that fails, nothing will succeed."

There was really not so much difference between Mr. Gladstone's policy and Lord Rosebery's as the enemies of the younger statesman tried to make us believe. Each was prepared to push diplomacy to the farthest limits, each would have drawn back from a Euro-

pean war. But Mr. Gladstone dwelt minutely on the preliminary steps, putting the chance of war into the distant background. Lord Rosebery wrote as if the next night our cities might be raided and our houses burned over our heads. In the *Nineteenth Century* for October, there was an article by Mr.

insulting attacks upon Lord Rosebery which appeared in Liberal papers. His letter of October 8th to Mr. Thomas Ellis, announcing his resignation, caused no real surprise. Politicians of all shades recognised that the step was inevitable.

At the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh,



From Photo by]

MENTMORE CHURCH.

[J. T. Newman, Great Berkhamsted.

Gladstone, which still further inflamed the fiery passions of the time. "The word 'honour,'" said Mr. Gladstone, "had better be erased from our dictionaries if we refuse to acknowledge our treaty obligations." There was a wild idea at the moment of bringing Mr. Gladstone back to the Liberal leadership. "Where is this going to end?" people asked, as they read day after day the

on Friday, October 9th, he made his farewell speech. It occupied an hour and fifty minutes in delivery. It was said at the time by Sir Wemyss Reid that the ex-Premier only completed the few notes with which he furnished himself when the carriage was at the door waiting to take him to the meeting. The Empire Theatre holds about 4,000, and although every seat had already

been disposed of before the appearance of the resignation letter, there was a desperate scramble for places on Thursday and Friday.

On Thursday evening Sir Robert and Lady Pullar held a Liberal reception at the Waterloo Rooms, which Lord Rosebery attended, accompanied by Lord Crewe. Four members of his Cabinet were with him on the Empire platform—Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Arnold Morley, and Mr. Bryce. Most of the Scottish Liberal M.P.'s, and nearly all the most eminent citizens of Edinburgh, were at the meeting. Never has Lord Rosebery had a more enthusiastic reception, never did he so fully justify the choice of those who made him leader. "A superb speech" was the verdict of the *Westminster Gazette's* correspondent. From beginning to end the speaker was in closest touch with his audience. "The flexible voice answered every call upon it, and seemed to find an echo in every heart." Intensest sympathy vibrated in his references to Armenia. Its haunting horrors had sunk deeply into his mind through the study of the Consular reports, and his hearers felt that, if Lord Rosebery had been in power with a majority of 150, his diplomacy would have worked as effectually as Oliver Cromwell's in the case of the persecuted Waldenses.

The declaration of his love for Mr. Gladstone—the love of a son for his political father—was spoken in a subdued voice, and with manifest signs of emotion. "I am obliged to differ from Mr. Gladstone on this question. But we differ as friends. This morning only I had a long and affectionate letter from

him, in answer to the announcement of my resignation, a letter which I shall always cherish, and whatever our differences on public policy may be, what has passed between Mr. Gladstone and myself goes too deep, is too rooted, too entwined in all that I value and hold holy in public and private life, for me to forget, even for a moment, what I owe him. Whatever our differences of opinion may be, they never could alter the veneration, the unbounded respect, the deep affection with which I regard him." The tender and beautiful words in which Lord Rosebery recalled Mr. Gladstone's first visit to Midlothian, and compared it with this still nobler sight—his appearance in extreme old age on behalf of liberty in Europe—must have stirred in many hearts thoughts too deep for tears.

The personal part of the speech, in which the ex-Premier explained the causes of his resignation, was perhaps the best of all. His unshaken loyalty to Liberal principles was never more clearly demonstrated. He admitted that his difference with a section of his party on the Armenian question was not the sole cause of his retirement. As a peer he had found himself almost helpless in Parliament. In the House of Commons he might have fought his own battle, but as a peer he could only speak vicariously by the mouth of another, "and it is difficult, if not almost impossible, to find the kind of political twins that can act together in the position of House of Lords and House of Commons, when the peer is Prime Minister and the other is not." For the sake of unity he had come forward to lay down the proud position of Liberal leader. "If it does

not produce unity, the sacrifice has been made in vain."

Then followed his grateful acknowledgment of the loyalty of those colleagues present with him on the platform; and finally, the hardest word of all, "Good-bye." "There is a strange fatality about my political meetings in Edinburgh. It seems only yesterday that I came to my last meeting. I had then come fresh from being appointed Prime Minister. I came to ask you in that great crisis of my fortune and my life—you, my earliest friends—to stand by me as you have stood before. I am glad that, by an accident almost, it falls on me to lay down the leadership of the Liberal party in the very place where I took it up—in my own ancient city, among my own neighbours, my own fellow-citizens, and my own friends."

"Leaning over the platform rails,"

wrote one who was present, "his lordship spoke these thrilling words in a low voice, and to some it seemed that he broke down on the last word, 'friends.' It was a touching scene; the audience had on his rising greeted Lord Rosebery with ringing cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, but the cheering at the end was not so vigorous and widespread; it seemed to me that a large proportion of the audience was too moved to cheer."

Some, perhaps, among that Scottish audience, as they mourned the loss of their young and trusted leader, may have solaced themselves with the thought that a time must come when the Liberal party, with unanimous and irresistible voice, would summon him back to power. For that "happy and fortunate hour," as Mr. Birrell has called it, the followers of Lord Rosebery are content to wait.

Personal Characteristics



LORD ROSEBERY RIDING IN HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER IX

Personal Characteristics

LORD ROSEBERY is one of the few celebrities who are known by sight to all Londoners. In the West End he is a familiar figure. When he strolls in Bond Street in the afternoon, omnibus drivers will turn to the nearest passenger with the remark, "That's Lord Rosebery." If he is caught in a block of traffic in the city, many a glance of recognition meets him. More remarkable are the greetings with which he is welcomed by the dim populations of East London. I do not mean on gala occasions merely, as when he drove with a young daughter by his side to present the prizes to the firemen in Victoria Park, but at ordinary times, when he is not the central figure nor even an expected guest. At the opening of the Blackwall Tunnel three years ago, although his name had no place on the official programme, the crowds recognised him as he drove in an open carriage along the Mile End Road, and the cheering for "Rosebery" was hardly less enthusiastic than for the Royal personages who performed the ceremony. As he leaned back in his landau, smiling and smoking a cigarette, East-Enders compared his cheerful look with the grave and anxious expression of his face when he came to Whitechapel for the opening of the public library. A statesman out for a holiday usually

seems many years younger than the same statesman with a speech in prospect, and in no one is the contrast more striking than in Lord Rosebery.

For the last ten years he has dressed almost invariably in black. His short jacket never varies in its fashion. Frock coats he keeps for ceremonial occasions, such as a wedding reception or a speech in the House of Lords. In the country he is often to be seen in a morning suit of dark serge. On his first appearance as Premier it was noted that he wore a tall silk hat with mourning band, a black suit, black silk tie, and black gloves.

In summer he discards tall hats and bowlers for a white straw, but he avoids the eccentricities of costume which mark the hot season at Westminster. His black silk tie is always in the same knot, though not always (if we may trust the photographers) fastened precisely in the middle. Like several other politicians, he has a partiality for brown boots. His only ornament is usually a signet ring. Once, when addressing a public meeting in London, he struck his ring with accidental violence on the railing in front of him. The jewel broke in two, and was caught by a journalist at the reporters' table. Next morning the reporter called at Berkeley Square to return the broken

gem. Lord Rosebery thanked him heartily for having restored to him a stone which he greatly valued, as it had formed his wife's favourite ring. The visitor enjoyed half an hour's pleasant chat with the statesman.

Lord Rosebery has a quiet taste in button-holes, wearing as a rule for his meetings a small bunch of violets. The finest button-hole I have ever heard of his choosing was composed of a red orchid, Parma violets, and a gardenia, and was worn at the football match last spring in the Celtic Park, Glasgow.

The Rosebery collar deserves a paragraph to itself. It is quite as distinctive in its way as the Gladstone collar, and the story goes that the ex-Premier invented it. He found that the sharp edges of the ordinary turn-down collar tore the silk facing of his coat, so he caused the edges to be cleverly rounded, that the silk might not wear out so soon. When he became Premier in March, 1894, the West End shopkeepers filled their windows with "Rosebery" collars, just as bakers invented "Rosebery" biscuits and tobacconists "Rosebery" cigars; but the fashion can scarcely be said to have "caught on." One of the last occasions on which the Earl was seen in the ordinary Byron collar was at the meeting of the Liberal party on March 12th, 1894.

Few southerners have seen him adorned with the green ribbon of the Thistle, but most are familiar with his blue Garter ribbon, which he wears at almost all important dinners and other evening engagements. His uniform as an Elder Brother of Trinity House is occasionally put on during the season. This, if I remember rightly, was his

costume at the Mansion House banquet to the Sirdar. Perhaps he has never appeared to greater advantage than in the picturesque costume of Horace Walpole at the Duchess of Devonshire's ball in Jubilee year. It was said that the diamond buttons sewn on his green velvet coat were alone worth a small fortune. With hair powdered and queued, lace vest and ruffles, silk stockings and buckled shoes, he might have sat for the portrait of a gentleman of the last century.

It would be impossible to give a fair idea of Lord Rosebery's daily routine; his life is too full of change, variety, and incident. The Emperor Hadrian was not more famous as a lightning traveller. The great railway companies have no more profitable passenger than the ex-Premier. Throughout the year he is accustomed to make frequent journeys between London and Scotland, and station-masters are not surprised if they receive a telegram at eight o'clock in the evening asking them to have a sleeping-carriage ready, as he starts by the ten o'clock express. When living at Mentmore he travels constantly between Euston and Cheddington; in the spring he is an almost daily passenger from Epsom to Victoria. In whatever home he may be staying, he begins the morning early. There is no truth in the story that he used to tire out three horses before breakfast—one is enough for him. On fine April mornings Epsom villagers are accustomed to see him riding over the Downs between seven and eight o'clock, sometimes alone, more often with a friend, or, in the holidays, with one or both of his sons. His other amusements at Epsom are driving and



A ROYAL SCOTTISH ARCHER.

walking. Since his illness in 1895 he has taken regular walks every day, and to this care for exercise his present good health may be attributed. When in

London he often goes for a morning ride or walk in Hyde Park. "Early hours" has for many years been his rule for study, exercise, and State affairs. As Prime Minister he called his Cabinet together at eleven o'clock, an hour before the traditional time of meeting. The statesman who lingers in bed till noon need expect no place in a Rosebery Cabinet. It is unfortunately true that he still suffers at times from sleeplessness, though he has never again passed through so painful an experience as that of 1895, when for several months he watched for the morning with the weariness of hope deferred.

His most extensive property is in Scotland, where his estates comprise 20,000 acres, with a rental of £23,000. The estate, known as Rosebery, lies at the base of the Moorfoot hills, on the south side of Midlothian. There is no family dwelling-house, but only a shooting-lodge. Mr. Gladstone slept there on one of his Midlothian campaigns. Sometimes, but rarely, the Earl visits these outlying possessions, which are usually let to an Edinburgh friend for the autumn. There is a story that when he succeeded to the title he was ignorant of the exact position of the estate, and as Edinburgh water is partly derived from the Moorfoot hills, he called at the Water Trust Office to ask directions for his coachman. Mr. A. L. Drysdale, his present factor, has, with the full concurrence and approval of his lordship, made Dalmeny a centre of interest for agriculturists from all parts of the world. Some months ago an article appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, under the title "Manuring with Brains," which explained the experiments at

Dalmeny. Colonial agriculturists often come to gather suggestions from this model estate. Lord Rosebery's famous herd of shorthorn cattle, which has won him so many prizes at Birmingham Smithfield, and elsewhere, is kept on the Dalmeny grounds. The sheep and pigs are also prosperous, comfortable-looking creatures, on which the eyes of the judges at shows may be trusted to alight with approval. Lord Rosebery's prize animals have frequently been out-rivalled by Her Majesty's only. The chief amusement of the last Smithfield show was the competition between the beautiful heifers belonging to the Queen and her late Prime Minister. Some years ago there was a sale of shorthorn cattle at Dalmeny, lairds and farmers assembling from every part of Scotland. Lord Rosebery, accompanied by his children, spent the day in making the acquaintance of his visitors. He talked about the weather, the crops, the prospects of the autumn shows, as if he had no interests in the wider world of statesmanship. Sir Richard Varney warned the Earl of Leicester not to put himself "outside the profession of politics," as he would find the life of a country gentleman intolerably tedious. The strangers at Dalmeny may well have thought that their distinguished host, who had held the highest office in the State, was not suffering too severely from disappointed ambition.

The workmen employed on the Dalmeny estate are treated with consideration and kindness. When Lord Rosebery became Premier, an article appeared in an English paper describing the life of the ploughmen and labourers on the home farm. The married men

have good cottages, with gardens; for the unmarried there is the model bothy, with large central sitting-room, well supplied with daily and weekly newspapers, and a separate bedroom for each man. A caretaker keeps the fire burning while the men are out at work, and also arranges for the cooking of their evening meal. Wages are good, and a workman may, if he chooses, spend his whole life on the estate. When too old for heavy tasks, he is provided with some light and comfortable billet, so that he may not feel he is dependent on charity.

The old people round the Earl's English country homes, even if they do not happen to belong to the estate, seldom look to him in vain for needed help. Not long ago he was strolling through the village of Grafton, near Ment-

more, and meeting an aged labourer, he made inquiries as to his health and circumstances. "Do you get any help from the House?" he asked,

meaning Mentmore. "Yes, I get 2s. 6d. a week from the guardians," said the poor old fellow, thinking that his lordship referred to the workhouse. The ex-Premier expressed his sympathy, gave the man a sovereign, and later sent word that in future he would receive 10s. a week as long as he lived.

"Very kind, but very particular," is the verdict of those who in any capacity have worked for Lord Rosebery. I was looking recently at some negatives of one of his houses. "See," said the photographer, "there is not a spot on them; his lordship would not stand bad work." To those who have served him faithfully he



LORD ROSEBERY IN THE COSTUME OF HORACE WALPOLE.

shows his gratitude in unexpected ways. The lady who nursed him during his illness in 1895 found her task somewhat difficult, owing to the insomnia from which he suffered. A few days after he left London for Epsom, his nurse was surprised and delighted to receive from the Premier a beautiful gold locket, accompanied by a letter in which he thanked her most cordially for her kindness, vigilance and skill.

In the autumn of 1899 the Glasgow students elected the ex-Premier as their Lord Rector, and a few weeks later a small party from the University, including the president and secretary of both political clubs, were entertained at Dalmeny. They arrived on a Saturday morning in time for luncheon, and spent the afternoon examining, in Lord Rosebery's company, the pictures, books, and curiosities which enrich Dalmeny House and Barnbogle Castle. The great historical paintings, such as Wee-sop's "Execution of Charles I.," the portraits of sovereigns and statesmen belonging to the far past of England, were perhaps less interesting to the students than those which revealed the personal tastes and enthusiasms of their host. Such were David's "Napoleon," Lembach's "Bismarck," the famous "Pitt" by Laurence, and C. R. Leslie's "Sir Walter Scott." Many relics of Napoleon are stored in Barnbogle Castle. Portraits of Pitt are in all Lord Rosebery's houses. The dining-room at 38, Berkeley Square is a gallery of statesmen. There we can see Sir Joshua Reynolds' wonderful portrait of Lord Rockingham, and amongst other famous men of the eighteenth century are Rodney, Chatham (in red velvet,

with lace ruffles), Pitt (with his finger pointing to the map of India), Lord North, and George Washington. In the new ballroom at Berkeley Square the only picture is the portrait of the Queen, wearing the blue Garter ribbon. This ballroom was added three or four years ago. It is of light oak, with large mirrors and crimson silk panels. The two drawing-rooms are also hung with deep red brocade, and here are Millais's celebrated "Lady Peggy Primrose" and Sir F. Leighton's "Lady Sybil Primrose." When Lord Rosebery's daughters "came out" at the ball and reception in the spring of 1898, the portrait of Lady Peggy was brought from the Millais exhibition and hung in its old place above the drawing-room mantelpiece. Millais's "Lord Rosebery" is at Dalmeny. At Berkeley Square there is a collection of paintings of Old London by Scott and Marlow; and here, also, we may admire several of Turner's masterpieces.

Many of the nicknacks in old silver and china, which visitors admire so much in his lordship's houses, were collected by himself, and have a historical or literary interest. If he finds himself in any town with an hour or two on his hands while he is waiting for a train or a meeting, he is certain to go either to the principal bookseller's or to the curiosity shops. Some years ago he was fortunate enough to discover, stowed away with old lumber at the Treasury, some beautiful pieces of tapestry, which now adorn the walls of the Foreign Office. He collects snuff-boxes, and possesses those of Napoleon, Pitt, and Hogarth. Once

a gold snuff-box was stolen from his room in the Foreign Office, and a report went abroad that the Earl took snuff with his diplomatic visitors. It cences there is a description of a visit from Lord Rosebery. "His first question in the drawing-room was, 'Where are the children?' So they were sent



LADY PEGGY PRIMROSE (NOW THE COUNTESS OF CREWE).

was the latest treasure he had acquired for his collection.

Love of children has always been one of the most conspicuous features in his character. It was noted in his Eton school-days by Mr. Cory. In the late Sir John Mowbray's reminis-

for, and he began to romp with them, and they made such a row running about the gallery." His pride in his own children was manifested from their earliest days. When Lady Sybil was six years old, he quoted one of her sayings on a political platform. "My

eldest daughter was telling her nurse that she could not sleep, and the nurse advised her not to think so much. 'But I can't help thinking,' she replied, 'for, you see, I cannot make my mind sit down.' I hope," added his lordship, "that we shall take to heart my daughter's saying, and in the great cause of progress not allow our minds to sit down." A few weeks later one of the tenants on the Dalmeny estate called to arrange some business with the landlord. It was quite a usual thing in these days for the statesman to be discovered lying on the nursery floor, with three or four children on the top of him. Their gleeful shouting could be heard as soon as the visitor entered. On this occasion Lord Rosebery was writing in the library, and Lady Sybil was "helping" him. "Is this the little girl who thinks so much?" asked the farmer. "Yes," said Lord Rosebery, "she is a great thinker; she has written two sonnets and a leading article."

Until the marriage of Lady Peggy, it was the Earl's custom to have his four children photographed every year at The Durdans, standing in a row outside the windows, in order that he might preserve a record of their growth and relative heights. It is said that this annual event afforded less pleasure to the children than to their father. Lady Sybil Primrose amuses herself, like the Princess of Wales, with amateur photography.

At the Jubilee of 1887 many Colonial visitors were entertained at Dalmeny. The daughter of a well-known Australasian official, who was at the time rather older than Lady Sybil, has a vivid

recollection of the kindness she received from the Earl and Countess. Lady Rosebery, whose hospitality made every one feel at home, herself picked out a particularly tempting ice for her youngest guest. "Lord Rosebery took some of the people to see a ruin in a corner of the grounds, and carried one of the little boys on his shoulder. I walked behind, hand in hand with the little girls." As his children have grown older, he has made them his constant companions. His sons have accompanied him on several Continental visits, although they have not yet seen the southern parts of Europe, as he had at their age. They were present with him at the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, and not long ago spent a delightful week in North Germany, visiting the royal palace of Herrenhausen and old-world Hildesheim, with its memories of Charlemagne and its rose tree that has lived a thousand years. Lord Rosebery has often looked on while his eldest son, Lord Dalmeny, was distinguishing himself on the cricket or football field, and neighbours have thought, as they watched him, that no political triumphs of his own ever brought such a light of happiness to his face. At his own earnest wish, Lord Dalmeny is to go into the Army, and it is understood that he will join the Scots Greys.

The children were trained from their earliest years to be courteous and considerate to every one, and especially to the village people around their homes. Lord Rosebery as a young man started a cricket club for the stable lads at Epsom, and used himself frequently to join in the game. Before her marriage, Lady Crewe was the leading spirit in a

girls' cricket club near Mentmore. On summer Saturdays or Sundays the grounds of Mentmore have often been thrown open to the public, and the family at the "House" give the prizes at the cottagers' annual flower-show.

Many stories are told which prove that Lord Rosebery takes a kindly interest in other children as well as his own. When he was leaving Edinburgh by the Sunday night train, after his first visit as Premier, he talked at the Waverley station to a little lad in the employment of the North British Railway. He asked the boy if he went to church on Sundays, and what were his working hours. The station-master explained that the boy was a Roman Catholic. The Premier replied that he thought the Church of Scotland ought to hold late services, so that working-men, who so rarely feel fresh enough to attend church in the morning, might be present with their families in the evening.

At Cardiff station in January, 1895, Lord Rosebery, who had entered his train to return to London, saw a little girl crying bitterly on the platform. He got out and asked her what was the matter. She replied that she had lost her ticket, and had still a long way to travel. The Premier comforted her with cheery words, and himself put her in charge of a leading official, to whom he gave a sum of money sufficient to see the little traveller safely to her journey's end.

His interest in the sports and amusements of the people is shown when he attends one of the international football matches. He has begun to go almost regularly to the final contest of the football year at the Crystal Palace. On

several occasions he has presented the cup to the winning team. His sons accompany him, and he is quite as eager as they are in applauding the players. At the last great football match in the Celtic Park, Glasgow, it is recorded that his lordship "waved his hat at every Scottish success, with all the abandon of an Aberdeen tripper in the shilling enclosure." Almost before the game was over, the crowd dashed across the field to the pavilion where he was seated in company with Lord Kinnaird, and called to him vociferously for a speech. The Scottish team had played in his lordship's racing colours (primrose and pink), and he said this was the greatest compliment he had ever received.

From the beginning of his public life Lord Rosebery has taken a warm interest in what is now perhaps the most pressing of all social reforms—the better housing of the people. Many years ago, when presiding over the annual meeting of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, held in the Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh, he expressed the opinion that the commercial prosperity of our time had done little or nothing to improve the lot of the lowest class of all. "The tendency of the age is ruthless and severe. It props and protects and strengthens the strong, but, like the Spartan mother, it is apt to destroy its weakly offspring. . . The railways have opened out in this century an almost inexhaustible source of wealth, yet wherever the railways go they sweep away the dwellings of the working-classes." From a recent census paper he had learned that no fewer than forty-six Edinburgh families lived

in windowless houses, and that 33 per cent. of the entire population of the city lived in houses of one apartment, and possessing only one window.

In Glasgow not more than 5½ per cent. of the population lived in houses of four rooms and upwards; while in Edinburgh the number who occupied houses of this class was 22 per cent. of the population. "I believe," said the speaker, "that the supplying of a better class of dwelling-houses for the poor is the most direct means of increasing their self-respect and giving them the desire to improve their condition." When visiting Philadelphia as a young man, he was taken to see a workingmen's city, which formed a separate quarter of the town. At the Co-operative Congress in 1890 he recalled this experience. "Externally it was as ugly as any town could be. It was bare, hard, red, uncompromisingly brick, and under the summer and autumn sun it looked a perfect furnace. But to the inward eye it had a beauty of its own, as representing the surest foundation on which the State can rest, which is an intelligent community in its own home."

In a speech at Shoreditch in November, 1899, he dealt with the present aspect of the re-housing question as it affects London, and urged that a great portion of the working population could be more healthily and economically housed in the country, the outlying districts being legislatively affixed to the county of London. His interest in the work which the London County Council is doing to brighten the lives of the poor was conspicuously shown in his St. James's Hall speech in support of the Progressives in March, 1898. Mr.

Chamberlain addressed a meeting at Camberwell on behalf of the Moderates on the same night. The speeches were printed side by side in the next morning's papers, and London responded by returning the Progressives in a satisfactory majority. It was a well-deserved triumph for Lord Rosebery, whose appeal reminded his audience of the speeches he delivered during his leadership of the first Council. Never has he displayed a more hearty sympathy with the cause of London progress; never a closer and firmer grasp of the great city's innumerable concerns. Lord Salisbury had described the Council as "Socialist at heart." Its former Chairman said he had no fear of Socialism. "If you want to deal with Socialism, you must anticipate Socialism, and deal with the evils which create the soil that breeds the plant." "I believe that the London County Council is not more Socialistic than other cities of the country. Is direct employment of labour in a limited degree—necessary at any rate for the prevention of the rule of contractors—is such direct employment of labour Socialism, because you find it in almost every great municipality of the country? Is the equalisation of rates Socialism? Lord Salisbury is in favour of the equalisation of rates, and I should be sorry to see him mixed up with the Socialists of the London County Council. Is betterment Socialism? It has been unanimously recommended by a committee of the House of Lords. Is the possession of gas and water and tramways Socialism? Almost all the great cities of the Empire own their gas, water, and tramways, or at any rate a very large proportion of

them. These things are not Socialism at all. They are vital necessities of a great municipality ; and if it be Socialistic to do all these things, you must stone Manchester, stone Birmingham, stone Liverpool, and stone Glasgow before you attempt to cast a single pebble at London."

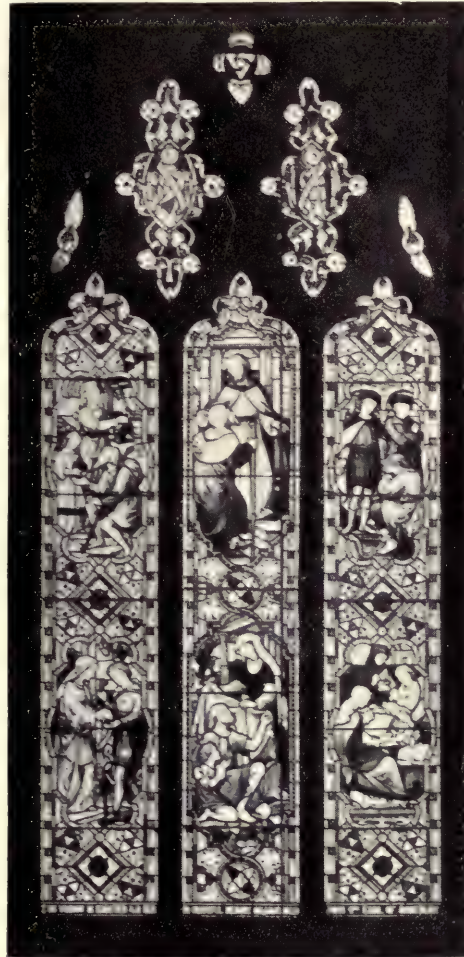
While urging the duties of public bodies towards the less fortunate members of the community, Lord Rosebery is careful to perform his own. Many a happy day has been provided by his kindness for the inmates of the Epsom workhouse. The last of these occasions was on March 6th, after the relief of Lady-smith, when these poor neighbours were entertained by the ex-Premier to a substantial dinner and tea. When our army entered Pretoria, he celebrated the event by providing a treat for the inmates of the Mount Street Workhouse, which is close to Berkeley Square. "I do not like to think," he wrote to the guardians, "that while we are all rejoicing, my poor neighbours are out in the cold." In his wide sympathies

he resembles Mr. Gladstone, of whom, in his memorial speech in the House of Lords, he related a touching little anecdote, dating back to the first Midlothian campaign. We were driving away from a meeting, he said, and a crowd followed

us. There was one man who ran on after all the others had fallen behind. He must have run two miles. He was anxious to say something, and it was, "I wish to thank you, sir, for the speech you made to the work-house people." Lord Rosebery, like Mr. Gladstone, has always some word of comfort and uplifting for those whose lot in life represents failure, exhaustion, and destitution.

Since his retirement from party politics Lord Rosebery has earned a new title. It is the fashion on both sides to call

him "the Orator of the Empire," for, as the *Scotsman* lately observed, in his great Imperial speeches the nation hears itself speaking through him. One of the most amusing tributes ever paid to his eloquence occurred in the correspondence in a breach of promise case some



MEMORIAL WINDOW AT POSTWICK CHURCH
(ERECTED BY LORD ROSEBERY TO THE MEMORY OF
HIS GRANDFATHER).

years ago. The passage appeared in a letter of the defendant's which ended by breaking off his engagement with the plaintiff. "I am going to tell you something, but I am not a Lord Rosebery, and cannot, like he, give it in a high and flowery style." To which the plaintiff answered, "Oh, Willie, it needs no eloquence of Lord Rosebery's for you to tell me such tidings." The *Westminster Gazette* remarked that Lord Rosebery's eloquence would seem to have passed into a household saying, like Mr. Gladstone's collars or Mr. Chamberlain's orchid.

One of the first occasions on which I heard Lord Rosebery was at the opening of the Borough Road Polytechnic in 1892. My seat was near the Press table, and I noticed a look of pleased expectancy on the faces of the reporters, which broadened to a welcoming smile as his lordship stepped on to the platform. Reporters are usually too busy at public gatherings to have time to enjoy the oratory, but at Lord Rosebery's meetings I have frequently observed that they appreciate his wit as heartily as any one in the audience. The ex-Premier mounts a platform with a light and active step. At St. James's Hall and Exeter Hall he runs up the short staircase. While his chairman is speaking he searches the platform for acquaintances, his eyes lighting up with a smile for each "kent face." These free and cordial greetings are usually a sign that he is in good form, that he feels himself among friends, and is prepared to enjoy the meeting. If, on the other hand, he has to make a difficult speech to critical and exacting listeners (as when he met the Liberal party for

the first time as Prime Minister), it has been observed that "he sits without stirring an eyebrow, hands folded, face inscrutable." Perhaps he is never so really nervous as when outwardly most calm.

His delightful voice explains some part at least of the secret of his oratorical success. It is not loud, yet it fills easily the largest halls. Every note rings clear, full, and musical. Once, indeed, even Lord Rosebery relinquished in despair the attempt to make himself heard. That was in the Manchester Royal Exchange in November, 1897, when his appearance in a high balcony was the signal for loud demands for a speech. The last noted visitor who had attempted to speak from the balcony was Nansen, and he, though accustomed to issue orders amidst the roaring of Arctic winds, was obliged to confess himself baffled. Lord Rosebery contented himself with a brief expression of thanks. "I am grateful to you for the privilege of seeing this magnificent spectacle, which I have never seen paralleled except when the Pope blesses the world at St. Peter's at Rome on Easter Day."

Ten years ago the ex-Premier might have been described as one of the quietest of British orators. Through the greater part of a speech he would stand nearly motionless, with his hands grasping his coat lapels. Almost his only gesture, as an Aberdeen hearer noted, was the raising or lowering of one hand. His utterance was, and is still, slow and measured; he is never in a hurry, least of all on the platform. During the last three years he has used gold-rimmed eye-glasses at his meetings, and on

great occasions, such as his Cromwell eulogy, he does not hesitate to put on his glasses and deliberately search his notes for a word or epithet.

No one could in these days repeat the complaint that he is rather a cold orator. His recent speeches in the House of Lords have been hot and fiery, emphasized with vehement gestures, with resonant blows on the table, while his voice sweeps through the

sure to listen to him. Dr. Johnson said of "Paradise Lost" that none ever wished it longer; the exact converse is true of Lord Rosebery's speeches. If his audience has one complaint, it is that he brings them to an end too soon. He believes in the old adage, that the half is better than the whole, especially the half-hour.

Some of his most powerful speeches have been delivered without a single note.



IN THE GROUNDS AT MENTMORE.

Chamber in windy gusts. Several times last session he startled the drowsy Peers with warnings that were almost shouted in their ears. Lord Salisbury appeared at the time indifferent to the impassioned reasonings of his predecessor, but his own speech to the Primrose League in May showed how seriously he had taken them to heart.

Democratic audiences are delighted to see Lord Rosebery "let himself go" in the freedom of his later oratory. To the masses it is always an intense plea-

His tribute to Mr. Gladstone was spoken extempore. He turned away from the table and faced the reporters' gallery, and his speech was by common consent the most impressive made that day in Parliament. His contributions to debate during the Transvaal War were apparently unpremeditated. His platform humour is delightfully spontaneous. Interrupters find him always ready. Speaking once on the reform of the House of Lords, he said it was no pleasant thing for the head of a Govern-

ment with a majority in the Commons to find himself in the Lords with half a dozen empty benches behind him and nothing else. "Fill them up," cried a man in the audience. "Ah," said Lord Rosebery, "I see the gentleman has aspirations towards the peerage himself. But I should want to know more about him before I took any step in that direction, because peers are apt to change their opinions when once they get their peerage." In a County Council speech he said he would offer large and liberal terms to the City of London. From the body of the hall an aggrieved Radical called, "Why?" "Because we want the City of London," answered the speaker. "My friend in the audience, who is for more summary methods, probably as a boy endeavoured to catch birds by putting salt on their tails. That, I believe, when it is successful, is an admirable method, but I have never heard of its success."

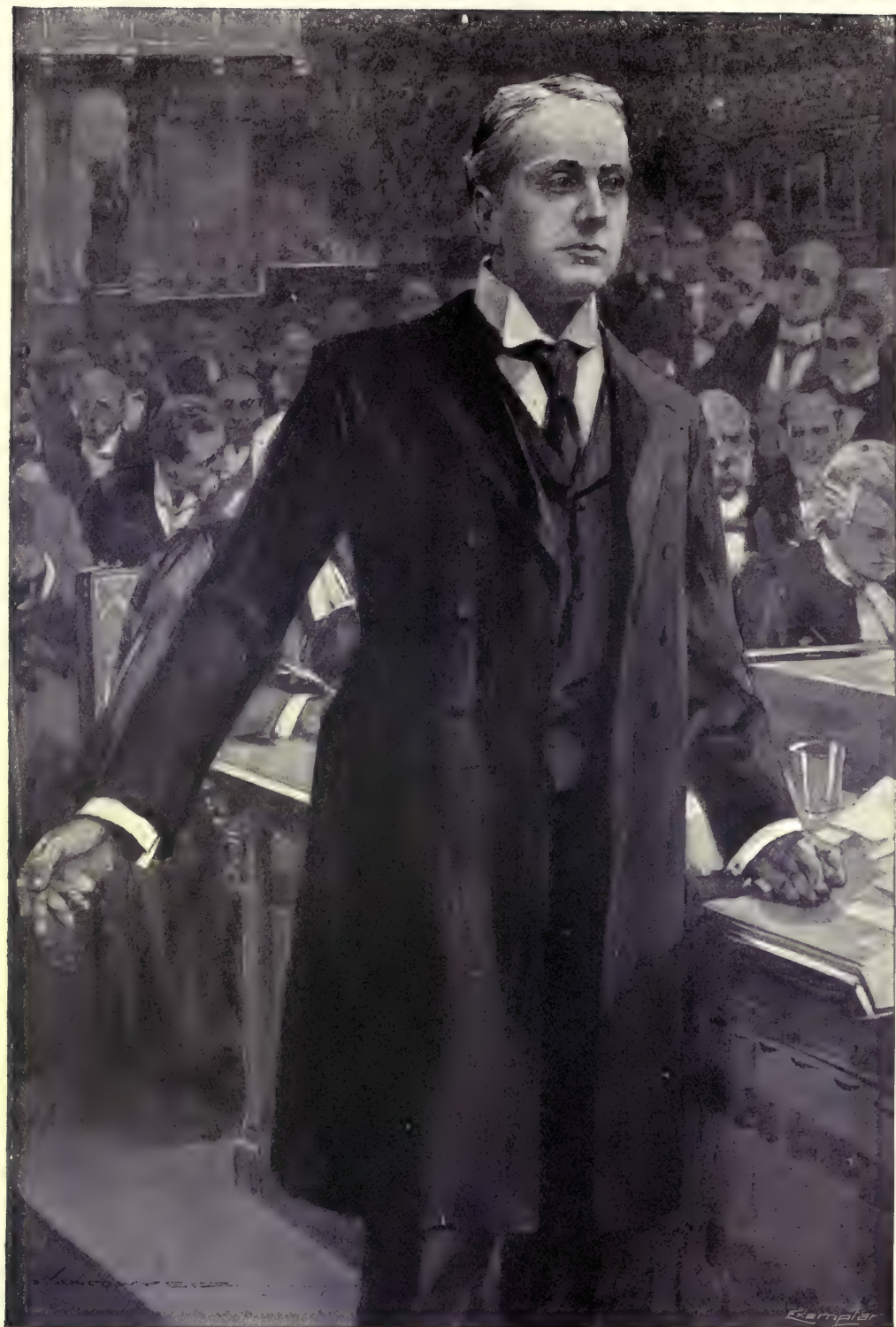
At a meeting of Scottish Liberals at Glasgow in 1889, over which he presided, offence was taken because the officials had provided seats for some gentlemen on the platform, while others were relegated to the body of the hall. Angry references to this favouritism were made in the opening speeches, but Lord Rosebery calmed the troubled waters by requesting all the gentlemen who wished to pull down those on the platform to hold up their hands. A hearty burst of laughter restored the equanimity of the meeting.

Many of his lordship's phrases are still the current coin of politics. He is

understood to have set in circulation, if he did not invent, Mr. Gladstone's title of "The Grand Old Man." The "blue book and biscuit" student is still a synonym for the political bore. The "Liberal umbrella," the "three year radius," as applied to County Council legislation, and the "predominant partner"—all belong to the sphere of domestic politics, and are forgotten in these stirring times; but we still talk of "pegging out claims for the future," of "a sane Imperialism" as opposed to the "wild cat" spirit of aggression, of Mr. Kruger's "Dutch rural simplicity," of the "cactus hedge" of the Indian frontier. Mr. Gladstone said of Disraeli that he was privileged in phraseology, and the same is true of Mr. Gladstone's successor. The charm of Lord Rosebery's humour is its perfect naturalness. His jests do not smell of the lamp. As an after-dinner speaker he is without a rival, for he knows how to combine most happily the elements of grave and gay, genial banter with lofty eloquence. The pleasure of listening to him is enhanced by the sphinx-like immobility of his countenance. He never seems, even in the innermost depths of his consciousness, to be smiling at his own jokes. Some one has spoken of his "remarkable glance of the eye, which appears to take the measure of a man and to value him accordingly." Never is that glance more characteristic than when it wanders in grave reproof over an audience which is laughing unrestrainedly over one of his own happy sayings.

Personal Characteristics

(Continued)



[From a Drawing by]

[Max Cowper.]

LORD ROSEBERY SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN THE SESSION OF 1903.

CHAPTER X

Personal Characteristics

(Continued)

THOSE who attend Lord Rosebery's meetings in London or the provinces must have observed that many of the platform company are eager to shake hands with him. Shaking hands with statesmen and their wives is a pastime in which too enthusiastic strangers frequently indulge. Mrs. Gladstone, on one of her last visits to the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons, found her hand unexpectedly clasped in that of an elderly admirer from the country, who thanked her for taking care of her dear husband. Mr. Gladstone was well accustomed to such demonstrations, and Lord Rosebery has had amusing experiences of the same kind. One was at the County Hotel, Carlisle, during the railway excursion of September, 1899. After luncheon the guests came out on the steps to be photographed. On the other side of the street hundreds of excursionists were watching, and just as the company was ready to face the camera, a fervent admirer dashed across the street, shook hands with the ex-Premier, and was back in his place amongst the crowd before any one could remonstrate. The record of the time says that Lord Rosebery was much amused by the incident.

The men who gather round him on his public appearances are not, however, admiring strangers, whether modest or forward; they are not even mere acquaintances; little perception is needed to discover that they are his own friends. It is not surprising that Lord Rosebery should have loyal friends, for he is the best of friends and colleagues. The death of Mrs. Gladstone in the summer must have recalled to many his long and intimate connection with the Gladstone family. When Mr. Gladstone lay dying two colleagues, and two only, were received at Hawarden for the last farewell. One was Mr. John Morley, his chosen biographer; the other was Lord Rosebery. As Mr. Morley drove into Chester on his return from the Castle, he met Lord Rosebery, who had just arrived, and for twenty minutes the two statesmen paced arm-in-arm along the High Street, the gravity of their manner warning the townspeople that there was no good news of the illustrious invalid. Lord Rosebery remained over the night at Hawarden, and was twice asked to visit Mr. Gladstone in his sick room. At the funeral his four children were present. His tribute to Mrs. Gladstone in the House of Lords was admired for the exquisite gentleness of its phrasing, but

more touching even than his words was the son-like affection with which, when the funeral was over, he went to the bereaved lady and reverently kissed her hand. Lord Rosebery is welcome in the house of feasting, but not less welcome in the house of mourning. A. K. H. B. wrote in "The Last Years of St. Andrews," after mentioning the kindness of a letter he had received from the Premier in 1894: "But no mortal is ever surprised at that, who has any acquaintance with Lord Rosebery. Who wrote to me in gentler sympathy in my black day and since? Not one; not Bishop Thorold himself."

In the "Life of Sir John Millais" it is recorded how he visited the artist during his painful illness. Sir John Millais was one of many noted men for whom he has helped to bear the pall. He was present at Browning's funeral, and a pall-bearer at Tennyson's. There are politicians who shine brilliantly on the platform, but whom no one would expect to speak a tender word by the bed of suffering, or sacrifice an engagement to pay the last sad tribute to a friend. Lord Rosebery is not one of these. In private and in public life he is a friend for all weathers. If clouds gathered round the career of a colleague, and he was made to feel in the House of Commons and in society the bitter experience of contumely and neglect, Lord Rosebery's kindness and consideration never failed. The honours he bestowed during his brief Premiership were not only interesting and piquant in themselves, but were accompanied by letters which made them sweet to the receivers. Some day, perhaps, the public will read the letters he

addressed to Sir George Williams, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Martin Conway, and others; the letter to Sir Isaac Pitman has, I think, appeared in print. In the "Life of Lord Playfair" we find the letter in which the Premier recommended him for the G.C.B. :—

"10, DOWNING STREET,
"WHITEHALL,
"May 12, 1895.

"MY DEAR PLAYFAIR,—I propose on the occasion of the Queen's Birthday to recommend you for the honour of the G.C.B. I have no time to explain why I do this, because the record of your single-minded services to the public is too long for a letter. I will only say that you have never been deaf to the call of duty, however arduous, or fallen short of its requirements. That is a great thing to say, and of few can it be said. I must add, however, the expression of my personal gratitude for the valuable work that you are doing for the present Government in the House of Lords.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,
"ROSEBERY."

In the summer of 1894 Lord Rosebery attended the wedding of Mr. Asquith. His letter to Miss Tennant when the engagement was announced was very interesting. The tribute to Mr. Asquith's genius, and the forecast of his brilliant future, were not less remarkable than the more formal compliment to his colleague in his farewell speech at Edinburgh. Another recent wedding in the inner circles of Liberalism was that of Mr. Thomas Ellis. Lord Rosebery was one of a small group of



From Photo by]

[W. F. Piggott, Leighton Buzzard.

THE GARDENS AT MENTMORE.

friends who presented the young couple with a house in Westminster. Mr. Ellis had been appointed to the office of Chief Whip in March, 1894, and neither the Premier nor any of his colleagues ever regretted the choice. I may quote a sentence from Lord Rosebery's words at the City Liberal Club, a month after the gifted Welshman had passed away: "It struck me with profound melancholy when I read in the *Mediterranean* that the country had lost much more than the service, the promise of Thomas Ellis. The more I think of it the more I am reminded of another young man who died in Parliament at exactly the same age—I mean Francis Horner, who was publicly mourned as no private member ever was. . . . There was

something in the lofty purity of that spirit which impressed everybody with whom he came into contact. . . . However high our standard, it is always well to have it associated with those who have shone before us, and are removed from our midst."

The earnestness of these words brought home to all who heard them the loss which the country had sustained by the death of a young statesman who had set before it only the noblest ideals of politics. Mangan's tribute to the Irish patriot, Thomas Davis, early great and early lost, might have been written for Thomas Ellis:—

"I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And watched the salmon leap,
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures

Spring glittering from the deep,
 Through the spray and through the prone
 heaps striving onward,
 To the calm, clear streams above,
 So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom,
 Thomas Davis,
 In thy brightness of strength and love."

Mr. Stead once wrote that no one would dream of counting Lord Rosebery among the "conventional ecclesiastical Christians" of the day. If by this he meant that Lord Rosebery is a non-churchgoer, he was never more mistaken. When staying at Dalmeny, the ex-Premier, if alone, attends morning service in one or other of the village churches belonging to his estate. Usually he is seen in the family pew at Dalmeny; occasionally he strolls through the woods to Cramond. On Sunday evenings he sometimes drives into Edinburgh with his sons and attends service at Free St. George's, taking care to ascertain beforehand that either Dr. Whyte or the Rev. Hugh Black is preaching. By the congregation in this large and crowded building his presence is unnoticed, but the occupants of the pew into which he is shown are surprised and delighted to find an ex-Prime Minister by their side, to have the pleasure of lending him a hymn-book, and to hear his word of appreciation at the close. Lord Rosebery has many associations with the Free Church of Scotland, and knows all its leading men. He visited the General Assembly on two occasions in 1889. One of the debates to which he listened was, oddly enough, on the conversion of the Jews; the other, on the appointment of Dr. Marcus Dods to a professorship in the New College, Edinburgh. He heard on

the second occasion a stirring speech from Dr. Walter Ross Taylor.

Lord Rosebery is the patron of two livings, Mentmore and Postwick. The following is the inscription he composed for the brass plate underneath the stained window erected to the memory of his grandfather in Postwick Church:—"To the dear memory of Sir Archibald John Primrose, fourth Earl of Rosebery, Knight of the Thistle, sometime Lord-Lieutenant of Linlithgowshire, and a Privy Councillor, who was beloved in every relation of life, and is in this parish memorable as one who faithfully endeavoured to do his duty, as a just and beneficent landlord, as a hearty and judicious friend to the poor, this brass is erected by his grandson and successor, Archibald Philip Primrose, 1871. He was born Oct. 14th, 1783. He married firstly, May 20th, 1808, Harriett, 2nd daughter of the Honble. B. Bouverie; and secondly, August 12th, 1819, the Honble. Anne Margaret Anson, who survives him. He died March 4th, 1868."

When at The Durdans the ex-Premier drives or walks on Sundays to Christ Church, Epsom Downs. In 1878 he laid one of the foundation-stones of the Congregational Lecture Hall at Ewell, near Epsom. He is very rarely in London for the week end, and there are few traditions of his visits to London churches. When his daughters were children he used sometimes to take them to the chapel of the Foundling Hospital. On a Sunday evening last winter he was present at the service of the West London Mission at St. James's Hall. He arrived early, sat among the congregation, unrecognised by his neigh-

bours, and remained till the end. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who was the preacher, received a letter from Lord Rosebery saying that he had been much pleased with his experience. His interest in Methodism was further shown by his gift of a hundred guineas to the Centenary Fund. He signed the historic roll himself, and promised to find ninety-nine Methodist children on his estates who should sign along with him. Dr. Guinness Rogers has told us that his lordship has been accustomed for many years to read a sermon to his family on Sunday afternoons. However this may be, it is certain that his library contains all the great religious classics of ancient and modern times, and that he not only possesses, but reads them. One of his favourite books is "The Pilgrim's Progress." Dr. Whyte, in his lectures on "The Pilgrim's Progress," refers to Lord Rosebery's admiration of the last pages of the first part, which describe how the pilgrims crossed the River.

Twice during his tenure of office it fell to his lot to appoint a bishop. For the see of Bath and Wells he selected Bishop Kennion of Adelaide, an old Eton schoolfellow. To Hereford he invited Dr. Percival—a magnanimous act on his part, as the Bishop had only a short time before reproved the Premier for horse-racing. The subsequent career of these dignitaries has fully justified his choice. Dr. Kennion, with his many-sided activities, and his interest in healthful sports, is indeed such a prelate as we imagine Lord Rosebery might have been if he had followed in the steps of his ancestor, Dr. Gilbert Primrose.

The appointment of a colonial bishop was one out of many proofs of the

watchful interest with which he has followed the developments of Australian life and work.

In the present day, when we hear so much of Imperial Federation, and when there is a disposition in many quarters to grudge Liberal statesmen their due credit for initiating and promoting the movement, it is worth while to examine the journal which represented the views of Mr. Forster and Lord Rosebery. The League was founded in November, 1884, and its monthly organ, *Imperial Federation*, began in 1886. In April of that year Mr. Forster passed away, and the July number contains a portrait and brief biography of the new President, Lord Rosebery. He had been closely associated with the League from the beginning. At the memorable conference held in July, 1884, he urged the necessity of federation. "On both sides of the world, across the western ocean and across the southern ocean, you have two great countries—empires, if you will—stretching forth their hands to you in passionate loyalty and devotion to the country from which they spring. If you will not avail yourselves of that sentiment now, the time may come when you will bitterly repent it." At the adjourned conference in November he referred to "the nullification school" of politicians, who regarded the colonies as a burden and would gladly have let them go. He did not wish the League to push on too fast or too rashly, but rather to allow the first practical proposals for federation to come from the colonies. One of his best speeches on the subject was delivered at Willis's Rooms in March, 1888.

"Our Empire," he said, "has not been

founded on any fixed rules, like the Roman Empire, which was co-extensive with civilization, but it has been rather the result of the drifting of a masterful race into the waste places of the world. I read in an Australian paper with very deep interest the account of an experiment that has recently taken place there, which is likely to add enormously to the wealth and resources of that brilliant continent. They had been tapping for underground rivers there, and the other day they tapped one—the Barkledeane Spring—which in a moment, and as soon as the borer passed through the soft stratum which overlay the water, rose up, and oozing out in an irresistible flood, filled up all the cavities and all the waste places of the neighbourhood till it settled into one vast lagoon. In the description I find some image of this British race of ours, which, without any particular guidance or foresight on our part, has suddenly oozed out, and, adjusting itself to the accommodation that the world can offer, has covered so mighty a space on the globe.”

Lord Rosebery strongly approved of the Colonial Conference held during the Jubilee of 1887, and at a City Conference in November, 1889, expressed the hope that Lord Salisbury’s Government would continue and renew these conferences, in which a common Council was foreshadowed for the race at large.

Imperial Federation was not a popular or fashionable cause in the six years between 1884 and 1890, and Lord Rosebery was sometimes reproached for his earnest advocacy of colonial interests. In December, 1887, the *Spectator*, in discussing his claims to the Liberal

leadership, said the one sign of weakness in Lord Rosebery was his “leaning to a federation of the colonies, not merely as a precautionary measure against needless mistakes, but as a final constitution for the government of the Empire.”

It has been fortunate for Lord Rosebery during the four years of his retirement that he is “a man with many irons in the fire.” In literary work he has found to some extent an occupation for his leisure. Few politicians are so deeply read in the history of the Empire. Of Scotland he has said that her history “stirs the blood like a trumpet.” He has specialised in Georgian and Early Victorian political memoirs, and in his writings and addresses he sometimes seems nearer to the great men of the last century—Chatham, Burke, Pitt, and Fox—than to any of his own contemporaries.

The least known of his writings is the preface to the “List of Persons concerned in the Rebellion” of 1745. One of his ancestors, as we have seen, was a leading Jacobite, and Lord Rosebery possesses a manuscript giving the names of the Scottish rebels. In 1890 this curious document was printed, at his request, by Messrs. Constable, for presentation to the members of the Scottish History Society, of which he is President. With notes and appendices it forms a handsome volume. Lord Rosebery describes it as “the bare official record of our last historical romance.” He tells in touching sentences the story of Prince Charlie’s ill-fated venture, reminding us how, “by a magic, unconscious touch of history, he is transmuted for ever into a paladin, with a tradition and a worship

which has always hallowed his smallest relics as those of a hero or a saint. The secret of the fascination is not impene-trable. Recklessness, which is one of the most engaging qualities of private life, loses no part of its grace on a larger stage." He speaks of "the dark shadow of destiny, the long tragedy, which has given such a fascination to the Stuart story. It was the cause for which many

ruined him in Scotland. "A name like that of Stuart, borne by a Protestant prince of engaging presence, would have raised the nation in its cause. But religion outweighed all else. Sixty years had not elapsed since Claverhouse had harried the servants of God; it was not seventy since the young Chevalier's grandfather had sat and gloated over the sufferings of the



From Photo by]

THE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND AT BATTLE ABBEY.

[Thomas Fall, 9, Baker St., W.]

thousands of brave men willingly faced exile and ruin and death, for which they were attainted and hanged and massacred, round which the sweetest poetry of Scotland has wound itself, and which the legends of the people embalm. It is not, then, out of place to print this list of martyrs to that hapless, hopeless faith."

Lord Rosebery thinks it was the Popery of the Young Pretender which

saints in the Council Chamber at Holyrood. The very assurances of toleration and goodwill that the Regent brought from his father were dated from Rome. He himself could not be brought to attend the services of the kirk. . . . The all-powerful clergy deserted their pulpits and the city at his approach. Nothing could be more significant or more sinister. There were few recruits. The gracious face of the young Prince

remained melancholy and overcast. Fate had already written failure upon it."

The "Life of Pitt" (1891) has been ransacked for *obiter dicta*. The best-known passage is that in which the author speaks of the ill-feeling between Fox and Shelburne. "It does not signify which of the two was to blame for this mutual mistrust; that it existed is sufficient. It would be too much to maintain that all the members of a Cabinet should feel an implicit confidence in each other; humanity—least of all, political humanity—could not stand so severe a test. But between a Prime Minister in the House of Lords and the Leader of the House of Commons such a confidence is indispensable. Responsibility rests so largely with the one, and articulation so greatly with the other, that unity of sentiment is the one necessary link that makes a relation, in any case difficult, in any way possible. The voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau may effect a successful imposture, but can hardly constitute a durable administration."

Another sentence from the same book has a livelier significance for the present Liberal party: "An ex-Premier is usually found, by any Cabinet in which he may serve as an ordinary member, to be a fleeting and dangerous luxury." The *Westminster Gazette* predicted, not long ago, that if Lord Rosebery returns to politics, it will not be to the second place on either side. In his fascinating review of Mr. Parker's "Sir Robert Peel," Lord Rosebery delights and tantalizes us with a discussion on the text, "What is a Prime Minister?" He merely glances at an aspect of the

question which must be personally interesting to himself—Sir Robert's opinion that the Prime Minister should be in the House of Lords. That, he says, "has scarcely more than an historic interest, since the conditions are no longer the same. But it is impossible, even as a matter of historic interest, altogether to ignore any definite opinion on such a subject pronounced by so consummate a master of his craft." Readers cannot help thinking, as they ponder the pages in which an ex-Prime Minister dwells on the difficulties and responsibilities of the head of the Cabinet, that at every point his own experiences during the anxious and critical months between March, 1894, and June, 1895, must have been present to his mind. "A First Minister has only the influence with the Cabinet which is given him by his personal arguments, his personal qualities, and his personal weight. But this is not all. All his colleagues he must convince, some he may have to humour, some even to cajole—a harassing, laborious, and ungracious task. Nor is it only his colleagues that he has to deal with. He has to masticate their pledges, given before they joined him; he has to blend their public utterances, to fuse as well as may be all this into the policy of the Government; for their various records must be reconciled, or glossed, or obliterated. A machinery liable to so many grains of sand requires obviously all the skill and vigilance of the best conceivable engineer. And yet, without the external support of his Cabinet, he is disarmed. The resignation of a colleague, however

relatively insignificant, is a storm-signal." Lord Rosebery cherishes a firm belief in the good faith and material fact would be visible to all, while a shallow head was embedded in the sand. But it is not so. The



From Photo by]

[Ferrard, 107, Regent Street, W

THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD ROSEBERY.

honourable behaviour of British Cabinet Ministers. One might expect, he says, that in a nation like ours the secrecy of the Cabinet would resemble the secrecy of the ostrich—"the

secrets of the Cabinet are, as a rule, preserved. After the sharpest internal discords, the members will present a united, even if a silent and sullen, front."

The ex-Premier is perhaps a little too confident as to the inviolable good faith with which Cabinet members preserve their secrets. A piece of gossip which has several times appeared in print with regard to himself shows that amongst his colleagues there must have been one loose-tongued chatterer. The story is that he sent round to the Cabinet a memorandum hostile to Sir William Harcourt's Death Duties Budget, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer demanded a Cabinet on the question, and that when the Cabinet met the Premier withdrew his memorandum without a struggle. The rumour has been circulated by Lord Rosebery's enemies in the full knowledge that while Cabinet etiquette would preclude him from contradicting it, many Liberals must be prejudiced against him by the suspicion that he opposed a Budget of which all Liberals approve.

Lord Rosebery, as an ex - Prime Minister, and as a member of three Cabinets, assures us that even the subject of discussion in our "Venetian" secret council is unknown to the public, "though enterprising editors make spirited conjectures, which sometimes take the form of authoritative paragraphs." "During the whole of the Parliamentary recess, at least, we have not the faintest idea of what our rulers are doing, or planning, or negotiating, except in so far as light is afforded by the independent investigations of the Press. This is said in a spirit, not of criticism or depreciation, but rather of meditation."

The essay on Peel from which I have quoted appeared first as an article in Lady Randolph Churchill's magazine,

The Anglo-Saxon Review, and was afterwards re-published by Messrs. Cassell. It is one of Lord Rosebery's very few excursions into the field of journalism. The editors of reviews and magazines tried in vain for years to persuade him to contribute articles to their pages, and the prices they offered might have seemed to many authors very tempting. His signed newspaper articles are rare. In an earlier chapter I mentioned his paper on the reform of the House of Lords in the first number of the *Scottish Liberal*; and he has written at least once for the *Westminster Gazette*. Like Sir William Harcourt, he occasionally addresses a letter to *The Times*.

He has never edited a newspaper, though he has visited many printing-offices, and in New York, as a young man, mixed a good deal with journalists. In the early eighties he was proprietor of the *Examiner*, of which Professor Minto was editor. He was not a contributor to his own paper, for he was too shy to offer articles, and it did not occur to the editor to ask for them.

One point in his *Westminster* paper was the admission that he did not know Spanish. He speaks French very well, more correctly, though more deliberately, than Lord Salisbury, but with less perfection of idiom and accent than the late Earl Granville. With German he is thoroughly conversant.

For a year the public has been expecting his promised work on Chatham. The *Scotsman* informed us last autumn that the manuscript was in the hands of the typists, but possibly the distin-

guished author has delayed publication till the war and the General Election are over. The mention of a type-written manuscript may have surprised some who knew how small, neat, and dainty is Lord Rosebery's handwriting. Compositors would think themselves fortunate if every author produced such legible "copy."

Mr. G. W. Smalley discovered a peculiarity in his lordship's signature, which he explained as follows for American readers: "A peer in this country signs himself Salisbury, Devonshire, and so on. It is, or was, a territorial designation, and no initial precedes the name. Lord Rosebery signs in a manner difficult to reproduce in print, for the initial of his Christian name is made to form a monogram with

the 'R' of Rosebery, or sometimes the 'A' and 'R' only are used. The same form may be seen on some of his notepaper, and may also be seen carved

on stone on the medallions over the gateway of The Durdans."

In study and writing Lord Rosebery has found a partial outlet for his energies during the four years of his retirement; but the library can never be the true sphere for so strenuous and rapid a worker. His speeches show that he has not for a moment become indifferent to politics. He watches everything, hears every-



NO. 23, HILL ST., THE LONDON HOME OF LORD AND LADY CREWE.

thing, keeps in touch with foreign statesmen and journalists, thinks out all questions connected with State affairs. It was a great author, not a great politician, who wrote in middle age that "The

thing, keeps in touch with foreign statesmen and journalists, thinks out all questions connected with State affairs. It was a great author, not a great politician, who wrote in middle age that "The

mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff of which dramas are composed. . . . We once thought life to be something, but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time." Lord Rosebery's fellow-countrymen, seeing him in the prime of life and full of vigour, cannot believe that the drama has shut upon him at the third act. Often, indeed, they have looked on regretfully as they saw the man whose gifts fitted him to govern an empire content to occupy himself with the business of the Epsom District Council or the Glasgow University Court.

His friends have learned that if they wish to cheer his solitude and lift from his brow the melancholy which has become almost a fixed expression, they must not argue about the latest Bill before the House, or ask his opinion of speeches or electoral prospects, but must divert his thoughts into some fresher field of interest. They believe, however, that, although in the years following his retirement he conversed more willingly on any other subject than politics, he cannot remain much longer a lonely and mournful figure, keeping apart from his old colleagues and avoiding the gossip of Parliament. Critics have said that if Lord Rosebery did not assert himself in this crisis or the other, he must sink into obscurity; but the strange thing is that, so far from sinking into obscurity, he is still, by the confession of his bitterest enemies, a star of the first magnitude. When a statesman's influence is declining the newspapers cut down their reports of his speeches. Judged by this test, the ex-Premier was never so

powerful as to-day, for not only are his speeches reported by every leading journal in the first person, but his brief impromptu remarks are also given in full. Never did his lightest word inspire so many comments; never were the reviews and magazines so busy with speculations on his future. *Non tecum nec sine te vivere possum* is, as the *Westminster Gazette* lately remarked, an appropriate motto for his critics inside and outside the Liberal party. He himself must have been amazed at the excitement which grew up last May round an unimportant letter in which he congratulated the *Western Daily Mercury* on "a jubilee of forty years." The *Birmingham Post* warned us to expect a manifesto, and prophesied that in ten days Lord Roberts would have taken Pretoria and that Lord Rosebery would be once more the Liberal leader.

It must be confessed that the public is often impatient that the ex-Premier, whose speeches and letters prove that he wishes to influence events, should persistently decline responsibility and describe himself as "outside the profession of politics." His admirers must be excused if they find this attitude rather provoking. Mr. Goldwin Smith has compared him to a revolving light, now flashing out brilliantly, now lost in deepest darkness, while the public watches anxiously for the next coruscation. The same analogy might, however, be used of every statesman, for in the greatest lives there are times of withdrawal, recuperation, and silence. The light is not quenched in darkness because it has ceased to illumine one tract of sea. Mr. Gladstone himself,

with his unrivalled physical strength and his marvellous genius, found it necessary in 1875 to seek an interval of rest. Lord Rosebery, who, by unceasing energy, reached the highest place thirteen years earlier than Mr. Gladstone, has a right, like him, to pause for a time, while he gathers strength for new adventures. Even in his retirement he has been more useful to

have receded from the firm diplomacy which was the best safeguard of peace. At anxious moments during the Transvaal war a speech from Lord Rosebery more than once encouraged the country. "We mean to see this thing through," he said at Edinburgh after the disaster of Nicholson's Nek. At Chatham, in January, he urged that when the war was over the Empire



From Photo by

THE DURDANS, FACING ROAD TO THE DOWNS.

[C. F. Hopkins.]

his country than some statesmen in office. His intervention in the Fashoda dispute in the autumn of 1898 helped to avert a war with France. In the height of the crisis he addressed a gathering of farmers at Epsom, and a journalist who met him walking in the fields asked for how long he proposed to speak. "About a quarter of an hour," he replied. Next day his words were ringing through Britain and Europe, and the Government dared not, if they would,

should be organized on a business footing.

Visitors who have seen in his houses the gold and silver boxes which enshrine the burgess tickets presented to him by our principal towns must sometimes have felt that in speculating on his future we may forget the services of his past. Many of our most important communities are proud to number him on their roll of citizens.

Even if we could imagine that Lord Rosebery, like another Waring, had

finally abandoned the dusty road of politics, his achievements, as well as his promise, would live in the minds of his countrymen. Gleams from his oratory would strike across their memory; they would miss the sunny humour which, as the Duke of Rutland once observed, has brightened the history of our time. As they listened to the recriminations of party warfare, they would think of one who in controversy never used a poisoned weapon, never wounded a friend or misrepresented an opponent. They would remember how preachers of all denominations had quoted his speeches—in the Abbey and St. Paul's, in provincial cathedrals and village chapels. His sagacious foreign policy would be contrasted with the excursions and

alarums of a more vulgar Imperialism. Liberals who had smiled at the "Rosebery legend," and insisted, when he was called to the Premiership, that the party was worshipping an *eidolon*, or dream-image, would themselves begin to long for his return. Public life, they would find, had become indescribably duller without him. Already politicians of all shades are summoning our Waring back from his Gulf of Triest.

"Contrive, contrive

To rouse us, Waring! Who's alive?
Our men scarce seem in earnest now.
Distinguished names! But 'tis somehow
As if they played at being names
Still more distinguished, like the games
Of children. Turn our sport to earnest,
With a visage of the sternest!
Bring the real times back, confessed
Still better than our very best."

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